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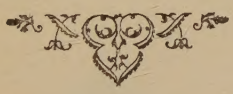

PROSE PREFERENCES

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PROSE PREFERENCES

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PREFACE

Goodness and dullness are incompatible. Books that for the reader are good books are not for that reader dull books. But many books that seek to avoid dullness in their content give comfort to it, in the reader. Anything that is gay on purpose, anything that is cheerful by reason of evasion, anything that is dissemblingly beauteous or touching, must be excluded from a book that makes no terms with dullness. This book results from an endeavor to present to young readers literature that allures and captivates at the same time that it does the dynamiting of stumps and bowlders and the plowing and the harrowing and the seed-sowing and the irrigating and the weeding that are cultivation.

In order to learn about writing from reading, a youngster must be shown a relationship between the materials of literature and the felt experiences of his own limited life. And so we have included selections that seem sure to contain resemblances to the contents of his days.

Stories are not only more obviously entertaining than other literature to the reader who is not yet serious; the stories of wise men and women are often the truest revelation, for the very reason that they imply, and suggest interpretations, instead of generalizing at large, and expounding. Because they set up an activity of the imagination they have some influence toward liberating imagination for life, and so for writing.

More explicit criticisms of life also, and avowals of points of view, help to convert latent capacities into potencies if they are delightful and strong. And so, desiring wide-ranging variety, we include writers like Santayana and Schopenhauer, George Sand and Flaubert.

Our book is "representative" of one thing only: the positive

pleasure of two teachers in some of the prose they have happened to read recently, and have read with good effect in classes in writing. It isn't modern, nor is it classic. But each selection is pertinent and each exemplifies good writing.

We hope to disenchant through enchanting. We hope to clarify through assisting the student to perceive the mixedness of life. We hope to actuate the sense of humor through fun, whim, and perception of irony. We hope to empower through the discipline of delving and choosing. And we hope to generate faith through recognition, resignation, and delight. We hope too much. But never mind.

S. H. C.
E. L. F.

A BOY IN MISSOURI

From Mark Twain's AUTOBIOGRAPHY, *by permission of* HARPER & BROTHERS, *publishers.*

MARK TWAIN

Mark Twain was born in Florida, Missouri, as Samuel Clemens in 1835. His boyhood is beautifully chronicled in his best books, *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer*. At thirteen, too young, he tells us he wanted to join the Mexican war forces, but "before I had a chance in another war the desire to kill people to whom I had not been introduced had passed away." He piloted four years on the Mississippi, skirmished a slight round to aid the Confederacy, and then came West to the fierce life of the gold fields. Failing to make money, he turned to humorous journalism. After that his life was a varied round of public triumph and secret sorrow.

He lectured over the world, made fortunes, lost them in speculation, fraternized with European Monarchs and American Money Kings, despised Americans who sought titles abroad, accepted, proudly, a Doctor of Letters from Oxford, and lived a beautiful life with his wife and children. Much of this story is in his recently published *Autobiography*. But he died an

agnostic and pessimist. How different from that writer of a hundred tragedies, "the happy Sophocles, happy in his long life, his fortunes, his talent, happy to have written all those beautiful tragedies; happy above all in that he died at last full of honors, untouched by sorrow."

Mark Twain wrote many books, some of them for money's sake, to keep up his expensive mode of life, some of them for Life's sake, to recollect his youth, to satirize the ill life round about him. Probably with himself much in mind he said, "Power, money, persuasion, supplication, persecution—these can lift at a colossal humbug—push it a little—weaken it a little, century by century; but only laughter can blow it to rags and atoms at a blast. Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand. You are always fussing and fighting with your other weapons. Do you ever use that one? No; you leave it lying rusting. As a race, do you ever use it at all? No; you lack the sense and the courage."

Mark Twain had no great spiritual refuge. Art and History meant little to him. When society and philosophy and religion failed him, Nature, whose obvious delights he had caught in his boyhood, could not be his refuge. And ironically, he could not laugh genially at Life's very practical jokes. Even so, if he could not but reflect bitterly on Life and Man, he did love men, pityingly, and he has left us much fun, some beauty, and a deal of splendid satire.

MARK TWAIN

A BOY IN MISSOURI

My parents removed to Missouri in the early 'thirties; I do not remember just when, for I was not born then and cared nothing for such things. It was a long journey in those days, and must have been a rough and tiresome one. The home was made in the wee village of Florida, in Monroe County, and I was born there in 1835. The village contained a hundred people and I increased the population by 1 per cent. It is more than many of the best men in history could have done for a town. It may not be modest in me to refer to this, but it is true. There is no record of a person doing as much—not even Shakespeare. But I did it for Florida, and it shows that I could have done it for any place—even London, I suppose.

Recently some one in Missouri has sent me a picture of the house I was born in. Heretofore I have always stated that it was a palace, but I shall be more guarded now.

I used to remember my brother Henry walking into a fire outdoors when he was a week old. It was remarkable in me to remember a thing like that, and it was still more remarkable that I should cling to the delusion, for thirty years, that I *did* remember it—for of course it never happened; he would not have been able to walk at that age. If I had stopped to reflect, I should not have burdened my memory with that impossible rubbish so long. It is believed by many people that an impression deposited in a child's memory within the first two years of its life cannot remain there five years, but that is an error. The incident of Benvenuto Cellini and the salamander must be accepted as authentic and trustworthy; and then that remarkable and indisputable instance in the experience of Helen Keller. However,

I will speak of that at another time. For many years I believed that I remembered helping my grandfather drink his whisky toddy when I was six weeks old, but I do not tell about that any more, now; I am grown old and my memory is not as active as it used to be. When I was younger I could remember anything, whether it had happened or not; but my faculties are decaying now, and soon I shall be so I cannot remember any but the things that never happened. It is sad to go to pieces like this, but we all have to do it.

My uncle, John A. Quarles, was a farmer, and his place was in the country four miles from Florida. He had eight children and fifteen or twenty negroes, and was also fortunate in other ways, particularly in his character. I have not come across a better man than he was. I was his guest for two or three months every year, from the fourth year after we removed to Hannibal till I was eleven or twelve years old. I have never consciously used him or his wife in a book, but his farm has come very handy to me in literature once or twice. In *Huck Finn* and in *Tom Sawyer, Detective* I moved it down to Arkansas. It was all of six hundred miles, but it was no trouble; it was not a very large farm—five hundred acres, perhaps—but I could have done it if it had been twice as large. And as for the morality of it, I cared nothing for that; I would move a state if the exigencies of literature required it.

It was a heavenly place for a boy, that farm of my Uncle John's. The house was a double log one, with a spacious floor (roofed in) connecting it with the kitchen. In the summer the table was set in the middle of that shady and breezy floor, and the sumptuous meals—well, it makes me cry to think of them. Fried chicken, roast pig; wild and tame turkeys, ducks, and geese; venison just killed; squirrels, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, prairie-chickens; biscuits, hot batter cakes, hot buckwheat cakes, hot "wheat bread," hot rolls, hot corn pone; fresh corn boiled on the ear, succotash, butter-beans, string-beans, tomatoes, peas, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes; buttermilk, sweet milk, "clabber," watermelons, muskmelons, cantaloupes—all fresh from the garden; apple pie, peach pie, pumpkin pie, apple dump-

lings, peach cobbler—I can't remember the rest. The way that the things were cooked was perhaps the main splendor—particularly a certain few of the dishes. For instance, the corn bread, the hot biscuits and wheat bread, and the fried chicken. These things have never been properly cooked in the North—in fact, no one there is able to learn the art, so far as my experience goes. The North thinks it knows how to make corn bread, but this is mere superstition. Perhaps no bread in the world is quite so good as Southern corn bread, and perhaps no bread in the world is quite so bad as the Northern imitation of it. The North seldom tries to fry chicken, and this is well; the art cannot be learned north of the line of Mason and Dixon, nor anywhere in Europe. This is not hearsay; it is experience that is speaking. In Europe it is imagined that the custom of serving various kinds of bread blazing hot is "American," but that is too broad a spread; it is custom in the South, but is much less than that in the North. In the North and in Europe hot bread is considered unhealthy. This is probably another fussy superstition, like the European superstition that ice-water is unhealthy. Europe does not need ice-water and does not drink it; and yet, notwithstanding this, its word for it is better than ours, because it describes it, whereas ours doesn't. Europe calls it "iced" water. Our word describes water made from melted ice—a drink which has a characterless taste and which we have but little acquaintance with.

It seems a pity that the world should throw away so many good things merely because they are unwholesome. I doubt if God has given us any refreshment which, taken in moderation, is unwholesome, except microbes. Yet there are people who strictly deprive themselves of each and every eatable, drinkable, and smokable which has in any way acquired a shady reputation. They pay this price for health. And health is all they get for it. How strange it is! It is like paying out your whole fortune for a cow that has gone dry.

The farmhouse stood in the middle of a very large yard, and the yard was fenced on three sides with rails and on the rear side with high palings; against these stood the smoke-house; beyond

the palings was the orchard; beyond the orchard were the negro quarters and the tobacco fields. The front yard was entered over a stile made of sawed-off logs of graduated heights; I do not remember any gate. In a corner of the front yard were a dozen lofty hickory trees and a dozen black walnuts, and in the nutting season riches were to be gathered there.

Down a piece, abreast the house, stood a little log cabin against the rail fence; and there the woody hill fell sharply away, past the barns, the corn-crib, the stables, and the tobacco-curing house, to a limpid brook which sang along over its gravelly bed and curved and frisked in and out and here and there and yonder in the deep shade of overhanging foliage and vines—a divine place for wading, and it had swimming pools, too, which were forbidden to us and therefore much frequented by us. For we were little Christian children and had early been taught the value of forbidden fruit.

In the little log cabin lived a bedridden white-headed slave woman whom we visited daily and looked upon with awe, for we believed she was upward of a thousand years old and had talked with Moses. The younger negroes credited these statistics and had furnished them to us in good faith. We accommodated all the details which came to us about her; and so we believed that she had lost her health in the long desert trip coming out of Egypt, and had never been able to get it back again. She had a round bald place on the crown of her head, and we used to creep around and gaze at it in reverent silence, and reflect that it was caused by fright through seeing Pharaoh drowned. We called her "Aunt" Hannah, Southern fashion. She was superstitious, like the other negroes; also like them, she was deeply religious. Like them, she had great faith in prayer and employed it in all ordinary exigencies but not in cases where a dead certainty of result was urgent. Whenever witches were around she tied up the remnant of her wool in little tufts with white thread, and this promptly made the witches impotent.

All the negroes were friends of ours, and with those of our own age we were in effect comrades. I say in effect, using the phrase as a modification. We were comrades, and yet not com-

rades; color and condition interposed a subtle line which both parties were conscious of and which rendered complete fusion impossible. We had a faithful and affectionate good friend, ally, and adviser in "Uncle Dan'l," a middle-aged slave whose head was the best one in the negro quarter, whose sympathies were wide and warm, and whose heart was honest and simple and knew no guile. He has served me well these many, many years. I have not seen him for more than half a century, and yet spiritually I have had his welcome company a good part of that time, and have staged him in books under his own name and as "Jim," and carted him all around—to Hannibal, down the Mississippi on a raft, and even across the Desert of Sahara in a balloon —and he has endured it all with the patience and friendliness and loyalty which were his birthright. It was on the farm that I got my strong liking for his race and my appreciation of certain of its fine qualities. This feeling and this estimate have stood the test of sixty years and more, and have suffered no impairment. The black face is as welcome to me now as it was then.

In my schoolboy days I had no aversion to slavery. I was not aware that there was anything wrong about it. No one arraigned it in my hearing; the local papers said nothing against it; the local pulpit taught us that God approved it, that it was a holy thing, and that the doubter need only look in the Bible if he wished to settle his mind—and then the texts were read aloud to us to make the matter sure; if the slaves themselves had an aversion to slavery, they were wise and said nothing. In Hannibal we seldom saw a slave misused; on the farm, never.

There was, however, one small incident of my boyhood days which touched this matter, and it must have meant a good deal to me or it would not have stayed in my memory, clear and sharp, vivid and shadowless, all these slow-drifting years. We had a little slave boy whom we had hired from some one, there in Hannibal. He was from the eastern shore of Maryland, and had been brought away from his family and his friends, halfway across the American continent, and sold. He was a cheery spirit, innocent and gentle, and the noisiest creature that ever was, perhaps. All day long he was singing, whistling, yell-

ing, whooping, laughing—it was maddening, devastating, unendurable. At last, one day, I lost all my temper, and went raging to my mother and said Sandy had been singing for an hour without a single break, and I couldn't stand it, and *wouldn't* she please shut him up. The tears came into her eyes and her lip trembled, and she said something like this:

"Poor thing, when he sings it shows that he is not remembering, and that comforts me; but when he is still I am afraid he is thinking, and I cannot bear it. He will never see his mother again; if he can sing, I must not hinder it, but be thankful for it. If you were older, you would understand me; then that friendless child's noise would make you glad."

It was a simple speech and made up of small words, but it went home, and Sandy's noise was not a trouble to me any more. She never used large words, but she had a natural gift for making small ones do effective work. She lived to reach the neighborhood of ninety years and was capable with her tongue to the last—especially when a meanness or an injustice roused her spirit. She has come handy to me several times in my books, where she figures as Tom Sawyer's Aunt Polly. I fitted her out with a dialect and tried to think up other improvements for her, but did not find any. I used Sandy once, also; it was in *Tom Sawyer*. I tried to get him to whitewash the fence, but it did not work. I do not remember what name I called him by in the book.

I can see the farm yet, with perfect clearness. I can see all its belongings, all its details; the family room of the house, with a "trundle" bed in one corner and a spinning-wheel in another—a wheel whose rising and falling wail, heard from a distance, was the mournfulest of all sounds to me, and made me homesick and low spirited, and filled my atmosphere with the wandering spirits of the dead; the vast fireplace, piled high, on winter nights, with flaming hickory logs from whose ends a sugary sap bubbled out, but did not go to waste, for we scraped it off and ate it; the lazy cat spread out on the rough hearthstones; the drowsy dogs braced against the jambs and blinking; my aunt in one chimney corner, knitting; my uncle in the other,

smoking his corn-cob pipe; the slick and carpetless oak floor faintly mirroring the dancing flame tongues and freckled with black indentations where fire coals had popped out and died a leisurely death; half a dozen children romping in the background twilight, "split"-bottomed chairs here and there, some with rockers; a cradle—out of service, but waiting with confidence; in the early cold mornings a snuggle of children, in shirts and chemises, occupying the hearthstone and procrastinating—they could not bear to leave that comfortable place and go out on the wind-swept floor space between the house and kitchen where the general tin basin stood, and wash.

Along outside of the front fence ran the country road, dusty in the summertime, and a good place for snakes—they liked to lie in it and sun themselves; when they were rattlesnakes or puff adders, we killed them; when they were black snakes, or racers, or belonged to the fabled "hoop" breed, we fled, without shame; when they were "house snakes," or "garters," we carried them home and put them in Aunt Patsy's work basket for a surprise; for she was prejudiced against snakes, and always when she took the basket in her lap and they began to climb out of it it disordered her mind. She never could seem to get used to them; her opportunities went for nothing. And she was always cold toward bats, too, and could not bear them; and yet I think a bat is as friendly a bird as there is. My mother was Aunt Patsy's sister and had the same wild superstitions. A bat is beautifully soft and silky; I do not know any creature that is pleasanter to the touch or is more grateful for caressings, if offered in the right spirit. I know all about these coleoptera, because our great cave, three miles below Hannibal, was multitudinously stocked with them, and often I brought them home to amuse my mother with. It was easy to manage if it was a school day, because then I had ostensibly been to school and hadn't any bats. She was not a suspicious person, but full of trust and confidence; and when I said, "There's something in my coat pocket for you," she would put her hand in. But she always took it out again, herself; I didn't have to tell her. It was remarkable, the way she couldn't learn to like private bats. The

more experience she had, the more she could not change her views.

I think she was never in the cave in her life; but everybody else went there. Many excursion parties came from considerable distances up and down the river to visit the cave. It was miles in extent and was a tangled wilderness of narrow and lofty clefts and passages. It was an easy place to get lost in; anybody could do it—including the bats. I got lost in it myself, along with a lady, and our last candle burned down to almost nothing before we glimpsed the search party's lights winding about in the distance.

"Injun Joe," the half-breed, got lost in there once, and would have starved to death if the bats had run short. But there was no chance of that; there were myriads of them. He told me all his story. In the book called *Tom Sawyer* I starved him entirely to death in the cave, but that was in the interest of art; it never happened. "General" Gaines, who was our first town drunkard before Jimmy Finn got the place, was lost in there for the space of a week, and finally pushed his handkerchief out of a hole in a hilltop near Saverton, several miles down the river from the cave's mouth, and somebody saw it and dug him out. There is nothing the matter with his statistics except the handkerchief. I knew him for years and he hadn't any. But it could have been his nose. That would attract attention.

The cave was an uncanny place, for it contained a corpse—the corpse of a young girl of fourteen. It was in a glass cylinder inclosed in a copper one which was suspended from a rail which bridged a narrow passage. The body was preserved in alcohol, and it was said that loafers and rowdies used to drag it up by the hair and look at the dead face. The girl was the daughter of a St. Louis surgeon of extraordinary ability and wide celebrity. He was an eccentric man and did many strange things. He put the poor thing in that forlorn place himself.

. . . . . .

Beyond the road where the snakes sunned themselves was a dense young thicket, and through it a dim-lighted path led a

quarter of a mile; then out of the dimness one emerged abruptly upon a level great prairie which was covered with wild strawberry plants, vividly starred with prairie pinks, and walled in on all sides by forests. The strawberries were fragrant and fine, and in the season we were generally there in the crisp freshness of the early morning, while the dew beads still sparkled upon the grass and the woods were ringing with the first songs of the birds.

Down the forest slopes to the left were the swings. They were made of bark stripped from hickory saplings. When they became dry they were dangerous. They usually broke when a child was forty feet in the air, and this was why so many bones had to be mended every year. I had no ill luck myself, but none of my cousins escaped. There were eight of them, and at one time and another they broke fourteen arms among them. But it cost next to nothing, for the doctor worked by the year—twenty-five dollars for the whole family. I remember two of the Florida doctors, Chowning and Meredith. They not only tended an entire family for twenty-five dollars a year, but furnished the medicines themselves. Good measure, too. Only the largest persons could hold a whole dose. Castor oil was the principal beverage. The dose was half a dipperful, with half a dipperful of New Orleans molasses added to help it down and make it taste good, which it never did. The next stand-by was calomel; the next, rhubarb; and the next, jalap. Then they bled the patient, and put mustard plasters on him. It was a dreadful system, and yet the death rate was not heavy. The calomel was nearly sure to salivate the patient and cost him some of his teeth. There were no dentists. When teeth became touched with decay or were otherwise ailing, the doctor knew of but one thing to do—he fetched his tongs and dragged them out. If the jaw remained, it was not his fault. Doctors were not called in cases of ordinary illness; the family grandmother attended to those. Every old woman was a doctor, and gathered her own medicines in the woods, and knew how to compound doses that would stir the vitals of a cast-iron dog. And then there was the "Indian doctor"; a grave savage, remnant of his tribe, deeply read in the mysteries of nature and the secret

properties of herbs; and most backwoodsmen had high faith in his powers and could tell of wonderful cures achieved by him. In Mauritius, away off yonder in the solitudes of the Indian Ocean, there is a person who answers to our Indian doctor of the old times. He is a negro, and has had no teaching as a doctor, yet there is one disease which he is master of and can cure and the doctors can't. They send for him when they have a case. It is a child's disease of a strange and deadly sort, and the negro cures it with a herb medicine which he makes, himself, from a prescription which has come down to him from his father and grandfather. He will not let anyone see it. He keeps the secret of its components to himself, and it is feared that he will die without divulging it; then there will be consternation in Mauritius. I was told these things by the people there, in 1896.

We had the "faith doctor," too, in those early days—a woman. Her specialty was toothache. She was a farmer's old wife and lived five miles from Hannibal. She would lay her hand on the patient's jaw and say, "Believe!" and the cure was prompt. Mrs. Utterback. I remember her very well. Twice I rode out there behind my mother, horseback, and saw the cure performed. My mother was the patient.

Doctor Meredith removed to Hannibal, by and by, and was our family physician there, and saved my life several times. Still, he was a good man and meant well. Let it go.

I was always told that I was a sickly and precarious and tiresome and uncertain child, and lived mainly on allopathic medicines during the first seven years of my life. I asked my mother about this, in her old age—she was in her eighty-eighth year—and said:

"I suppose that during all that time you were uneasy about me?"

"Yes, the whole time."

"Afraid I wouldn't live?"

After a reflective pause—ostensibly to think out the facts—"No—afraid you would."

The country schoolhouse was three miles from my uncle's farm. It stood in a clearing in the woods and would hold about

twenty-five boys and girls. We attended the school with more or less regularity once or twice a week, in summer, walking to it in the cool of the morning by the forest paths, and back in the gloaming at the end of the day. All the pupils brought their dinners in baskets—corn dodger, buttermilk, and other good things—and sat in the shade of the trees at noon and ate them. It is the part of my education which I look back upon with the most satisfaction. My first visit to the school was when I was seven. A strapping girl of fifteen, in the customary sunbonnet and calico dress, asked me if I "used tobacco"—meaning did I chew it. I said no. It roused her scorn. She reported me to all the crowd, and said:

"Here is a boy seven years old who can't chew tobacco."

By the looks and comments which this produced I realized that I was a degraded object, and was cruelly ashamed of myself. I determined to reform. But I only made myself sick; I was not able to learn to chew tobacco. I learned to smoke fairly well, but that did not conciliate anybody and I remained a poor thing, and characterless. I longed to be respected, but I never was able to rise. Children have but little charity for one another's defects.

As I have said, I spent some part of every year at the farm until I was twelve or thirteen years old. The life which I led there with my cousins was full of charm, and so is the memory of it yet. I can call back the solemn twilight and mystery of the deep woods, the earthy smells, the faint odors of the wild flowers, the sheen of rain-washed foliage, the rattling clatter of drops when the wind shook the trees, the far-off hammering of woodpeckers and the muffled drumming of wood pheasants in the remoteness of the forest, the snapshot glimpses of disturbed wild creatures scurrying through the grass—I can call it all back and make it as real as it ever was, and as blessed. I can call back the prairie, and its loneliness and peace, and a vast hawk hanging motionless in the sky, with his wings spread wide and the blue of the vault showing through the fringe of their end feathers. I can see the woods in their autumn dress, the oaks purple, the hickories washed with gold, the maples and the

sumachs luminous with crimson fires, and I can hear the rustle made by the fallen leaves as we plowed through them. I can see the blue clusters of wild grapes hanging among the foliage of the saplings, and I remember the taste of them and the smell. I know how the wild blackberries looked, and how they tasted, and the same with the pawpaws, the hazelnuts, and the persimmons; and I can feel the thumping rain, upon my head, of hickory nuts and walnuts when we were out in the frosty dawn to scramble for them with the pigs, and the gusts of wind loosed them and sent them down. I know the stain of blackberries, and how pretty it is, and I know the stain of walnut hulls, and how little it minds soap and water, also what grudged experience it had of either of them. I know the taste of maple sap, and when to gather it, and how to arrange the troughs and the delivery tubes, and how to boil down the juice, and how to hook the sugar after it is made, also how much better hooked sugar tastes than any that is honestly come by, let bigots say what they will. I know how a prize watermelon looks when it is sunning its fat rotundity among pumpkin vines and "simblins"; I know how to tell when it is ripe without "plugging" it; I know how inviting it looks when it is cooling itself in a tub of water under the bed, waiting; I know how it looks when it lies on the table in the sheltered great floor space between house and kitchen, and the children gathered for the sacrifice and their mouths watering; I know the crackling sound it makes when the carving knife enters its end, and I can see the split fly along in front of the blade as the knife cleaves its way to the other end; I can see its halves fall apart and display the rich red meat and the black seeds, and the heart standing up, a luxury fit for the elect; I know how a boy looks behind a yard-long slice of that melon, and I know how he feels; for I have been there. I know the taste of the watermelon which has been honestly come by, and I know the taste of the watermelon which has been acquired by art. Both taste good, but the experienced know which tastes best. I know the look of green apples and peaches and pears on the trees, and I know how entertaining they are when they are inside of a person. I know how ripe ones look when they

are piled in pyramids under the trees, and how pretty they are and how vivid their colors. I know how a frozen apple looks, in a barrel down cellar in the winter time, and how hard it is to bite, and how the frost makes the teeth ache, and yet how good it is, notwithstanding. I know the disposition of elderly people to select the specked apples for the children, and I once knew ways to beat the game. I know the look of an apple that is roasting and sizzling on a hearth on a winter's evening, and I know the comfort that comes of eating it hot, along with some sugar and a drench of cream. I know the delicate art and mystery of so cracking hickory nuts and walnuts on a flatiron with a hammer that the kernels will be delivered whole, and I know how the nuts, taken in conjunction with winter apples, cider, and doughnuts, make old people's old tales and old jokes sound fresh and crisp and enchanting, and juggle an evening away before you know what went with the time. I know the look of Uncle Dan'l's kitchen as it was on the privileged nights, when I was a child, and I can see the white and black children grouped on the hearth, with the firelight playing on their faces and the shadows flickering upon the walls, clear back toward the cavernous gloom of the rear, and I can hear Uncle Dan'l telling the immortal tales which Uncle Remus Harris was to gather into his book and charm the world with, by and by; and I can feel again the creepy joy which quivered through me when the time for the ghost story was reached—and the sense of regret, too, which came over me, for it was always the last story of the evening and there was nothing between it and the unwelcome bed.

I can remember the bare wooden stairway in my uncle's house, and the turn to the left above the landing, and the rafters and the slanting roof over my bed, and the squares of moonlight on the floor, and the white cold world of snow outside, seen through the curtainless window. I can remember the howling of the wind and the quaking of the house on stormy nights, and how snug and cozy one felt, under the blankets, listening; and how the powdery snow used to sift in, around the sashes, and lie in little ridges on the floor and make the place look chilly in the

morning and curb the wild desire to get up—in case there was any. I can remember how very dark that room was, in the dark of the moon, and how packed it was with ghostly stillness when one woke up by accident away in the night, and forgotten sins came flocking out of the secret chambers of the memory and wanted a hearing; and how ill chosen the time seemed for this kind of business; and how dismal was the hoohooing of the owl and the wailing of the wolf, sent mourning by on the night wind.

I remember the raging of the rain on that roof, summer nights, and how pleasant it was to lie and listen to it, and enjoy the white splendor of the lightning and the majestic booming and crashing of the thunder. It was a very satisfactory room, and there was a lightning rod which was reachable from the window, an adorable and skittish thing to climb up and down, summer nights, when there were duties on hand of a sort to make privacy desirable.

I remember the 'coon and the 'possum hunts, nights, with the negroes, and the long marches through the black gloom of the woods, and the excitement which fired everybody when the distant bay of an experienced dog announced that the game was treed; then the wild scramblings and stumblings through briers and bushes and over roots to get to the spot; then the lighting of a fire and the felling of the tree, the joyful frenzy of the dogs and the negroes, and the weird picture it all made in the red glare—I remember it all well, and the delight that everyone got out of it, except the 'coon.

I remember the pigeon seasons, when the birds would come in millions and cover the trees and by their weight break down the branches. They were clubbed to death with sticks, guns were not necessary and were not used. I remember the squirrel hunts, and prairie-chicken hunts, and wild-turkey hunts, and all that; and how we turned out, mornings, while it was still dark, to go on these expeditions, and how chilly and dismal it was, and how often I regretted that I was well enough to go. A toot on a tin horn brought twice as many dogs as were needed, and in their happiness they raced and scampered about, and

knocked small people down, and made no end of unnecessary noise. At the word, they vanished away toward the woods, and we drifted silently after them in the melancholy gloom. But presently the gray dawn stole over the world, the birds piped up, then the sun rose and poured light and comfort all around, everything was fresh and dewy and fragrant, and life was a boon again. After three hours of tramping we arrived back wholesomely tired, overladen with game, very hungry, and just in time for breakfast.

A BOY IN IDAHO

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JAMES STEVENS

James Stevens, author of *Brawnyman*, from which "A Boy in Idaho" is taken, is not the Irish author, James Stephens. He is an ex-hobo, lumberjack, and teamster of Idaho and Washington. His earlier book, *Paul Bunyan*, is a redaction of a number of the lumberjack hero stories indigenous to the Northwest. *Brawnyman* is the record of the groping life of a migratory worker. The quality of it, if it may be judged by the boyhood chapter, is so authentic that it will be a stimulating record of sectional culture and an articulation of life in a group of inarticulate men that our literature knows little of.

JAMES STEVENS

A BOY IN IDAHO

SOMEWHERE in a 1907 issue of *Hoard's Dairyman,* a widely known farm journal in the Northwest, there was a communication from a boy of fourteen, reciting the pleasure and instruction he got out of his toil. The letter was written from a school in the wilds of Idaho, two miles from a Snake River town, in a setting of sage-covered hills. The school had a thousand acres of land, and perhaps half of them were cultivated. Alfalfa was the main crop; it was grown as feed for the eight score cows of the dairy. There were poultry pens, blacksmith and carpenter shops, a laundry, a bakery, and a dressmaking establishment. In the fields, barns, and shops the boy students could earn their board and tuition by working thirty hours each week. The girl students were offered the same opportunity in the gentler indoor work. No one attending the school was permitted to pay more than half the charges; work was compulsory for all. The institution was a great boon to the ambitious children of homesteaders and ranch laborers in the back country, for it gave them a chance to prepare for college which would have been denied to them otherwise because of the isolation of their homes and the poverty of their parents. "Think what a school like ours would have meant to Lincoln," was the faculty slogan.

Fifteen was the entrance age when I began attendance, but because of my size and my experience on a ranch I was admitted before my fourteenth birthday. I had lived most of my boyhood in a remote valley that was still new as a dwelling-place for men. I was familiar with the labor of clearing, seeding, and harvesting; I had ridden in the round-ups and broken wild cayuses that were fresh from the free range; when I finished eighth grade in the

country school I was brawny and tough, fit for a battle with a bucking colt or ten hours of sweaty labor in the hay field. My experience and my muscularity got me into the school, despite my years. I was put in charge of a string of ten dairy cows and left to milk my way to the higher learning.

At half past three each morning the head of the Dairy department walked softly down the dormitory hall and rapped on the doors behind which the boys in his charge slept. I had long been used to early rising, but I had never conquered a desire to snooze a little after waking, enjoying the blankets which seemed so caressing, so warm and sweet, burrowing my head into deeper darkness among the pillows, drowsing for one delightful moment. I never enjoyed a full minute of this, however, for when I dozed some cell in my brain lived only to alarm me, making me leap from bed. I was always a little astonished to find my bare feet on the floor, to feel shivers racing over my spine, when I should still be in the warm blankets. Then I would feel an envious hate for the boys who could go on sleeping while I was dressing hurriedly and stumbling down the dark stairs and over the graveled walk that led from the dormitory to the barn.

The first task of the morning was to toss down hay from the mows and spread it through the mangers; then each stanchioned Jersey was given her portion of chops and bran. After that they all had to be washed, curried, and brushed. We boy milkers had been used to corral milking, and we thought the dairy chief, a Cornell graduate, an almost unendurable crank on cleanliness. We regarded the cow-scrubbing as a laborious ritual without sense, and the narrow-topped sanitary milk buckets as troublesome devices that had been made only to sell to college dairymen. Worse, we had to go with soft voices among the nervous Jerseys; a curse or a blow for one of them brought a severe reprimand and sometimes dismissal to other work. We agreed to our chief's college notions for the sake of avoiding the duller tasks outside. The barn was warm in winter, and there was a drowsy pleasure in our morning work—a cheek resting against a warm, silky flank, the two milk streams making a rhythmic purr in the white

foam, half-closed eyes seeing pleasing fancies in the dim lantern light.

We were done before six. Then came breakfast and prayers. Classes began at half past seven and ended at noon. In the afternoon most of the other boys worked from one to five. Those who were working out all their charges of board and tuition had to work ten hours on Saturday; those who were paying a half or a third were free on that day. We milkers were supposed to sleep an hour or more in the afternoon; at three-thirty we were called to the barn again. At eight o'clock the milkers were ordered to bed, an hour before the others.

II

Thus nine months passed. I thought myself a most fortunate youth. My Sunday work made five hours extra for me, and I had seventy-five cents for spending money every week. During the holidays I remained at the school; and at the end of two weeks I was loaded with wealth, having worked ten hours a day in the milk house all that time. My chief saw in me the promise of a great buttermaker and taught me the secrets of the milk room and creamery.

When the school term was over he put me in charge of the milk room, at man's pay. The school used hired men then to carry on the work of the boys who had gone home; they were mostly wandering farm hands. From them I heard gaudy tales of fleshly lures. The days of chapel and prayer were no more, and my soul had no anchor. So I came to drift with the spirit of these carnal men. My work was to cool the milk when it was brought from the barn in the morning, and then bottle it. After breakfast I would separate the remaining milk, wash the buckets, cans, tables, and shelves, and feed skimmed milk to forty bawling, butting calves. When the driver returned with his stacks of empty bottles, they had to be washed and stored away. I had some leisure in the afternoons, but an hour's work after supper.

I was among the farm hands for only an hour or so each evening, and I might not have succumbed to their influence had

it not been for a notion that came to my chief. He got the idea that I should learn the milk route, so that I might serve, at need, as a substitute. I was ordered to go with the driver two days a week until I knew what houses he served. Thus I was hauled to the Island, where Big Mag kept her fearsome house. The driver warned me not to "go blattin' around out the school I'm deliverin' here. It's a good bill, an' we don't wanta lose it." But as amply built ladies came out of the kitchen and bantered our driver amiably, though indelicately, I concluded that he was not thinking only of the six quarts of milk which Big Mag took from him when he made his daily trip to the Island.

"I'm not such a backwoods sucker as you seem to think," I told him after our second trip.

And I went on to question him about the ladies, showing him that I was more curious than indignant. He was reticent at first, but, being naturally a boastful fellow, he finally treated me to revelations that presented him as a great ladies' man. I had no more than two trips to the Island, for when the head of the school, a Presbyterian divine, returned from the East and was informed by the brethren in the town that his milk wagon was to be seen each morning over there, with Big Mag's ladies grouped around it, both my chief and the driver came near to losing their heads.

Satan, of course, had not actually touched me, but he was not such a remote figure now. I became a listener among the farm hands when they gossiped in their idle hours; I myself spoke mysteriously of romantic adventures. I remembered the swear words of round-up days and used them freely again. I took up with the forbidden delight of the leaf and chewed it in secret. By the time the new school term began I had grown careless in my labor and idled about with a raffish air. My chief lectured me severely. I heard him in stubborn silence. Thereafter he regarded me sourly. One winter morning, when I got a kick from a prize heifer (I was then milking again), I gave her a sound cursing and hit her a mighty knock with my milk stool. I was allowed to enter the dairy barn no more, but was put

among the meanest of the boys, who were shoveling gravel and sand for use in the construction of a cement building.

I made no effort then to halt my descent. With other unredeemable boys I began to sneak out of nights, going into town and returning at late hours. Once I was caught in a pool hall. I was prayed over and solemnly warned. Next, the head of the student body himself caught me discharging the juice of the leaf. He had no soul for beauty, that fellow; the pretty sparkle of a thin amber cascade was lost on him. He confiscated my plug of "Star" and I was told that my next offense meant expulsion. The offense was committed and discovered; I was too far gone in hellishness, too deeply mired in sin, to be saved.

On an afternoon of February, 1908, I boarded a freight that was bound east. My mind was full of a grand plan to go out among real workingmen, to toil as one of them and wander far. I should be a boy no longer. But at the first stop I was thrown off the train by a wrathful brakeman.

"Plague take yer!" he roared. "Why don't yer git home an' stay home? You kids a-ramblin' a-roun' is what makes life mis'able for us railroad fellers. Don' lemme lay my han's on you ag'in!"

Feeling very small indeed, I set off up the dark street. No one looked at me as I tramped along; I saw no familiar faces in the warm poolrooms and saloons when I looked through the bright windows; and a disagreeable feeling came over me that now there was no place where I could go and see them. I stepped into a small, dingy restaurant and ordered some ham and eggs. Presently a fat, frowzy waitress slammed my order down on the counter and, without a word, returned to the kitchen. I ate in silence and solitude and went out into the darkness. I ventured into the yards again and stopped in the shelter of the water tank. The wind whistled through the telegraph wires above, its harsh cry making the darkness and cold most dismal. The romance of my plan vanished, and it seemed imperfect and vain. Maybe I wasn't exactly ready to be a wild, burly adventurer yet, I admitted. Perhaps I had better become a boy again for a while. There wasn't any sense in being *too* wicked and

tough all at once. I'd better go slowly and carefully. Anyway, I'd hoboed thirty miles.

III

I had a few dollars, so I rented a room for the night. The next morning I got a job of wood-chopping from a nurseryman who lived four miles from town. I was to receive fifteen dollars a month and board. When I was given my first month's pay my courage had returned to a degree, and I journeyed to town on a Saturday night, determined to be a man at last. But the racket of a skating rink was too strong a call for my new bravery to resist, and for three hours I rolled over the slick floor with other boys, the lusty pleasures of the workingman forgotten. With six dime novels under my arm, a quarter's worth of chocolates, a half-pound of "Star," and a package of cigarette tobacco in my pocket, I returned at midnight to my place of labor. I toiled quite happily then, and with such effect that the last of the stack of poles was in stove wood by the first of April. I was paid off, and I walked into town, thinking mainly of my cowardly failure to kiss the hired girl good-by.

My employer had given me a letter to a sheep rancher twenty miles up the river, assuring me that I could get boy's work from him. But twenty dollars jingled in my pocket; I felt the breath of spring and smelled its sweet odors of wet earth; I saw the sunny April day as a bright message of romantic adventure. Again I rode for it on a rattling freight.

At Nampa, a division point, I was dragged down by the arm of the law. The officer shook me savagely and bumped my head against the side of the car. I jerked myself free and ran like a rabbit, dodging between piles of ties and around sheds. At every turn I was sure I could hear the officer's feet pounding behind me. I leaped around a corner and tumbled into a group of men who were sitting on the sunny side of a street that bordered the yards.

"Hey!" yelled one of the men. "What t'ell you running from? What's all the big rush?"

He looked friendly, so I narrated my adventure. The gang was hilarious.

"Kid, when you ride into the Nampa yard, you're ridin' into dynamite," said the friendly man. "You're lucky Nampa Larry didn't take his sap to you. He tailbones most ev'ry stiff he ketches, hey, Hardpan?"

I was now feeling some importance over my encounter with the terrible Nampa Larry, but when Hardpan Kelly, who seemed to be the leader of the crowd, told a story about what *he'd* done to Larry when the railroad bull attempted to sap *him,* my adventure seemed small and pitiful. Another man then boasted of the neat whipping he had given a hostile bull in Casey, a place I had not heard of before now, though it seemed to be large and important. Then a dark, chubby man spoke modestly of a brawl in the great city of Shy, but he intimated that he emerged from this brawl unconquered.

I was curious about the city of Shy, but not so curious as to reveal my ignorance. I thought it a mighty strange name for a city and wondered how I had missed it and Casey in my study of geography. But there was more puzzlement ahead for me, for I soon heard of a great American city named Nawlins, and yet another called Sin See. It was many weeks before I learned that these names were hobo abbreviations for Kansas City, Chicago, New Orleans, and Cincinnati. Such was the ignorance of a boy whose days had been lived in the sagebrush country! But learned city men, I found out later, have shown the same ignorance, for the railroader's song, "K. C. [*i.e.* Kansas City] Jones," was actually published in New York as "Casey Jones." As I listened to the gossip of these knowing men, I resolved to cast my lot in with them at once. I, too, should travel far and live bright and thrilling hours in those gorgeously wicked cities which the geographies had neglected, the cities of Casey, Nawlins, Sin See, and Shy.

I was an ignored listener as the talk went on. By and by someone said he had the price of a snort, and the others said that a snort was what they needed more than anything else in the world just then. The hobos got up and walked toward

the main street, following Hardpan Kelly. I tagged along behind, feeling very much like a child again. I heard the two in front of me whispering that "Hardpan is sure alive; says he's only got a road-stake, but he's lousy with it." I wondered why anyone should insist that Hardpan was not dead, for the man looked and acted as if he'd never known a sick day; and I bothered my head trying to figure out what a road-stake might be, whether it was some kind of a surveyor's stake, or maybe a steak that he carried along to eat on the road; and how could he be lousy with any kind of stake or steak, anyway?

The gang went on into a saloon. I did not dare to enter, but waited outside for a long time. At last I got hungry and went to a lunchroom to eat. Then I loafed around for a couple of hours, without meeting the gang. When I saw the hobos again they were around a three-wagon freighting outfit; and some of them were climbing on the loads. I moseyed over. A freckle-faced hobo sang out, "Here's the gaycat again! Better come take on some labor, fuzz-face; ol' Larry'll sap you silly if he spots you on the stem."

He and four others were on a wagon loaded with grain. I was eager to join them, but I looked doubtfully at the freighter.

"Shake a leg!" he yelled at me.

So I climbed to the top of the high row of sacks. The freighter cracked a twenty-foot lash over the eight-horse team, and the wagons began to move. The five hobos paid no more attention to me. They got into an argument as to whether the grading camp they were going to was a "main" camp or a "gypo" camp; and the longer they argued the louder they bawled. Their talk delighted me, though I could not understand much of it. They spoke of rag houses, Jacks and Neds, walkers, stomach robbers, tin pans, leather, scissor bills, muck sticks, barn dogs, and jug heads. I understood only that we were going to a tent camp on a government ditch bossed by Bum Dowd, and that jobs as mule teamsters were to be sought. I began to doubt very much if I should be a hobo for a long time; it seemed that many months would be required to learn the new language.

At camp I was at once singled out and hailed as a gaycat and

a fuzz-face, the hobo terms for boys. Bum Dowd sneered when I asked for a team of mules and gave me a dish-washing job in the camp kitchen. I accepted it cheerfully and toiled with zeal. I thought that by earnest work I could rise to a higher estate. But after a month the adamantine Dowd was still deaf to my entreaties. I had heard considerable talk among the hobo team hands of a new reclamation job at Shoshone; a big ditch was being dug to bring water to two hundred thousand acres of land on the north side of Snake River Canyon. I knew something of the hobos' language and customs now; I decided to go to this new scene, announce myself as an experienced team hand, and be done for all time with boyhood.

IV

I crawled from a freight in the town of Shoshone at five-thirty on a May morning. I ate breakfast at a small restaurant and inquired the way to the camps. I was told that it was thirty miles to Grant & Company's headquarters.

"Keep the left-hand road," the restaurant man told me. "There's a pump station sixteen miles out. Better let me fix you some sandwiches."

I told him to do so.

"Oughter wait an' go on a wagon," he said, as he wrapped up the lunch. "It's a long, dusty hike. Might as well ride."

But I was sure that if I struck one of the camps alone I should have a better chance of getting a man's job. So I started my long walk over the sagebrush.

The dust of the volcanic ash soil in that country drifts like snow in the winds; and the road was like a wide trail through the brush, having only a dim shape of wagon tracks. Tramping along at a fast pace, my mind afar in fancied adventures, I followed a road that branched to the left about four miles from town. Walking was little effort for me, as I had loped over the Idaho hills all my years. When it seemed that I had been going for several hours I got thirsty, and began to look for the water tower. But though I could see for miles up the road, nothing

but a flat gray plain of sage and a dim ridge of mountains was in view.

I felt a little doubt as I walked on and on and the sun neared the center of its arch, but I only hastened my pace, looking always for the water tower. My thirst increased. My throat burned from alkali dust. I nibbled at one of the sandwiches, but it was so dry and bitter on my tongue that I threw both away. I tramped on for another hour, but the monotonous flat scene did not change. I had no watch, but a look at my shadow told me it was long past noon. Surely I had come more than sixteen miles. At last I knew that I had taken a wrong road. It was the old Shoshone-Miller stage road and had not been used since a railroad was built through the latter town. I did not know what road it was, but I was certain it led to some point near the Snake River. I would not turn back to Shoshone. I tramped on.

I had no play with fancy now; I wanted only to glimpse some movement and color besides the listless, mournful swaying and dusty gray of the sagebrush leaves. The mountains seemed to get no nearer; and I was angry that they remained so remote, for I knew that on their slopes were cold springs, greenery, and restful shade. Frequently the skeletons of cattle and sheep glistened by the roadside, and I would have a horrid reminder of my fate, should I be crippled in a fall, or taken ill, or—I thought of a thousand terrors. Once I saw a kerosene can in the brush. I ran to it; but it was rotten with rust, had lain there for years. I repented of my desire for wicked wanderings and was tormented with the feeling that a divine hand had led me into this road for punishment, perhaps as a prelude to hell. Of all the hideous notions and visions that came to me on that afternoon I remember but a few, but I vividly recall the terror of all of them. Imagination is a devil.

Yet all the time I tramped on, and I was still walking hard at dusk, walking with a blind will, hardly conscious of my steps. Suddenly to my right I saw a faint glimmer. It was a shine of water! I had come to an irrigation ditch! I dropped on my belly and drank in great gulps until I was glutted. Then I

drenched my face and my hair. I remember that I then sat up and sighed gustily, as one awakens from a frightful nightmare. There was a field beyond the ditch, and a farmhouse. Infinitely weary, I plodded over there for supper and bed. I was five months past my fifteenth birthday. Without water, I had walked thirteen hours and forty-one miles.

The nearest camp was only five miles from the farmhouse. The next morning I walked to this camp. Burly Hughes was the walking boss. I asked him for a team.

"Ain't got no teams fer fuzz-faces!" he roared. "You'll make a fair flunky, maybe. Git inter the kitchen!"

Thus it appeared that I was a boy still, though I had traveled so far, and with such thought, pain and effort, for a man's job! But I submitted, though I was more determined than ever to become a real workingman, sometime, somewhere, somehow.

In this cookhouse, as in the one at Nampa, the hours I worked were tedious and long. The cook, the other two flunkies, and myself got up at four and had breakfast ready by six. When dish-washing and potato-peeling were done we had an hour before we prepared dinner. In the afternoon we were idle from two to four. At eight o'clock our day's work was done. A wearisome life in a desert land. Hot winds blew there all the summer days, and out on the works the teamsters plodded behind their mules in clouds of dust. For miles around there was a gray expanse of sage, its flatness broken only by occasional ridges of lava rock. But I was used to the lonely aspect of the sage, and it could not dull for me the charm of my short idle hours.

Each night I had an hour or two in the bunkhouse, and then I listened to grand and thrilling tales. Rough Rider Smiler was there; and he had fought by the side of a national hero. There was Google-eye Murphy, who had once ruled a gang in the neighborhood of Hinky Dink's in Shy. There was Frisco Timmy, who had lived in the Chinese quarter of his native town and who could tell hair-raising stories about the mysterious life there. Finally, there was Burly Hughes, who, as a camp boss in the South, had murdered three negroes, and had notches for these

killings on the handle of his gun. I feared him greatly; and when he ordered me to wash his clothes I did so without question. Nor did I dare to quit while he was in camp, so savage was his treatment of some who left when he was in a state of displeasure. I stayed on until the first of August. Then Burly gave way to Kid Hogan; and in ten days I asked for my time check. I had made up my mind to hobo to Portland, and then ride a boat to San Francisco, the city of my dreams.

V

But Burly Hughes was the first man I met when I reached Shoshone. His eyes were red and swollen; his thick hands were unsteady. He had been soaked in raw alcohol for more than a week. He was broke, but I did not know it. He greeted me with lavish friendliness, and I was immensely flattered. I must come and meet the gang, he said; fine bunch of stiffs in town now.

The gang welcomed me noisily and affectionately. I was brought a can of beer. And in a little while I was feeling that I had never mingled with such agreeable and friendly men. The hobo laborers had made me one of them at last. I was very grateful to Burly Hughes and forgave him his harshness in camp. He reminded me that it was a custom of the team-hand tribe for a "live one" to pass out a dollar to each hand he met in town, and with some reluctance I took his hint, broke some bills, and passed the silver around. I then got so exhilarated with enjoyment of my new lofty state that I proposed buying a jungle feed and cases of beer. Two days later I had just thirty-five cents in my pocket; I was still in Shoshone; the hobos had no more comradeship for me, and I was a boy once more.

I found no new hope when I went back to the camps. Water boy in one, flunky again in two others, barn helper in still another, I did not get a man's job until I went to the Wood River Project, thirty miles above Shoshone, in the last week of October.

I had started for the camp of Hales & Crane, the contractors who had the best fame among the hobo team hands. Old Foster Crane had been a hobo for years himself, and he would employ

none but genuine savages, true members of his tribe. But I stopped overnight at the camp of a gypo contractor, and the next morning I was offered a team for the first time—two bedraggled, scrawny old mules on a wheel scraper. I took this good chance to learn the occupation which I hoped to adorn. These weary, wise old camp mules were far different from the lively broncos I had been used to at home. I had to ding-dong them with a heavy shag from morning till night. In a week I was sick of belaboring them constantly and with such little effect, and began to long for the simple tasks of a boy once more. But I persisted, and I would no doubt have developed into a fair muleteer in that camp had it not been for the attempted tyranny of a boss.

Jim Byrnes saw me as an easy victim for the persecution that was wine to his mean little soul. I never drove past him but he poured scorn and contempt upon me. His criticisms were embroidered with coarse and unimaginative profanity. One day I flung the lines in his face and fled to the camp office. Feeling a new bravery from my "walk-off" I ventured into the camp of Hales & Crane. I was given a job there, but as a boy again. It was a machine camp, and I was put to work greasing the dump wagons in which the dirt was hauled from the elevating grader. But I found some contentment in this place. Every man was something of a hero. Red Grabby, the foreman, had bossed camps in two dozen states; no walker in the West had higher renown. Slim Golden, the plowshaker, Blue Snyder, the machine skinner, Lord Baltimore, the cook, Rowdy Rapp, the blacksmith, Slats Davidson, the timekeeper—a civil engineer who had been downed by drink—Nitre Kennedy, the barn boss—everyone had wide fame among the team-hand tribe as a master of his occupation.

Besides, this was a gamblers' camp. There was a big poker tent with five tables, and there the games ran all Saturday night and throughout Sunday until ten o'clock. The contractors furnished lights, cards, and chips, and would give any man a poker order on his wages that could be cashed at the town office. Spot Evans, Poker Tom Davis, Black Hawk, Liver Lip Red, Paddy

the Devil, Underwear Blackie, Slue Foot Niergaard, and other noted team-hand gamblers were then working in this camp. The stars usually filled two tables; lesser gamblers played for smaller stakes at the other three.

Though I was still a boy, I had the best enjoyment of my life in this camp. In the bunkhouse there were a hundred heroes to worship; and each night I heard pleasurable and inspiring tales. When the poker games were running, I would stand and look on, fascinated by the glitter of bright cards, the rattle of chips, and the stoicism of men who would fling away two weeks' wages for a moment of daring; dreaming of the time when I, too, might sit gallantly in such a circle and bear a moniker and speak of my adventures. I was kindly noticed at times by my heroes. Some of them had received dollars from me when I had my first "blow-in." I knew their language now and could speak of a few camps. Once I overheard Paddy the Devil say to Spot Evans, "That fuzz-face'll be a real team hand in a couple more years." I swelled with pride; but two years seemed a long time to wait.

And I did not wait so long. At Thanksgiving time there was a storm, and the work was shut down for the week. The poker games ran day and night. On Saturday I washed clothes for some of the gamblers and made seven dollars. I was paid in poker chips. I was about to cash them in, when Overland Slim, a minor player who had gone broke, asked me to stake him. I had little respect for his prowess at poker; if my seven dollars were to be lost, I might as well have the thrill of losing them myself. So I took a seat among the lesser players.

I won from the start. Luck favored me and I had not looked on at so many games in vain. At midnight I was a winner by fifty dollars. My eyes felt heavy, so I cashed in and went to bed. I returned to the tent the next morning at ten o'clock. There was a vacant seat at one of the big tables, and I felt a wild notion to try my chances there.

"No," said Paddy the Devil. "Hang on to what you got, gazoony. Pork chops'll be hangin' high this winter."

"Let 'm come," growled Black Hawk. "W'en we start playin' pets roun' this game? Here's where frien'ship ceases."

Paddy the Devil shrugged his great shoulders. Somewhat timorously I sat down, directly across the table from Black Hawk. I played carefully, and luck still befriended me. Two hours after dinner the stack of chips in front of me was worth eighty dollars.

VI

Spot Evans dealt. I gathered up my five cards, shielded them in my hands, and squeezed down the corners, one at a time. The first card was the ten of hearts, the other four were—aces! I stifled a hot thrill of exultation. It was the first time four aces had appeared in a hand for long days and nights of play. My thoughts were leaping flames—"Four aces! I guess now they'll have to say that kid's a gamblin' devil, all right. Four aces! If I can only play 'em right the tribe won't forget this jack pot for a while. Four aces for little Jimmy. Oh, golly! but I'll make 'em look!"

Black Hawk opened the jack pot; Paddy the Devil and Poker Tom stayed. I fought down an impulse to raise them to the roof; I knew it wiser to simply call and draw one card. The other three threw down. After the draw Black Hawk and the other two passed the bet. I studied my hand wisely, and then, trying to make the appearance of a bluff, I pushed out a ten-dollar bet. Black Hawk instantly raised me twenty dollars. Paddy and Poker Tom dropped their cards. I had a bad moment of stage fright then; it seemed that every one of the forty-odd men in the tent was staring at me, and I felt ridicule in their stares. But I remembered that I held a practically unbeatable hand; for this moment I was lord of the blanketed table.

Had I made Black Hawk think I was bluffing, I wondered, as I forced my attention back to the cards? Or did he figure that I had drawn to two pair and made a full house, and then make his big bet to scare me out? Or did he think that he held a cinch hand and was really wanting a call? The awful thought struck me that he might have a straight flush, that Spot

Evans, who had a reputation for trickiness, had cold-decked me for a share of the spoils. Maybe I'd better do no more than call him, my caution whispered. But a lustier spirit flamed up at the notion. What! Only call on four aces. The shame of it would have followed me forever among the tribe. There was only one thing for me, and that was to plunge into a grand play.

"I tap myself," I said.

For perhaps five minutes the tide of courage and hope ran high in me, while Black Hawk studied his cards. Then my ordeal began. Black Hawk carefully counted my stacks, matched them from his own chips—and withdrew. He resumed his study of the cards. Now and again he would throw me a fierce, dark stare; and when he did so my ears seemed to grow large and hot and to crawl up into my hair. There was a leaping among all my nerves, and I stiffened every muscle to control them. Again Black Hawk pushed in his chips, drew them out, shoved them slowly back, and—my heart jumped furiously—"I call," he said.

Trembling, I spread out my hand. For an instant his face flushed a dark red, then he stoically motioned for me to take the pot. The tent seemed filled with a monstrous roar; a dazzling brightness swam about the rough-clad forms of the spectators. As I raked in the chips I felt a heavy hand drop on my shoulder.

"Where you from, you ace-eatin' gambo-leer?"

I looked up into the mustachioed countenance of Red Grabby. The camp boss had been standing behind me these last minutes. I did not want to confess that my home was so near, so I gave him the name of my birthplace in Iowa.

"Appanoose County, hey? Well, you got a heister comin' to you. Lis'en, you savages!" he roared. "From now on we're a-callin' this gazoony Appanoose Jimmie, see! He's goin' to be a team hand right."

Never will I have such a golden token from words again. I had my wreath now. I was a boy no longer; I was a man.

THE LATE COLONEL'S DAUGHTERS

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KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Katherine Mansfield was born in Wellington, New Zealand, as Kathleen Beauchamp in 1890. She was educated in London and married John Middleton Murry, one of England's good critics. She died in France in 1923 at the too early age of thirty-four. Her best work is in the volumes *Bliss, The Garden Party,* and *The Dove's Nest.* Several other volumes of less good and unfinished stories and verse have been published since her death.

Before she died she felt that she had exhausted the short story form for her reading of life, and would gird her spirit for the novel. Katherine Mansfield's journal shows that she was a rigorous critic of her own soul, and that her own life was at the very center of most of her stories.

But her art is objective—"beautiful external life to watch and ponder." Not plot, not ideas, but persons or rather subtle relationships be-

tween persons, are the germs of her stories. A definite enough philosophic attitude and many ideas disengage themselves in the course of the portrayal. A significant entry in her journal is this:

"I was thinking yesterday of my *wasted, wasted* early girlhood. My college life, which is such a vivid and detailed memory in one way, might never have contained a book or a lecture. I lived in the girls, the professor, the big lovely buildings, the leaping fires in winter and the abundant flowers in summer. The views out of the windows, all the pattern that was weaving. Nobody saw it, I felt, as I did. . . ."

She caught those patterns in nature, exquisitely, and much else. The excellent mimicry of children, the intangible radiance of nearly all her characters, the tenderness and sweetness, but not flabbiness of her spirit, the simplicity of her art that collects all the ecstasy and poignancy from casual things and all the magic out of familiar things; these brought her, fortunately before her death, wide acclaim.

But there are critics who say the acclaim was not deserved. In the *American Mercury* for December, 1925, Mr. H. L. Mencken says of her stories: "A few years ago all the literati who tour our bucolic women's clubs were speaking of them with bated breath. The plain fact is that most of them were as hollow as jugs. Their people were simply animated sticks. All the 'profound' observation in them was imaginary. . . . But there was a din in London and so all our young college professors and literary newspaper reporters concluded that a circus parade was passing."

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The week after was one of the busiest weeks of their lives. Even when they went to bed it was only their bodies that lay down and rested; their minds went on, thinking things out, talking things over, wondering, deciding, trying to remember where . . .

Constantia lay like a statue, her hands by her sides, her feet just overlapping each other, the sheet up to her chin. She stared at the ceiling.

"Do you think father would mind if we gave his top-hat to the porter?"

"The porter?" snapped Josephine. "Why ever the porter? What a very extraordinary idea!"

"Because," said Constantia slowly, "he must often have to go to funerals. And I noticed at—at the cemetery that he only had a bowler." She paused. "I thought then how very much he'd appreciate a top-hat. We ought to give him a present, too. He was always very nice to father."

"But," cried Josephine, flouncing on her pillow and staring across the dark at Constantia, "father's head!" And suddenly, for one awful moment, she nearly giggled. Not, of course, that she felt in the least like giggling. It must have been habit. Years ago, when they had stayed awake at night talking, their beds had simply heaved. And now the porter's head, disappearing, popped out, like a candle, under father's hat. . . . The giggle mounted, mounted; she clenched her hands; she fought it down; she frowned fiercely at the dark and said "Remember" terribly sternly.

"We can decide to-morrow," she sighed.

Constantia had noticed nothing; she sighed.

"Do you think we ought to have our dressing-gowns dyed as well?"

"Black?" almost shrieked Josephine.

"Well, what else?" said Constantia. "I was thinking—it doesn't seem quite sincere, in a way, to wear black out of doors and when we're fully dressed, and then when we're at home——"

"But nobody sees us," said Josephine. She gave the bedclothes such a twitch that both her feet became uncovered, and she had to creep up the pillows to get them well under again.

"Kate does," said Constantia. "And the postman very well might."

Josephine thought of her dark-red slippers, which matched her dressing-gown, and of Constantia's favorite indefinite green ones which went with hers. Black! Two black dressing-gowns and two pairs of black woolly slippers, creeping off to the bathroom like black cats.

"I don't think it's absolutely necessary," said she.

Silence. Then Constantia said, "We shall have to post the papers with the notice in them to-morrow to catch the Ceylon mail—How many letters have we had up till now?"

"Twenty-three."

Josephine had replied to them all, and twenty-three times when she came to "We miss our dear father so much," she had broken down and had to use her handkerchief, and on some of them even to soak up a very light-blue tear with an edge of blotting paper. Strange! She couldn't have put it on—but twenty-three times. Even now, though, when she said over to herself sadly, "We miss our dear father *so* much," she could have cried if she'd wanted to.

"Have you got enough stamps?" came from Constantia.

"Oh, how can I tell?" said Josephine, crossly. "What's the good of asking me that now?"

"I was just wondering," said Constantia, mildly.

Silence again. There came a little rustle, a scurry, a hop.

"A mouse," said Constantia.

"It can't be a mouse because there aren't any crumbs," said Josephine.

"But it doesn't know there aren't," said Constantia.

A spasm of pity squeezed her heart. Poor little thing! She wished she'd left a tiny piece of biscuit on the dressing-table. It was awful to think of it not finding anything. What would it do?

"I can't think how they manage to live at all," she said, slowly.

"Who?" demanded Josephine.

And Constantia said, more loudly than she meant to, "Mice."

Josephine was furious. "Oh, what nonsense, Con!" she said. "What have mice got to do with it? You're asleep."

"I don't think I am," said Constantia. She shut her eyes to make sure. She was.

Josephine arched her spine, pulled up her knees, folded her arms so that her fists came under her ears, and pressed her cheek hard against the pillow.

II

Another thing which complicated matters was they had Nurse Andrews staying on with them that week. It was their own fault; they had asked her. It was Josephine's idea. On the morning—well, on the last morning, when the doctor had gone, Josephine had said to Constantia, "Don't you think it would be rather nice if we asked Nurse Andrews to stay on for a week as our guest?"

"Very nice," said Constantia.

"I thought," went on Josephine, quickly, "I should just say this afternoon, after I've paid her, 'My sister and I would be very pleased, after all you've done for us, Nurse Andrews, if you would stay on for a week as our guest.' I'd have to put that in about being our guest in case——"

"Oh, but she could hardly expect to be paid!" cried Constantia.

"One never knows," said Josephine, sagely.

Nurse Andrews had, of course, jumped at the idea. But it

was a bother. It meant they had to have regular sit-down meals at the proper time, whereas, if they'd been alone they could just have asked Kate if she wouldn't have minded bringing them a tray wherever they were. And meal times, now that the strain was over, were rather a trial.

Nurse Andrews was simply fearful about butter. Really they couldn't help feeling that about butter, at least, she took advantage of their kindness. And she had that maddening habit of asking for just an inch more bread to finish what she had on her plate, and then, at the last mouthful, absent-mindedly—of course it wasn't absent-mindedly—taking another helping. Josephine got very red when this happened, and she fastened her small, beadlike eyes on the tablecloth as if she saw a minute strange insect creeping through the web of it. But Constantia's long, pale face lengthened and set, and she gazed away—away—far over the desert to where that line of camels unwound like a thread of wool. . . .

"When I was with Lady Tukes," said Nurse Andrews, "she had such a dainty little contrayvance for the buttah. It was a silver Cupid balanced on the—on the bordah of a glass dish, holding a tayny fork. And when you wanted some buttah you simply pressed his foot and he bent down and speared you a piece. It was quite a gayme."

Josephine could hardly stand that. But, "I think those things are very extravagant," was all she said.

"But whey?" asked Nurse Andrews, beaming through her eye-glasses. "No one, surely, would take more buttah than one wanted—would one?"

"Ring, Con," cried Josephine. She couldn't trust herself to reply.

And proud young Kate, the enchanted princess, came in to see what the old tabbies wanted now. She snatched away their plates of mock something or other and slapped down a white, terrified blancmange.

"Jam, please, Kate," said Josephine, kindly.

Kate knelt and burst open the sideboard, lifted the lid of the jam pot, saw it was empty, put it on the table, and stalked off.

"I'm afraid," said Nurse Andrews a moment later, "there isn't any."

"Oh, what a bother!" said Josephine. She bit her lip. "What had we better do?"

Constantia looked dubious. "We can't disturb Kate again," she said, softly.

Nurse Andrews waited, smiling at them both. Her eyes wandered, spying at everything behind her eye-glasses. Constantia in despair went back to her camels. Josephine frowned heavily—concentrated. If it hadn't been for this idiotic woman she and Con would, of course, have eaten their blancmange without. Suddenly the idea came.

"I know," she said. "Marmalade. There's some marmalade in the sideboard. Get it, Con."

"I hope," laughed Nurse Andrews, and her laugh was like a spoon tinkling against a medicine-glass—"I hope it's not very bittah marmalayde."

III

But, after all, it was not long now, and then she'd be gone for good. And there was no getting over the fact that she had been very kind to father. She had nursed him day and night at the end. Indeed, both Constantia and Josephine felt privately she had rather overdone the not leaving him at the very last. For when they had gone in to say good-by Nurse Andrews had sat beside his bed the whole time, holding his wrist and pretending to look at her watch. It couldn't have been necessary. It was so tactless, too. Supposing father had wanted to say something —something private to them. Not that he had. Oh, far from it! He lay there, purple, a dark, angry purple in the face, and never even looked at them when they came in. Then, as they were standing there, wondering what to do, he had suddenly opened one eye. Oh, what a difference it would have made, what a difference to their memory of him, how much easier to tell people about it, if he had only opened both! But no—one eye only. It glared at them a moment and then—went out.

IV

It had made it very awkward for them when Mr. Farolles, of St. John's, called the same afternoon.

"The end was quite peaceful, I trust?" were the first words he said as he glided toward them through the dark drawing-room.

"Quite," said Josephine, faintly. They both hung their heads. Both of them felt certain that eye wasn't at all a peaceful eye.

"Won't you sit down?" said Josephine.

"Thank you, Miss Pinner," said Mr. Farolles, gratefully. He folded his coat tails and began to lower himself into father's armchair, but just as he touched it he almost sprang up and slid into the next chair instead.

He coughed. Josephine clasped her hands; Constantia looked vague.

"I want you to feel, Miss Pinner," said Mr. Farolles, "and you, Miss Constantia, that I'm trying to be helpful. I want to be helpful to you both, if you will let me. These are the times," said Mr. Farolles, very simply and earnestly, "when God means us to be helpful to one another."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Farolles," said Josephine and Constantia.

"Not at all," said Mr. Farolles, gently. He drew his kid gloves through his fingers and leaned forward. "And if either of you would like a little Communion, either or both of you, here *and* now, you have only to tell me. A little Communion is often very help—a great comfort," he added, tenderly.

But the idea of a little Communion terrified them. What! In the drawing-room by themselves—with no—no altar or anything! The piano would be much too high, thought Constantia, and Mr. Farolles could not possibly lean over it with the chalice. And Kate would be sure to come bursting in and interrupt them, thought Josephine. And supposing the bell rang in the middle? It might be somebody important—about their mourning. Would they get up reverently and go out, or would they have to wait . . . in torture?

"Perhaps you will send round a note by your good Kate if you would care for it later," said Mr. Farolles.

"Oh yes, thank you very much!" they both said.

Mr. Farolles got up and took his black straw hat from the round table.

"And about the funeral," he said, softly. "I may arrange that—as your dear father's old friend and yours, Miss Pinner—and Miss Constantia?"

Josephine and Constantia got up, too.

"I should like it to be quite simple," said Josephine, firmly, "and not too expensive. At the same time, I should like . . ."

"A good one that will last," thought dreamy Constantia, as if Josephine were buying a night-gown. But of course Josephine didn't say that. "One suitable to our father's position." She was very nervous.

"I'll run around to our good friend Mr. Knight," said Mr. Farolles, soothingly. "I will ask him to come and see you. I am sure you will find him very helpful indeed."

V

Well, at any rate, all that part of it was over, though neither of them could possibly believe that father was never coming back. Josephine had had a moment of absolute terror at the cemetery, while the coffin was lowered, to think that she and Constantia had done this thing without asking his permission. What would father say when he found out? For he was bound to find out sooner or later. He always did. "Buried. You two girls had me *buried!*" She heard his stick thumping. Oh, what would they say? What possible excuse could they make? It sounded such an appallingly heartless thing to do. Such a wicked advantage to take of a person because he happened to be helpless at the moment. The other people seemed to treat it all as a matter of course. They were strangers; they couldn't be expected to understand that father was the very last person for such a thing to happen to. No, the entire blame for it all would fall on her and Constantia. And the expense, she thought,

stepping into the tight-buttoned cab. When she had to show him the bills. What would he say then?

She heard him absolutely roaring, "And do you expect me to pay for this gimcrack excursion of yours?"

"Oh," groaned poor Josephine aloud, "we shouldn't have done it, Con!"

And Constantia, pale as a lemon in all that blackness, said in a frightened whisper, "Done what, Jug?"

"Let them bu-bury father like that," said Josephine, breaking down and crying into her new, queer-smelling mourning handkerchief.

"But what else could we have done?" asked Constantia, wonderingly. "We couldn't have kept him, Jug—we couldn't have kept him unburied. At any rate, not in a flat that size."

Josephine blew her nose; the cab was dreadfully stuffy.

"I don't know," she said, forlornly. "It is all so dreadful. I feel we ought to have tried to, just for a time at least. To make perfectly sure. One thing's certain"—and her tears sprang out again—"father will never forgive us for this—never!"

VI

Father would never forgive them. That was what they felt more than ever when, two mornings later, they went into his room to go through his things. They had discussed it quite calmly. It was even down on Josephine's list of things to be done. Go *through father's things and settle about them.* But that was a very different matter from saying after breakfast:

"Well, are you ready, Con?"

"Yes, Jug—when you are."

"Then I think we'd better get it over."

It was dark in the hall. It had been a rule for years never to disturb father in the morning, whatever happened. And now they were going to open the door without knocking even. . . . Constantia's eyes were enormous at the idea; Josephine felt weak in the knees.

"You—you go first," she gasped, pushing Constantia.

But Constantia said, as she always had said on those occasions, "No, Jug, that's not fair. You're eldest."

Josephine was just going to say—what at other times she wouldn't have owned to for the world—what she kept for her very last weapon, "But you're tallest," when they noticed that the kitchen door was open, and there stood Kate. . . .

"Very stiff," said Josephine, grasping the door handle and doing her best to turn it. As if anything ever deceived Kate!

It couldn't be helped. That girl was. . . . Then the door was shut behind them, but—but they weren't in father's room at all. They might have suddenly walked through the wall by mistake into a different flat altogether. Was the door just behind them? They were too frightened to look. Josephine knew that if it was it was holding itself tight shut; Constantia felt that, like the doors in dreams, it hadn't any handle at all. It was the coldness which made it so awful. Or the whiteness—which? Everything was covered. The blinds were down, a cloth hung over the mirror, a sheet hid the bed; a huge fan of white paper filled the fireplace. Constantia timidly put out her hand; she almost expected a snowflake to fall. Josephine felt a queer tingling in her nose, as if her nose was freezing. Then a cab klop-klopped over the cobbles below, and the quiet seemed to shake into little pieces.

"I had better pull up a blind," said Josephine, bravely.

"Yes, it might be a good idea," whispered Constantia.

They only gave the blind a touch, but it flew up and the cord flew after, rolling round the blindstick, and the little tassel tapped as if trying to get free. That was too much for Constantia.

"Don't you think—don't you think we might put it off for another day?" she whispered.

"Why?" snapped Josephine, feeling, as usual, much better now that she knew for certain that Constantia was terrified. "It's got to be done. But I do wish you wouldn't whisper, Con."

"I didn't know I was whispering," whispered Constantia.

"And why do you keep on staring at the bed?" said Josephine, raising her voice almost defiantly. "There's nothing *on* the bed."

"Oh, Jug, don't say so!" said poor Connie. "At any rate, not so loudly."

Josephine felt herself that she had gone too far. She took a wide swerve over to the chest of drawers, put out her hand, but quickly drew it back again.

"Connie!" she gasped, and she wheeled round and leaned with her back against the chest of drawers.

"Oh, Jug—what?"

Josephine could only glare. She had the most extraordinary feeling that she had just escaped something simply awful. But how could she explain to Constantia that father was in the chest of drawers? He was in the top drawer with his handkerchiefs and neckties, or in the next with his shirts and pajamas, or in the lowest of all with his suits. He was watching there, hidden away—just behind the door handle—ready to spring.

She pulled a funny old-fashioned face at Constantia, just as she used to in the old days when she was going to cry.

"I can't open it," she nearly wailed.

"No, don't, Jug," whispered Constantia, earnestly. "It's much better not to. Don't let's open anything. At any rate, not for a long time."

"But—but it seems so weak," said Josephine, breaking down.

"But why not be weak for once, Jug?" argued Constantia, whispering quite fiercely. "If it is weak." And her pale stare flew from the locked writing-table—so safe—to the huge glittering wardrobe, and she began to breathe in a queer, panting way. "Why shouldn't we be weak for once in our lives, Jug? It's quite excusable. Let's be weak—be weak, Jug. It's much nicer to be weak than to be strong."

And then she did one of those amazingly bold things that she'd done about twice before in their lives; she marched over to the wardrobe, turned the key, and took it out of the lock. Took it out of the lock and held it up to Josephine, showing Josephine by her extraordinary smile that she knew what she'd done, she'd risked deliberately father's being in there among his overcoats.

If the huge wardrobe had lurched forward, had crashed down

on Constantia, Josephine wouldn't have been surprised. On the contrary, she would have thought it the only suitable thing to happen. But nothing happened. Only the room seemed quieter than ever, and bigger flakes of cold air fell on Josephine's shoulders and knees. She began to shiver.

"Come, Jug," said Constantia, still with that awful, callous smile, and Josephine followed just as she had that last time, when Constantia had pushed Benny into the round pond.

VII

But the strain told on them when they were back in the dining room. They sat down, very shaky, and looked at each other.

"I don't feel I can settle to anything," said Josephine, "until I've had something. Do you think we could ask Kate for two cups of hot water?"

"I really don't see why we shouldn't," said Constantia, carefully. She was quite normal again. "I won't ring. I'll go to the kitchen door and ask her."

"Yes, do," said Josephine, sinking down into a chair. "Tell her just two cups, Con, nothing else—on a tray."

"She needn't even put the jug on, need she?" said Constantia, as though Kate might very well complain if the jug had been there.

"Oh no, certainly not! The jug's not at all necessary. She can pour it direct out of the kettle," cried Josephine, feeling that would be a labor-saving indeed.

Their cold lips quivered at the greenish brims. Josephine curved her small red hands round the cup; Constantia sat up and blew on the wavy stream.

"Speaking of Benny," said Josephine.

And though Benny hadn't been mentioned, Constantia immediately looked as though he had.

"He'll expect us to send him something of father's of course. But it's so difficult to know what to send to Ceylon."

"You mean things get unstuck so on the voyage," murmured Constantia.

"No, lost," said Josephine, sharply. "You know there's no post. Only runners."

Both paused to watch a black man in white linen drawers running through the pale fields for dear life, with a large brown-paper parcel in his hands. Josephine's black man was tiny; he scurried along glistening like an ant. But there was something blind and tireless about Constantia's tall, thin fellow, which made him, she decided, a very unpleasant person indeed. . . . On the veranda, dressed all in white and wearing a cork helmet, stood Benny. His right hand shook up and down, as father's did when he was impatient. And behind him, not in the least interested, sat Hilda, the unknown sister-in-law. She swung in a cane rocker and flicked over the leaves of the *Tatler*.

"I think his watch would be the most suitable present," said Josephine.

Constantia looked up; she seemed surprised.

"Oh, would you trust a gold watch to a native?"

"But of course I'd disguise it," said Josephine. "No one would know it was a watch." She liked the idea of having to make a parcel such a curious shape that no one could possibly guess what it was. She even thought for a moment of hiding the watch in a narrow cardboard corset-box that she'd kept by her for a long time, waiting for it to come in for something. It was such beautiful firm cardboard. But, no, it wouldn't be appropriate for this occasion. It had lettering on it: *Medium Women's* 28. *Extra Firm Busks*. It would be almost too much of a surprise for Benny to open that and find father's watch inside.

"And of course it isn't as though it would be going—ticking, I mean," said Constantia, who was still thinking of the native love of jewelry. "At least," she added, "it would be very strange if after all that time it was."

VIII

Josephine made no reply. She had flown off on one of her tangents. She had suddenly thought of Cyril. Wasn't it more usual for the only grandson to have the watch? And then dear

Cyril was so appreciative, and a gold watch meant so much to a young man. Benny, in all probability, had quite got out of the habit of watches; men so seldom wore waistcoats in those hot climates. Whereas Cyril in London wore them from year's end to year's end. And it would be so nice for her and Constantia, when he came to tea, to know it was there. "I see you've got on grandfather's watch, Cyril." It would be somehow so satisfactory.

Dear Boy! What a blow his sweet, sympathetic little note had been! Of course they quite understood; but it was most unfortunate.

"It would have been such a point, having him," said Josephine.

"And he would have enjoyed it so," said Constantia, not thinking what she was saying.

However, as soon as he got back he was coming to tea with his aunties. Cyril to tea was one of their rare treats.

"Now, Cyril, you mustn't be frightened of our cakes. Your Auntie Con and I bought them at Buszard's this morning. We know what a man's appetite is. So don't be ashamed of making a good tea."

Josephine cut recklessly into the rich dark cake that stood for her winter gloves or the soling and heeling of Constantia's only respectable shoes. But Cyril was most unmanlike in appetite.

"I say, Aunt Josephine, I simply can't. I've only just had lunch, you know."

"Oh, Cyril, that can't be true! It's after four," cried Josephine. Constantia sat with her knife poised over the chocolate roll.

"It is, all the same," said Cyril. "I had to meet a man at Victoria, and he kept me hanging about till . . . there was only time to get lunch and to come on here. And he gave me—phew"—Cyril put his hand to his forehead—"a terrific blow-out," he said.

It was disappointing—to-day of all days. But still he couldn't be expected to know.

"But you'll have a meringue, won't you, Cyril?" said Aunt Josephine. "These meringues were bought specially for you.

Your dear father was so fond of them. We were sure you are, too."

"I *am,* Aunt Josephine," cried Cyril, ardently. "Do you mind if I take half to begin with?"

"Not at all, dear boy; but we mustn't let you off with that."

"Is your dear father still so fond of meringues?" asked Auntie Con, gently. She winced faintly as she broke through the shell of hers.

"Well, I don't quite know, Auntie Con," said Cyril, breezily.

At that they both looked up.

"Don't know?" almost snapped Josephine. "Don't know a thing like that about your own father, Cyril?"

"Surely," said Auntie Con, softly.

Cyril tried to laugh it off. "Oh, well," he said, "it's such a long time since—" He faltered. He stopped. Their faces were too much for him.

"Even *so,*" said Josephine.

And Auntie Con looked.

Cyril put down his teacup. "Wait a bit," he cried. "Wait a bit, Aunt Josephine. What am I thinking of?"

He looked up. They were beginning to brighten. Cyril slapped his knee.

"Of course," he said, "it was meringues. How could I have forgotten? Yes, Aunt Josephine, you're perfectly right. Father's most frightfully keen on meringues."

They didn't only beam. Aunt Josephine went scarlet with pleasure; Auntie Con gave a deep, deep sigh.

"And now, Cyril, you must come and see father," said Josephine. "He knows you were coming to-day."

"Right," said Cyril, very firmly and heartily. He got up from his chair; suddenly he glanced at the clock.

"I say, Auntie Con, isn't your clock a bit slow? I've got to meet a man at—at Paddington just after five. I'm afraid I shan't be able to stay very long with grandfather."

"Oh, he won't expect you to stay *very* long!" said Aunt Josephine.

Constantia was still gazing at the clock. She couldn't make

up her mind if it was fast or slow. It was one or the other, she felt almost certain of that. At any rate, it had been.

Cyril still lingered. "Aren't you coming along, Auntie Con?"

"Of course," said Josephine, "we shall all go. Come on, Con."

IX

They knocked at the door, and Cyril followed his aunts into grandfather's hot, sweetish room.

"Come on," said Grandfather Pinner. "Don't hang about. What is it? What've you been up to?"

He was sitting in front of a roaring fire, clasping his stick. He had a thick rug over his knees. On his lap there lay a beautiful pale yellow silk handkerchief.

"It's Cyril, father," said Josephine, shyly. And she took Cyril's hand and led him forward.

"Good afternoon, grandfather," said Cyril, trying to take his hand out of Aunt Josephine's. Grandfather Pinner shot his eyes at Cyril in the way he was famous for. Where was Auntie Con? She stood on the other side of Aunt Josephine; her long arms hung down in front of her; her hands were clasped. She never took her eyes off grandfather.

"Well," said Grandfather Pinner, beginning to thump, "what have you got to tell me?"

What had he, what had he got to tell him? Cyril felt himself smiling like a perfect imbecile. The room was stifling, too.

But Aunt Josephine came to his rescue. She cried, brightly, "Cyril says his father is still very fond of meringues, father dear."

"Eh?" said Grandfather Pinner, curving his hand like a purple meringue-shell over one ear.

Josephine repeated, "Cyril says his father is still very fond of meringues."

"Can't hear," said old Colonel Pinner. And he waved Josephine away with his stick, then pointed with his stick to Cyril. "Tell me what she's trying to say," he said.

"(My God!) Must I?" said Cyril, blushing and staring at Aunt Josephine.

"Do, dear," she smiled. "It will please him so much."

"Come on, out with it!" cried Colonel Pinner, testily, beginning to thump again.

And Cyril leaned forward and yelled, "Father's still very fond of meringues."

At that Grandfather Pinner jumped as though he had been shot.

"Don't shout!" he cried. "What's the matter with the boy? *Meringues!* What about 'em?"

"Oh, Aunt Josephine, must we go on?" groaned Cyril desperately.

"It's quite all right, dear boy," said Aunt Josephine, as though he and she were at the dentist's together. "He'll understand in a minute." And she whispered to Cyril, "He's getting a bit deaf, you know." Then she leaned forward and really bawled at Grandfather Pinner, "Cyril only wanted to tell you, father dear, that *his* father is still very fond of meringues."

Colonel Pinner heard that time, heard and brooded, looking Cyril up and down.

"What an esstrordinary thing!" said old Grandfather Pinner. "What an esstrordinary thing to come all this way here to tell me!"

And Cyril felt it *was*.

"Yes, I shall send Cyril the watch," said Josephine.

"That would be very nice," said Constantia. "I seem to remember last time he came there was some little trouble about the time."

X

They were interrupted by Kate bursting through the door in her usual fashion, as though she had discovered some secret panel in the wall.

"Fried or boiled?" asked the bold voice.

Fried or boiled? Josephine and Constantia were quite bewildered for the moment. They could hardly take it in.

"Fried or boiled what, Kate?" asked Josephine trying to begin to concentrate.

Kate gave a loud sniff. "Fish."

"Well, why didn't you say so immediately?" Josephine reproached her gently. "How could you expect us to understand, Kate? There are a great many things in the world, you know, which are fried or boiled." And after such a display of courage she said quite brightly to Constantia, "Which do you prefer, Con?"

"I think it might be nice to have it fried," said Constantia. "On the other hand, of course boiled fish is very nice. I think I prefer both equally well . . . Unless you . . . In that case ——"

"I shall fry it," said Kate, and she bounced back, leaving their door open and slamming the door of her kitchen.

Josephine gazed at Constantia; she raised her pale eyebrows until they rippled away into her pale hair. She got up. She said in a very lofty, imposing way, "Do you mind following me into the drawing-room, Constantia? I've something of great importance to discuss with you."

For it was always to the drawing-room they retired when they wanted to talk over Kate.

Josephine closed the door meaningly. "Sit down, Constantia," she said, still very grand. She might have been receiving Constantia for the first time. And Con looked round vaguely for a chair, as though she felt indeed quite a stranger.

"Now the question is," said Josephine, bending forward, "whether we shall keep her or not."

"That is the question," agreed Constantia.

"And this time," said Josephine firmly, "we must come to a definite decision."

Constantia looked for a moment as though she might begin going over all the other times, but she pulled herself together and said, "Yes, Jug."

"You see, Con," explained Josephine, "everything is so changed now." Constantia looked up quickly.

"I mean," went on Josephine, "we're not dependent on Kate as we were." And she blushed faintly. "There's not father to cook for."

"That is perfectly true," agreed Constantia. "Father certainly doesn't want any cooking now, whatever else——"

Josephine broke in sharply, "You're not sleepy, are you, Con?"

"Sleepy, Jug?" Constantia was wide-eyed.

"Well, concentrate more," said Josephine, sharply, and she returned to the subject. "What it comes to is, if we did"—and this she barely breathed, glancing at the door—"give Kate notice"—she raised her voice again—"we could manage our own food."

"Why not?" cried Constantia. She couldn't help smiling. The idea was so exciting. She clasped her hands. "What should we live on, Jug?"

"Oh, eggs in various forms!" said Jug, lofty again. "And, besides, there are all the cooked foods."

"But I've always heard," said Constantia, "they are considered so very expensive."

"Not if one buys them in moderation," said Josephine. But she tore herself away from this fascinating by-path and dragged Constantia after her.

"What we've got to decide now, however, is whether we really do trust Kate or not."

Constantia leaned back. Her flat little laugh flew from her lips.

"Isn't it curious, Jug," said she, "that just on this one subject I've never been able to quite make up my mind?"

XI

She never had. The whole difficulty was to prove anything. How did one prove things—how could one? Suppose Kate had stood in front of her and deliberately made a face. Mightn't she very well have been in pain? Wasn't it possible, at any

rate, to ask Kate if she was making a face at her? If Kate answered, "No"—and of course she would say "No"—what a position! How undignified! Then again Constantia suspected, she was almost certain, that Kate went to her chest of drawers when she and Josephine were out, not to take things, but to spy. Many times she had come back to find her amethyst cross in the most unlikely places, under her lace ties or on top of her evening Bertha. More than once she had laid a trap for Kate. She had arranged things in a special order and then called Josephine to witness.

"You see, Jug?"

"Quite, Con."

"Now we shall be able to tell."

But, oh, dear, when she did go to look, she was as far off from a proof as ever! If anything was displaced, it might so very well have happened as she closed the drawer; a jolt might have done it so easily.

"You come, Jug, and decide. I really can't. It's too difficult."

But after a pause and a long glare Josephine would sigh, "Now you've put the doubt into my mind, Con, I'm sure I can't tell, myself."

"Well, we can't postpone it again," said Josephine. "If we postpone it this time——"

XII

But at that moment in the street below a barrel organ struck up. Josephine and Constantia sprang to their feet together.

"Run, Con," said Josephine. "Run quickly. There's sixpence on the——"

Then they remembered. It didn't matter. They would never have to stop the organ-grinder again. Never again would she and Constantia be told to make that monkey take his noise somewhere else. Never would sound that loud, strange bellow when father thought they were not hurrying enough. The organ-grinder might play there all day and the stick would not thump.

It never will thump again,
It never will thump again,

played the barrel organ.

What was Constantia thinking? She had such a strange smile; she looked different. She couldn't be going to cry.

"Jug, Jug," said Constantia, softly, pressing her hands together, "do you know what day it is? It's Saturday. It's a week to-day, a whole week."

A week since father died,
A week since father died,

cried the barrel organ. And Josephine, too, forgot to be practical and sensible; she smiled faintly, strangely. On the Indian carpet there fell a square of sunlight, pale red; it came and went and came—and stayed, deepened—until it shone almost golden.

"The sun's out," said Josephine, as though it really mattered.

A perfect fountain of bubbling notes shook from the barrel organ, round, bright notes, carelessly scattered.

Constantia lifted her big, cold hands as if to catch them, and then her hands fell again. She walked over to the mantelpiece to her favorite Buddha. And the stone-and-gilt image, whose smile always gave her such a queer feeling, almost a pain and yet a pleasant pain, seemed to-day to be more than smiling. He knew something; he had a secret. "I know something that you don't know," said her Buddha. Oh, what was it, what could it be? And yet she had always felt there was——something.

The sunlight pressed through the windows, thieved its way in, flashed its light over the furniture and the photographs. Josephine watched it. When it came to mother's photograph, the enlargement over the piano, it lingered as though puzzled to find so little remained of mother, except the earrings shaped like tiny pagodas and a black feather boa. Why did the photographs of dead people always fade so? wondered Josephine. As soon as a person was dead their photograph died too. But, of course, this one of mother was very old. It was thirty-five years old. Josephine remembered standing on a chair and pointing

out that feather boa to Constantia and telling her that it was a snake that had killed their mother in Ceylon. . . . Would everything have been different if mother hadn't died? She didn't see why. Aunt Florence had lived with them until they had left school, and they had moved three times and had their yearly holiday and . . . and there'd been changes of servants, of course.

Some little sparrows, young sparrows they sounded, chirped on the window ledge. *Yeep—eyeep—yeep.* But Josephine felt they were not sparrows, not on the window ledge. It was inside her, that queer little crying noise. *Yeep—eyeep—yeep.* Ah, what was it crying, so weak and forlorn?

If mother had lived, might they have married? But there had been nobody for them to marry. There had been father's Anglo-Indian friends before he quarreled with them. But after that she and Constantia never met a single man except clergymen. How did one meet men? Or even if they'd met them, how could they have got to know men well enough to be more than strangers? One read of people having adventures, being followed, and so on. But nobody had ever followed Constantia and her. Oh yes, there had been one year at Eastbourne a mysterious man at their boarding-house who had put a note on the jug of hot water outside their bedroom door! But by the time Connie had found it the steam had made the writing too faint to read; they couldn't even make out to which of them it was addressed. And he had left next day. And that was all. The rest had been looking after father, and at the same time keeping out of father's way. But now? But now? The thieving sun touched Josephine gently. She lifted her face. She was drawn over to the window by gentle beams. . . .

Until the barrel organ stopped playing Constantia stayed before the Buddha, wondering, but not as usual, not vaguely. This time her wonder was like longing. She remembered the times she had come in here, crept out of bed in her nightgown when the moon was full, and lain on the floor with her arms outstretched, as though she was crucified. Why? The big, pale moon had made her do it. The horrible dancing figures on the carved screen had leered at her and she hadn't minded. She

remembered, too, how, whenever they were at the seaside, she had gone off by herself and got as close to the sea as she could, and sung something, something she had made up, while she gazed all over the restless water. There had been this other life, running out, bringing things home in bags, getting things on approval, discussing them with Jug, and taking them back to get more things on approval, and arranging father's trays and trying not to annoy father. But it all seemed to have happened in a kind of tunnel. It wasn't real. It was only when she came out of the tunnel into the moonlight or by the sea or into a thunderstorm that she really felt herself. What did it mean? What was it she was always wanting? What did it all lead to? Now? Now?

She turned away from the Buddha with one of her vague gestures. She went over to where Josephine was standing. She wanted to say something to Josephine, something frightfully important, about—about the future and what . . .

"Don't you think perhaps——" she began.

But Josephine interrupted her. "I was wondering if now——" she murmured. They stopped; they waited for each other.

"Go on, Con," said Josephine.

"No, no, Jug; after you," said Constantia.

"No, say what you were going to say. You began," said Josephine.

"I—I'd rather hear what you were going to say first," said Constantia.

"Don't be absurd, Con."

"Really, Jug."

"Connie!"

"Oh, *Jug!*"

A pause. Then Constantia said, faintly, "I can't say what I was going to say, Jug, because I've forgotten what it was . . . that I was going to say."

Josephine was silent for a moment. She stared at a big cloud where the sun had been. Then she replied, shortly, "I've forgotten too."

I'M A FOOL

From HORSES AND MEN, *by* Sherwood Anderson,
published 1923 by B. W. HUEBSCH, Inc.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Sherwood Anderson is of the people and for the people. He was born in Ohio in 1878. His father was something of a Jack-of-all-trades who missed his career as a story-teller. His mother, we judge from many things in *A Story Teller's Story*, was a woman of remarkable spirit and intelligence, if not educated.

Left early by death on his own resources, Anderson drifted. He worked at farms and factories, volunteered for the Spanish-American war, frequented race tracks, went awhile to college, succeeded and failed as a factory owner, and wrote advertising. Finally, past forty, sickness of soul drew him from business and awakened his unique power as a story-teller.

Though many people have been indignant at parts of his work, he is now nearly a classic. The Woman's Home Companion prints him, and Stuart P. Sherman praised him.

Anderson's life and work both stir confidence in an unconfident democracy. He believes in people. Much of his work is made out of the

ugly and low because his optimism is so deep-going. He writes of failures, failures that by the grace of more courage and insight in Americans might not be. In many loving tales, he flashingly reveals the inner spirit of obscure lives in mid-western towns—wistful, restless, maladjusted, thwarted folk going through life too insignificantly.

America, too long a "despised cultural foster child of Europe" needs and is achieving, Anderson thinks, a new culture, more indigenous, less Puritanical, more craftsmanlike. "Has not the cry for success and national growth become already a bore to the average American?" A franker treatment of sex in literature and life is one of his chief concerns. This, of course, is his offense to many folk. But he is not an easy romanticist. He admires difficult virtues, he thinks the natural man not all good, he sees the deformities of democracy, he loves culture, and is humble before the beauty of civilization—where he is convinced that it is beauty—and he is working to uncover beauty that we ignore. His limpid, simple, earthy prose is beauty, too.

Rhetorical self-indulgence, lack of æsthetic arrangement, and, of course, unnecessary frankness, are the faults charged by various persons against his work. His best books are *Winesburg, Ohio*, *A Story Teller's Story*, and *Dark Laughter*.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

I'M A FOOL

It was a hard jolt for me, one of the most bitterest I ever had to face. And it all came about through my own foolishness, too. Even yet sometimes, when I think of it, I want to cry or swear or kick myself. Perhaps, even now, after all this time, there will be a kind of satisfaction in making myself look cheap by telling of it.

It began at three o'clock one October afternoon as I sat in the grand stand at the fall trotting and pacing meet at Sandusky, Ohio.

To tell the truth, I felt a little foolish that I should be sitting in the grand stand at all. During the summer before I had left my home town with Harry Whitehead and, with a nigger named Burt, had taken a job as swipe with one of the two horses Harry was campaigning through the fall race meets that year. Mother cried and my sister Mildred, who wanted to get a job as a school-teacher in our town that fall, stormed and scolded about the house all during the week before I left. They both thought it something disgraceful that one of our family should take a place as a swipe with race horses. I've an idea Mildred thought my taking the place would stand in the way of her getting the job she'd been working so long for.

But, after all, I had to work, and there was no other work to be got. A big lumbering fellow of nineteen couldn't just hang around the house and I had got too big to mow people's lawns and sell newspapers. Little chaps who could get next to people's sympathies by their size were always getting jobs away from me. There was one fellow who kept saying to everyone who wanted a lawn mowed or a cistern cleaned, that he was saving money

to work his way through college, and I used to lay awake nights thinking up ways to injure him without being found out. I kept thinking of wagons running over him and bricks falling on his head as he walked along the street. But never mind him.

I got the place with Harry and I liked Burt fine. We got along splendid together. He was a big nigger with a lazy sprawling body and soft, kind eyes, and when it came to a fight he could hit like Jack Johnson. He had Bucephalus, a big black pacing stallion that could do 2.09 or 2.10, if he had to, and I had a little gelding named Doctor Fritz that never lost a race all fall when Harry wanted him to win.

We set out from home late in July in a box car with the two horses, and after that, until late November, we kept moving along to the race meets and the fairs. It was a peachy time for me, I'll say that. Sometimes now I think that boys who are raised regular in houses, and never have a fine nigger like Burt for best friend, and go to high schools and college, and never steal anything, or get drunk a little, or learn to swear from fellows who know how, or come walking up in front of a grand stand in their shirt sleeves and with dirty horsy pants on when the races are going on and the grand stand is full of people all dressed up—What's the use of talking about it? Such fellows don't know nothing at all. They've never had no opportunity.

But I did. Burt taught me how to rub down a horse and put the bandages on after a race and steam a horse out and a lot of valuable things for any man to know. He could wrap a bandage on a horse's leg so smooth that if it had been the same color you would think it was his skin, and I guess he'd have been a big driver, too, and got to the top like Murphy and Walter Cox and the others if he hadn't been black.

Gee whizz! it was fun. You got to a county-seat town, maybe say on a Saturday or Sunday, and the fair began the next Tuesday and lasted until Friday afternoon. Doctor Fritz would be, say, in the 2.25 trot on Tuesday afternoon and on Thursday afternoon Bucephalus would knock 'em cold in the "free-for-all" pace. It left you a lot of time to hang around and listen to

horse talk, and see Burt knock some yap cold that got too gay, and you'd find out about horses and men and pick up a lot of stuff you could use all the rest of your life, if you had some sense and salted down what you heard and felt and saw.

And then at the end of the week when the race meet was over, and Harry had run home to tend up to his livery-stable business, you and Burt hitched the two horses to carts and drove slow and steady across country, to the place for the next meeting, so as to not overheat the horses, etc., etc., you know.

Gee whizz! Gosh amighty! the nice hickory-nut and beechnut and oaks and other kinds of trees along the roads, all brown and red, and the good smells, and Burt singing a song called "Deep River," and the country girls at the windows of houses and everything. You can stick your colleges up your nose for all me. I guess I know where I got my education.

Why, one of those little burgs of towns you come to on the way, say now on a Saturday afternoon, and Burt says, "Let's lay up here." And you did.

And you took the horses to a livery stable and fed them, and you got your good clothes out of a box and put them on.

And the town was full of farmers gaping, because they could see you were race-horse people, and the kids maybe never see a nigger before and was afraid and run away when the two of us walked down their main street.

And that was before prohibition and all that foolishness, and so you went into a saloon, the two of you, and all the yaps come and stood around, and there was always some one pretended he was horsy and knew things and spoke up and began asking questions, and all you did was to lie and lie all you could about what horses you had, and I said I owned them, and then some fellow said, "Will you have a drink of whisky?" and Burt knocked his eye out the way he could say, offhand like, "Oh well, all right, I'm agreeable to a little nip. I'll split a quart with you." Gee whizz!

But that isn't what I want to tell my story about. We got home late in November and I promised mother I'd quit the race

horses for good. There's a lot of things you've got to promise a mother because she don't know any better.

And so, there not being any work in our town any more than when I left there to go to the races, I went off to Sandusky and got a pretty good place taking care of horses for a man who owned a teaming and delivery and storage and coal and real-estate business there. It was a pretty good place with good eats, and a day off each week, and sleeping on a cot in a big barn, and mostly just shoveling in hay and oats to a lot of big good-enough skates of horses that couldn't have trotted a race with a toad. I wasn't dissatisfied and I could send money home.

And then, as I started to tell you, the fall races come to Sandusky and I got the day off and I went. I left the job at noon and had on my good clothes and my new brown derby hat I'd bought the Saturday before, and a stand-up collar.

First of all I went downtown and walked about with the dudes. I've always thought to myself, "put up a good front" and so I did it. I had forty dollars in my pocket and so I went into the West House, a big hotel, and walked up to the cigar stand. "Give me three twenty-five cent cigars," I said. There was a lot of horsemen and strangers and dressed-up people from other towns standing around in the lobby and in the bar, and I mingled amongst them. In the bar there was a fellow with a cane and a Windsor tie on, that it made me sick to look at him. I like a man to be a man and dress up, but not to go put on that kind of airs. So I pushed him aside, kind of rough, and had me a drink of whisky. And then he looked at me, as though he thought maybe he'd get gay, but he changed his mind and didn't say anything. And then I had another drink of whisky, just to show him something, and went out and had a hack out to the races, all to myself, and when I got there I bought myself the best seat I could get up in the grand stand, but didn't go in for any of these boxes. That's putting on too many airs.

And so there I was, sitting up in the grand stand as gay as you please and looking down on the swipes coming out with their horses, and with their dirty horsy pants on and the horse blankets swung over their shoulders, same as I had been doing

all the year before. I liked one thing about the same as the other, sitting up there and feeling grand and being down there and looking up at the yaps and feeling grander and more important, too.

One thing's about as good as another, if you take it just right. I've often said that.

Well, right in front of me, in the grand stand that day, there was a fellow with a couple of girls and they was about my age. The young fellow was a nice guy, all right. He was the kind maybe that goes to college and then comes to be a lawyer or maybe a newspaper editor or something like that, but he wasn't stuck on himself. There are some of that kind are all right and he was one of the ones.

He had his sister with him and another girl and the sister looked around over his shoulder, accidental at first, not intending to start anything—she wasn't that kind—and her eyes and mine happened to meet.

You know how it is. Gee! she was a peach! She had on a soft dress, kind of a blue stuff, and it looked carelessly made, but was well sewed and made and everything. I knew that much. I blushed when she looked right at me and so did she. She was the nicest girl I've ever seen in my life. She wasn't stuck on herself and she could talk proper grammar without being like a school-teacher or something like that. What I mean is, she was O. K. I think maybe her father was well-to-do, but not rich to make her chesty because she was his daughter, as some are. Maybe he owned a drug store or a drygoods store in their home town, or something like that. She never told me and I never asked.

My own people are all O. K., too, when you come to that. My grandfather was Welsh and over in the old country, in Wales he was—— But never mind that.

The first heat of the first race come off and the young fellow setting there with the two girls left them and went down to make a bet. I knew what he was up to, but he didn't talk big and noisy and let everyone around know he was a sport, as some do. He wasn't that kind. Well, he come back and I heard him

tell the two girls what horse he'd bet on, and when the heat was trotted they all half got to their feet and acted in the excited, sweaty way people do when they've got money down on a race, and the horse they bet on is up there pretty close at the end, and they think maybe he'll come on with a rush, but he never does because he hasn't got the old juice in him, come right down to it.

And then, pretty soon, the horses came out for the 2.18 pace and there was a horse in it I knew. He was a horse Bob French had in his string, but Bob didn't own him. He was a horse owned by a Mr. Mathers down at Marietta, Ohio.

This Mr. Mathers had a lot of money and owned some coal mines or something, and he had a swell place out in the country, and he was stuck on race horses, but was a Presbyterian or something, and I think more than likely his wife was one, too, maybe a stiffer one than himself. So he never raced his horses hisself, and the story round the Ohio race tracks was that when one of his horses got ready to go to the races he turned him over to Bob French and pretended to his wife he was sold.

So Bob had the horses and he did pretty much as he pleased, and you can't blame Bob; at least, I never did. Sometimes he was out to win and sometimes he wasn't. I never cared much about that when I was swiping a horse. What I did want to know was that my horse had the speed and could go out in front, if you wanted him to.

And, as I'm telling you, there was Bob in this race with one of Mr. Mathers' horses, was named About Ben Ahem or something like that, and was fast as a streak. He was a gelding and had a mark of 2.21, but could step in .08 or .09.

Because when Burt and I were out, as I've told you, the year before, there was a nigger, Burt knew, worked for Mr. Mathers, and we went out there one day when we didn't have no race on at the Marietta Fair and our boss Harry was gone home.

And so everyone was gone to the fair but just this one nigger and he took us all through Mr. Mathers' swell house and he and Burt tapped a bottle of wine Mr. Mathers had hid in his bedroom, back in a closet, without his wife knowing, and he

showed us his Ahem horse. Burt was always stuck on being a driver, but didn't have much chance to get to the top, being a nigger, and he and the other nigger gulped that whole bottle of wine and Burt got a little lit up.

So the nigger let Burt take this About Ben Ahem and step him a mile in a track Mr. Mathers had all to himself, right there on the farm. And Mr. Mathers had one child, a daughter, kinda sick and not very good-looking, and she came home and we had to hustle and get About Ben Ahem stuck back in the barn.

I'm only telling you to get everything straight. At Sandusky, that afternoon I was at the fair, this young fellow with the two girls was fussed, being with the girls and losing his bet. You know how a fellow is that way. One of them was his girl and the other his sister. I had figured that out.

"Gee whizz!" I says to myself, "I'm going to give him the dope."

He was mighty nice when I touched him on the shoulder. He and the girls were nice to me right from the start and clear to the end. I'm not blaming them.

And so he leaned back and I give him the dope on About Ben Ahem. "Don't bet a cent on this first heat because he'll go like an oxen hitched to a plow, but when the first heat is over go right down and lay on your pile." That's what I told him.

Well, I never saw a fellow treat any one sweller. There was a fat man sitting beside the little girl, that had looked at me twice by this time, and I at her, and both blushing, and what did he do but have the nerve to turn and ask the fat man to get up and change places with me so I could set with his crowd.

Gee whizz! Craps amighty! There I was. What a chump I was to go and get gay up there in the West House bar, and just because that dude was standing there with a cane and that kind of a necktie on, to go and get all balled up and drink that whisky, just to show off!

Of course she would know, me setting right beside her and letting her smell of my breath. I could have kicked myself

right down out of that grand stand and all around that race track and made a faster record than most of the skates of horses they had there that year.

Because that girl wasn't any mutt of a girl. What wouldn't I have give right then for a stick of chewing gum to chew, or a lozenger, or some liquorice, or most anything. I was glad I had those twenty-five-cent cigars in my pocket and right away I give that fellow one and lit one myself. Then that fat man got up and we changed places and there I was, plunked right down beside her.

They introduced themselves and the fellow's best girl, he had with him, was named Miss Elinor Woodbury, and her father was a manufacturer of barrels from a place called Tiffin, Ohio. And the fellow himself was named Wilbur Wessen and his sister was Miss Lucy Wessen.

I suppose it was their having such swell names got me off my trolley. A fellow, just because he has been a swipe with a race horse, and works taking care of horses for a man in the teaming, delivery, and storage business, isn't any better or worse than anyone else. I've often thought that, and said it, too.

But you know how a fellow is. There's something in that kind of nice clothes, and the kind of nice eyes she had, and the way she had looked at me, a while before, over her brother's shoulder, and me looking back at her, and both of us blushing.

I couldn't show her up for a boob, could I?

I made a fool of myself, that's what I did. I said my name was Walter Mathers from Marietta, Ohio, and then I told all three of them the smashingest lie you ever heard. What I said was that my father owned the horse About Ben Ahem and that he had let him out to this Bob French for racing purposes, because our family was proud and had never gone into racing that way —in our own name, I mean. Then I had got started and they were all leaning over and listening, and Miss Lucy Wessen's eyes were shining, and I went the whole hog.

I told about our place down at Marietta, and about the big stables and the grand brick house we had on a hill, up above the Ohio River, but I knew enough not to do it in no bragging

way. What I did was to start things and then let them drag the rest out of me. I acted just as reluctant to tell as I could. Our family hasn't got any barrel factory, and, since I've known us, we've always been pretty poor, but not asking anything of any one at that, and my grandfather, over in Wales—— But never mind that.

We set there talking like we had known each other for years and years, and I went and told them that my father had been expecting maybe this Bob French wasn't on the square, and had sent me up to Sandusky on the sly to find out what I could.

And I bluffed it through I had found out all about the 2.18 pace, in which About Ben Ahem was to start.

I said he would lose the first heat by pacing like a lame cow and then he would come back and skin 'em alive after that. And to back up what I said I took thirty dollars out of my pocket and handed it to Mr. Wilbur Wessen and asked him would he mind, after the first heat, to go down and place it on About Ben Ahem for whatever odds he could get. What I said was that I didn't want Bob French to see me, and none of the swipes.

Sure enough, the first heat come off and About Ben Ahem went off his stride, up the back stretch, and looked like a wooden horse or a sick one, and come in to be last. Then this Wilbur Wessen went down to the betting place under the grand stand and there I was with the two girls, and when that Miss Woodbury was looking the other way once, Lucy Wessen kinda, with her shoulder you know, kinda touched me. Not just tucking down, I don't mean. You know how a woman can do. They get close, but not getting gay, either. You know what they do. Gee whizz!

And then they give me a jolt. What they had done, when I didn't know, was to get together, and they had decided Wilbur Wessen would bet fifty dollars, and the two girls had gone and put in ten dollars each, of their own money, too. I was sick then, but I was sicker later.

About the gelding, About Ben Ahem, and their winning their money, I wasn't worried a lot about that. It come out O. K. Ahem stepped the next three heats like a bushel of spoiled eggs

going to market before they could be found out, and Wilbur Wessen had got nine to two for the money. There was something else eating at me.

Because Wilbur come back, after he had bet the money, and after that he spent most of his time talking to that Miss Woodbury, and Lucy Wessen and I was left alone together like on a desert island. Gee! if I'd only been on the square or if there had been any way of getting myself on the square. There ain't any Walter Mathers, like I said to her and them, and there hasn't ever been one, but if there was, I bet I'd go to Marietta, Ohio, and shoot him to-morrow.

There I was, big boob that I am. Pretty soon the race was over, and Wilbur had gone down and collected our money, and we had a hack downtown, and he stood us a swell supper at the West House, and a bottle of champagne beside.

And I was with that girl and she wasn't saying much, and I wasn't saying much, either. One thing I know. She wasn't stuck on me because of the lie about my father being rich and all that. There's a way you know. . . . Craps amighty! There's a kind of a girl you see just once in your life, and if you don't get busy and make hay, then you're gone for good and all, and might as well go jump off a bridge. They give you a look from inside of them somewhere, and it ain't no vamping, and what it means is—you want that girl to be your wife, and you want nice things around her like flowers and swell clothes, and you want her to have the kids you're going to have, and you want good music played and no ragtime. Gee whizz!

There's a place over near Sandusky, across a kind of bay, and it's called Cedar Point. And after we had supper we went over to it in a launch, all by ourselves. Wilbur and Miss Lucy and that Miss Woodbury had to catch a ten-o'clock train back to Tiffin, Ohio, because when you're out with girls like that you can't get careless and miss any trains and stay out all night, like you can with some kind of Janes.

And Wilbur blowed himself to the launch and it cost him fifteen cold plunks, but I wouldn't never have knew if I hadn't listened. He wasn't no tin-horn kind of a sport.

Over at the Cedar Point place, we didn't stay around where there was a gang of common kind of cattle at all.

There was big dance halls and dining places for yaps, and there was a beach you could walk along and get where it was dark, and we went there.

She didn't talk hardly at all, and neither did I, and I was thinking how glad I was my mother was all right, and always made us kids learn to eat with a fork at table, and not swill soup, and not be noisy and rough like a gang you see around a race track that way.

Then Wilbur and his girl went away up the beach and Lucy and I sat down in a dark place, where there was some roots of old trees, the water had washed up, and after that the time, till we had to go back in the launch and they had to catch their train, wasn't nothing at all. It went like winking your eye.

Here's how it was. The place we were setting in was dark, like I said, and there was the roots from that old stump sticking up like arms, and there was a watery smell, and then the night was like—as if you could put your hand out and feel it—so warm and soft and dark and sweet like an orange.

I most cried and I most swore and I most jumped up and danced, I was so mad and happy and sad.

When Wilbur came back from being alone with his girl, and she saw him coming, Lucy she says, "We got to go to the train now," and she was most crying, too, but she never knew nothing I knew, and she couldn't be so all busted up. And then, before Wilbur and Miss Woodbury got up to where we was, she put her face up and kissed me and she was all quivering and—Gee whizz!

Sometimes I hope I have cancer and die. I guess you know what I mean. We went in the launch across the bay to the train like that, and it was dark, too. She whispered and said it was like she and I could get out of the boat and walk on the water, and it sounded foolish, but I knew what she meant.

And then quick we were right at the depot, and there was a big gang of yaps, the kind that goes to the fairs, and crowded

and milling around like cattle, and how could I tell her? "It won't be long because you'll write and I'll write to you." That's all she said.

I got a chance like a hay-barn afire. A swell chance I got.

And maybe she would write me, down at Marietta that way, and the letter would come back, and stamped on the front of it by the U. S. A. "there ain't any such guy," or something like that, whatever they stamp on a letter that way.

And me trying to pass myself off for a big bug and a swell—to her, as decent a little body as God ever made. Craps amighty! a swell chance I got!

And then the train come in, and she got on it, and Wilbur Wessen he come and shook hands with me, and that Miss Woodbury was nice too and bowed to me, and I at her, and the train went and I busted out and cried like a kid.

Gee! I could have run after that train and made Dan Patch look like a freight train after a wreck, but, socks amighty! what was the use? Did you ever see such a fool?

I'll bet you what—if I had an arm broke right now or a train had run over my foot—I wouldn't go to no doctor at all. I'd go set down and let her hurt and hurt—that's what I'd do. I'll bet you what—if I hadn't 'a' drunk that booze I'd 'a' never been such a boob as to go tell such a lie—that couldn't never be made straight to a lady like her.

I wish I had that fellow right here that had on a Windsor tie and carried a cane. I'd smash him for fair. Gosh darn his eyes! He's a big fool—that's what he is.

And if I'm not another you just go find me one and I'll quit working and be a bum and give him my job. I don't care nothing for working, and earning money and saving it for no such boob as myself.

LETTERS

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JOHN MASEFIELD

John Masefield was born in England in 1876. Since then he has traveled the oceans and continents and taken part in the violent actions and passions of men. The natural result of combining such experience and sincerity as his in literature was the criticism that met his first fine piece of work—"unnecessarily realistic." *The Everlasting Mercy*, a striking contribution to the understanding of the New Testament, shocked England in 1911. But *The Widow in the Bye Street* and *Dauber*, equally good, if not better, followed in the next two years. *Reynard the Fox*, his fourth fine piece of work came several years later. Between and after these he has done much else, poetry, lyric and narrative, fiction long and short, drama, criticism, and the history of seventeenth-century piracy and twentieth-century war.

Masefield's achievement is his revival of the narrative poem and his stirring use of religious experience for poetry-subject. His strength lies

in his objectivity. Few excel him at telling the outward action of men, particularly at sea, which he knows as a mariner.

Life is an unfinished fight with Masefield, but a good fight. His heroes emerge from fierce fights with circumstance and evil. He matches his experience and sincerity with sympathy.

"Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold—
Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tale be told."

In America Masefield has worked as a bartender and lectured on English poetry and traveled. Too few of his American impressions are in his volume, *Recent Prose* (1924).

JOHN MASEFIELD

LETTERS

All the way, I had remembered the tales of the roar of the water, and how it can be heard for miles, but what I heard was only the train, and even when I stood in Niagara, within five hundred yards of the American fall, I hardly heard it; what I heard was the rapids above the fall, which are picturesque and beautiful, in spite of the ice, yet perhaps nothing out of the way in the magnificent sense. They are a rush and a wild crying of rather clear greenish water much broken by falling and by rocks and by the big Goat Island in the middle of the falls.

I wandered down the stream and quite soon saw the edge, with the water going over the edge, and nothing beyond the edge except the Canadian shore four hundred yards away. Just at the edge the water greened and went very fast; so I hurried up right to the rail by the brink, and as I came within ten yards (going in the direction of the stream) I heard the fall's big voice, and then, when I looked over the edge, it was really terrific.

It is all heaped and built up below with mounds and skulls of gigantic ice, with icicle teeth in their jaws. These mounds come up halfway the height of the falls, and the water goes down into the chasm among them, and ten yards down from the edge it ceases to look like water, but is like teased wool and terror and God knows what; and out of the chasm comes a smoke of water, infinitely strange and like the ghost of water, and this rises and flies about, overhead and everywhere, and fills the air with drops, and falls on the trees and freezes three inches thick.

I crossed over to Canada, and wandered on till I could see the

Horseshoe. I suppose the gorge is some two hundred feet deep or more, and this vast bulk of water topples into it and comes up again in a mist much higher than the fall, and floats around everywhere, not like mist so much as escaping steam, and in among it are great noble sea-eagles, drowsing and drifting and cruising, and underneath is a vast, glacier bulk of ice, with rifts of bedeviled water, and a whirlpool going round and round, churning up ice and trees and chunks of things which might be bodies and slowly freezing, so that the ice near it has big irregular curves in it, where the rings of the whirlpool have frozen.

The fall itself is not easy to describe. It is rather clear, greenish water, and it is quite quiet, not very deep, just before the fall, and it rises and goes over the lip almost like metal, and then seems to see what it is doing, and seems to try to get back, and ceases to be water, or anything like water, or anything on earth, but something rather white and devilish and astonished, and one could watch it all day forever, not with awe, perhaps, but with a kind of kinship with it.

The air is so mist-soaked that everything near, roads, gorge and rails, is caked and heaped with hard white ice, and this will sometimes stay till July, they tell me, in its bigger heaps. The noise of the falls is not so terrific, nothing terrible, but is—like all big water—like trains going by. Sometimes, they say, when the ice is breaking up and going over in bergs, many tons in weight, the noise is too awful, but not now.

I drove to the rapids below the falls. The river below the falls runs in a narrow gorge only three hundred feet across, and I suppose the same in height, and you go down the gorge in a cliff railway like the one at Clifton, and if the wire should snap you would go into the rapids and be dead in five seconds; and then you come out right at the water on a wooden platform with a rail, some two hundred yards along the rapids, a sort of little walk; and whatever the falls may be in dignity and majesty, the rapids are in savagery and hellish force. I never saw such water, and how any mortal man could ever have thought to swim it and come out alive I cannot conceive. It is not water changed to something else, as at the falls, but it is water that

has become a devil. Before it goes down the fall, it is like the star of the morning, like Lucifer, so pure and green and bright, and at the rapids it is really re-emerging after the fall, the very devil of hell. It comes along with a sort of blind sweeping romp, and then as it sweeps, a great big belly of a wave will rise up from underneath, right in its path, and the first wave will go over it just as if they were playing leap-frog, and then they both shout "Hooray! Hooray!" and go on with the romp together in the biggest game of all hell.

What makes it specially fearful is the dead wan color and the thick slush of ice on the top, which makes it almost semi-solid, and to see a semi-solid acting like this makes you marvel. Sometimes you see a big heap of water thrust its snout out of the rush and swim back and bite some big wave coming at it and burst it all to bits, and then it jumps aloft and laughs and smashes itself on a rock with a kind of devilish glee, as one who says, "Well, I killed my enemy, anyway, first."

I could have watched the place for hours and days and months. Captain Webb tried to swim it. I cannot think why he was allowed to try. A wave just picked him up and squeezed him against another wave and killed him dead, as he must have seen would happen. No human being could live in such water. It has force enough to light the world and grind the world's bread beside.

. . . . . .

In every room in every hotel in this country there is a modernized Bible which I generally read a little of. Just now I am reading the story of David, which is a fine tale, and full of color, but, my God! what a savage desert tribe and way of life and (as the lady said of Mrs. Campbell as Cleopatra), "How unlike the quiet home life of our own beloved sovereign." They say that in California there are still many giant sequoias (the big redwood trees) which were growing in the time of David, and were fine trees at the time of Christ, and were really worth looking at at the time of Shakespeare, and are world famous today, and are still not at their best. I lay awake last night thinking of

it with a kind of awe, of that enormous blind calm power and will to live.

The 7th was a day of adventure, for I was asked to a big camp to speak at a mess. So I went and spoke at the camp, which is one of the biggest aviation camps in the world. Last July it was a vast flat plain, covered with scrub, which they call mezquite and chaparral. (Mezquite looks like leafless apple trees which have been buried, so as to hide the trunk. Chaparral is a sort of ever-greenish, ever-brownish thorny shrub like berberis, only short.) Now it is an immense and splendid city, humming with life and machines, with great roads and theaters and irrigations, and a vast populace of mechanics. And there I met an airman, who would take no denial, but that I should come up with him, as it was a good day for flying.

So I put on a leather coat and leather cap and goggles and I saw my machine on the ground (a very trim and rakish little thing, one of the fastest "ships" in the world), and I said what Cæsar said to the boatman, under my breath. Then I climbed into my seat and was strapped in, and was told not to monkey with the machinery, which was quite the last thing I ever thought of doing. Then they turned her round, head to wind, and my driver got in, and after some preliminaries they touched her off.

For the first hundred yards or so it was just like being in a motor car, but as we ran along the ground the thing became alive, like a very eager, wonderful, trembling horse that was on her mettle and was going at a big leap, and I felt all her excitement, and wanted to pat her on the neck and give her a lump of sugar, and her cylinders became louder and louder, and her rush more wonderful, and then suddenly we were off the ground and slowly rising, and no longer conscious of motion, except that there was a roaring gale in one's face, and a great roar from the propeller. Then, looking down, I saw the ground like a vast chessboard and people like dots, and then we began to tilt in great circles as we climbed, and that was a deep emotion, but still I was far less conscious of flying than I have been at sea in a sailing ship when working aloft. Then presently, a lot of smoke began to drift slantingly down upon us, and I thought, "Is this smoke

from the engine?" It was a thin smell-less, faint white smoke, and soon I realized that it was not smoke at all, but cloud. Soon we were in the cloud, out of sight of light or land, except in rifts and gleams, and then presently we were in a new world.

We got above the cloud, which was a high-flying fine-weather "cumulo-stratus," and looked down upon it. And, from above, it looked as though a land of vast sand-dunes, such as Trebetherick, had been covered with deep snow, and now lay white and dim and wonderful, like a land in a dream, with the sun shining on it; and then in rifts and patches there was the world, infinitely far below us, and looking just like airplane photographs of it. But what was most wonderful was to see another airplane far, far below, like a kestrel, just over the cloud, and her shadow under her on the cloud. You may remember that Hauptmann lyric about the hawk:—

> Far under me my shadow—
> My shadow drifts with me.

My man stopped the engines, and we floated there in utter silence but for the wind, and in a stillness and steadiness so strange that we could not tell that we were moving; so then we talked for half a minute, and then he touched her off again, and we went for a cruise.

Coming down was so gradual that it did not rouse much emotion, and the actual landing, which I had expected to be a bump, was not really more than a car would make in crossing a rut in a road; but when one got out, one felt a little odd. Anyhow, the queerness only lasted about thirty seconds, and the main impression left was one of great interest and beauty and unreality, not exactly of pleasant interest, nor of human beauty, but it was a new thing, and I was glad to have done it—though I felt that it belonged to this generation, and not to mine.

. . . . . .

To go on with my diary from the time of my fly in the airplane:

I spoke at the mess, and went round the camp and saw airplanes being made and repainted and smeared with ointment, and generally groomed and trimmed. They are most lovely things, very like big model ships, and all full of exquisite joinery and splicery and neat piano wire. I could have spent hours over them. But time forbade, so I up and away and got on board my sleeper and to bed, and before dawn we were bound away to the West. At dawn I peeped out and saw the great plain of Texas, covered with mezquite and chaparral, getting a little color on it; and then presently we were near the Rio Grande, which is as big as the Thames near Cholsey, only a blue-green cream color, and runs in a savage bed of rock and sand, and is fringed by savage mezquite and savage reeds. All day we ran along Texas, and the country didn't vary much. It was a vast plain, with hills in the distance, and very hot, a blinding sun and a good deal of dust, but an expanse so great that it gave one the sense of a freedom.

It was very waterless away from the river, and one saw dead cattle and horses here and there, killed probably by the drought, and over their corpses the great buzzards or vulture hawks were cruising. We climbed slowly all the day, and in the night it fell cold, for we were four thousand feet up, and at dawn I peeped out and saw the sun coming up over some crags which shut in as it were an incredibly vast floor of plain, an immense flat arena, round which, one hundred miles away, was the ring of crags, of a bright blue color, in the intense air.

I got out and dressed and went on to the train platform, for I knew that we were in the Apache country, and I wanted to see it. About fifty years ago there was an Apache chief called Cochise, who ruled that land, and held it for the Apaches against the white man. And though he was a grim and cruel savage, who killed 108 men with his own hands during his life, my heart went out to him. You know how mountains give a lift to the heart, and how you would die for a mountain, even a little one, like Lollingdon, when you wouldn't for any amount of statesmen. Well, there were these mountains that this man had. They were as savage rock crags as any in Ireland, and

under them were miles of desert, growing scrub and cactus and mezquite, as far as the eye could see; and these rocks and that sand were all that this man had, and while he had breath he fought for them against all the odds in the world. Further on, we passed a great island of crags in the midst of the plain. They were all gnarled knops and bowlders and spikes and jags and splits of rock, and in the heart of that vast island, which I dare say was five miles long by one mile high, by four miles broad, was a canyon, with a secret cave in it, where Cochise died. They told me that on one of the mountains to the north there is a great crag with Cochise's face stamped upon it. I could not be sure that I saw this crag, but many of the crags there had the look of an Indian face, staring up at the sky, and one was strangely like, very fierce and grim, and yet calm.

. . . . . .

I went afterward to see those trees. They grow in a few, small, sheltered glens near San Francisco. They are not like trees; they are like spirits. The glens in which they grow are not like places; they are like haunts—haunts of centaurs or of the gods. The trees rise up with dignity, power, and majesty, as though they had been there forever. They are the oldest living things. Even the young ones were two or three thousand years old, and many of these grow from the visible ruins of others, which may have been saplings seven thousand years ago. Sometimes in cathedrals one feels the awe and the majesty of columns. These columns were more impressive than anything of stone; these columns were alive. They were more like gods than anything I have ever seen. They seemed to be thinking. One felt that presently they would march to wipe out everything mean or base or petty here on earth. The stars shone about their heads like chaplets.

SEA AND SARDINIA: CAGLIARI

From SEA AND SARDINIA, *by* D. H. Lawrence, *by permission of* THOMAS SELTZER, Inc., *publishers.*

D. H. LAWRENCE

Some critics say that D. H. Lawrence is the most significant English fiction writer of the day. Others, like Virginia Woolf, admit that he has moments of greatness, but hours of something very different. He is at least a very versatile man. Since being born at Nottingham, England, in 1885, he has published books of plays, novels, short stories, essays, poetry, and history. Economics, sociology, and child-training have engaged his attention. He is a much-praised translator from several foreign languages. His *Studies in Classic American Literature* is a challenging book. He is one of the first writers to embody in artistic form the intimations of psychoanalysis. To many of us his novels, especially his later ones, are not pleasant nor very illuminating, except perhaps of the author. He seems sex-obsessed. Like Sherwood Anderson, he sees sex as a nucleus of life where many lights and confusions of life center. But, unlike Anderson, he diagnoses it *ad nauseam*, until it seems more an ugly anomaly than a natural, normal force in life.

Sea and Sardinia is a blithe and brilliant record of a quest for a male civilization. Lawrence feels that Europe is ultra-feminized. He is a rare traveler, because, in addition to his muscular personality sometimes intolerably self-aware, he is equipped with language power. His is almost a painter's art, with its sharp and exact line, its dimensional design, its whole startling immediacy, radiating the odor, the color, the mass, and the nicest movement of all the odd, unfamiliar life he sees.

D. H. LAWRENCE

SEA AND SARDINIA: CAGLIARI

STRANGE the feeling round the harbor—as if everybody had gone away. Yet there are people about. It is *festa*, however, Epiphany. But it is so different from Sicily: none of the suave Greek-Italian charms, none of the airs and graces, none of the glamor. Rather bare, rather stark, rather cold and yellow—somehow like Malta, without Malta's foreign liveliness. Thank Goodness no one wants to carry my knapsack. Thank Goodness no one has a fit at the sight of it. Thank Heaven no one takes any notice. They stand cold and aloof, and don't move.

On the great parapet above the Municipal Hall and above the corkscrew high-street a thick fringe of people is hanging, looking down. We go to look, too, and behold, below there is the entrance to a costume ball. Yes, there is a china shepherdess in pale blue and powdered hair, crook, ribbons, Marie Antoinette satin daintiness and all, slowly and haughtily walking up the road, and gazing superbly round. She is not more than twelve years old, moreover. Two servants accompany her. She gazes supremely from right to left as she goes, mincingly, and I would give her the prize for haughtiness. (She is perfect—a little too haughty for Watteau, but "Marquise" to a T.) The people watch in silence. There is no yelling and screaming and running. They watch in a suitable silence.

Comes a carriage with two fat bay horses slithering, almost swimming up the corkscrew high-street. That in itself is a *tour-de-force:* for Cagliari doesn't have carriages. Imagine a street like a corkscrew stair, paved with slippery stones. And imagine two bay horses rowing their way up it: they did not walk a single stride. But they arrived. And there fluttered out three

strangely exquisite children, two frail, white satin Pierrots and a white satin Pierrette. They were like fragile winter butterflies with black spots. They had a curious, indefinable elegance, (something conventional and *fin-de-siècle*). But not our century. The wonderful artificial delicacy of the eighteenth. The boys had big, perfect ruffs round their necks: and behind were slung old, cream-colored Spanish shawls, for warmth. They were frail as tobacco flowers, and with remote, cold elegance they fluttered by the carriage, from which emerged a large black-satin mamma. Fluttering their queer little butterfly feet on the pavement, hovering round the large mamma like three frail-tissued ghosts, they found their way past the solid, seated carabinieri into the hall.

Followed another white satin marquise with a maidservant. They are strong on the eighteenth century in Cagliari. Perhaps it is the last bright reality to them. The nineteenth hardly counts.

I see my first peasant in costume. He is an elderly, upright, handsome man, beautiful in the black-and-white costume. He wears the full-sleeved white shirt and the close black bodice of thick, native frieze, cut low. From this sticks out a short kilt or frill, of the same black frieze, a band of which goes between the legs, between the full, loose drawers of coarse linen. The drawers are banded below the knee into tight black frieze gaiters. On his head he has the long black stocking cap, hanging down behind. How handsome he is, and so beautifully male! He walks with his hands loose behind his back, slowly, upright, and aloof. The lovely unapproachableness, indomitable. And the flash of the black and white, the slow stride of the full white drawers, the black gaiters and black cuirass with the bolero, then the great white sleeves and white breast again, and once more the black cap—what marvelous massing of the contrast, marvelous, and superb, as on a magpie! How beautiful maleness is, if it finds its right expression—and how perfectly ridiculous it is made in modern clothes.

There is another peasant, too, a young one with a swift eye and hard cheek and hard, dangerous thighs. He has folded

his stocking cap so that it comes forward to his brow like a Phrygian cap. He wears close knee-breeches and close-sleeved waistcoat of thick brownish stuff that looks like leather. Over the waistcoat a sort of cuirass of black, rusty sheepskin, the curly wool outside. So he strides, talking to a comrade. How fascinating it is, after the soft Italians, to see these limbs in their close knee-breeches, so definite, so manly, with the old fierceness in them still. One realizes, with horror, that the race of men is almost extinct in Europe. Only Christlike heroes and woman-worshiping Don Juans and rabid equality-mongrels. The old, hardy, indomitable male is gone. His fierce singleness is quenched. The last sparks are dying out in Sardinia and Spain. Nothing left but the herd-proletariat and the herd-equality mongrelism, and the wistful poisonous self-sacrificial cultured soul. How detestable!

But that curious, flashing, black-and-white costume! I seem to have known it before: to have worn it even: to have dreamed it. To have dreamed it: to have had actual contact with it. It belongs in some way to something in me—to my past, perhaps. I don't know. But the uneasy sense of blood-familiarity haunts me. I *know* I have known it before. It is something of the same uneasiness I feel before Mount Eryx: but without the awe this time.

They are amusing, these peasant girls and women: so brisk and defiant. They have straight backs, like little walls, and decided, well-drawn brows. And they are amusingly on the alert. There is no Eastern creeping. Like sharp, brisk birds they dart along the streets, and you feel they would fetch you a bang over the head as lief as look at you. Tenderness, thank Heaven, does not seem to be a Sardinian quality. Italy is so tender—like cooked macaroni—yards and yards of soft tenderness raveled round everything. Here men don't idealize women, by the looks of things. Here they don't make those great leering eyes, the inevitable yours-to-command look of Italian males. When the men from the country look at these women, then it is Mind-yourself, my lady. I should think the groveling Madonna worship is not much of a Sardinian feature. These women have

to look out for themselves, keep their own backbones stiff and their knuckles hard. Man is going to be male lord if he can. And woman isn't going to give him too much of his own way, either. So there you have it, the fine old martial split between the sexes. It is tonic and splendid, really, after so much sticky intermingling and backboneless Madonna worship. The Sardinian isn't looking for the "noble woman nobly planned." No, thank you. He wants that young madam over there, a young stiff-necked generation that she is. Far better sport than with the nobly-planned sort: hollow frauds that they are. Better sport, too, than with a Carmen, who gives herself away too much. In these women there is something shy and defiant and un-get-at-able. The defiant, splendid split between the sexes, each absolutely determined to defend his side, her side from assault. So the meeting has a certain wild, salty savor, each the deadly unknown to the other. And at the same time, each his own, her own native pride and courage, taking the dangerous leap and scrambling back.

Give me the old, salty way of love. How I am nauseated with sentiment and nobility, the macaroni slithery-slobbery mess of modern adorations.

THE FIRST BLOOD SWEEP

From FIERY PARTICLES, *by* C. E. Montague, *by permission of* BRANDT & BRANDT.

C. E. MONTAGUE

At the age of fifty-nine, C. E. Montague has just retired from thirty-five years of editorial service on the *Manchester Guardian* to devote himself to the writing of books. Past the age limit, he wore khaki in the fighting lines of the Great War, 1915-1919. At Oxford he rowed in the Balliol boat and until two summers ago he played in the *Manchester Guardian* cricket team. His literature nearly all comes out of the field of his work and the war. Thomas Moult, English poet-critic, says that Montague is "a lover of justice and truth, a man of absolute integrity and an intelligence quite uncommon among latter-day journalists."

Montague's earlier books were *Dramatic Values* (1911); *A Hind Let Loose* (1910), a novel for the elect, and *The Morning's War* (1913).

His later books, mostly out of the war, are *Disenchantment* (1922), *Fiery Particles* (1923), and *Rough Justice* (1926). Montague's indict-

ment of war is so devastatingly grim in some of his stories that people have asked, "Ought things so intolerable to be told at all?" Quiller-Couch, not an ultra-modern, says, "I, for one, answer promptly, 'Yes, if only to warn common men, the millions of pawns in politics, in what infamy their individual souls can be sunk by politicians, financiers, and militarists on the make.' "

But Montague is an artist, not a propagandist, first.

C. E. MONTAGUE

THE FIRST BLOOD SWEEP

> And giddy Fortune's furious, fickle wheel:
> That goddess blind
> That stands upon the rolling, restless stone.
>
> —*Ancient Pistol.*

WHAT happened that day put me off, and the place was not quite the same to me afterward. It was the only good dug-out I knew—I was a full corporal then—in the jerry-built front east of Bully Grenay. "If it isn't the snug little howl," McGuffin would say, "get me one." It came up to the notions I had, when a boy, of the great times a marmot must have in winter. For one thing, it hadn't been cursed with a bolt-hole—a second way out—to give you your death with the draught. That was why a Brass Hat on the prowl had once called it a death-trap. The Germans, he said, had nothing to do but to bung up the open front door with a shell-cast of earth, in order to put us to death cheaply. Brass Hats *have* to be talking. We called the place Old Death ever after. It made one more joke against the Hats. Besides, as McGuffin said, "It's the wife ye're right fond of that ye'd be for callin', 'Y'owld toad.' "

To get in you certainly had to be handy. You slung yourself in through a square, timbered hole, like the frame of a picture set in the back wall of the trench. The bottom of this wooden hatch was clear above high-water mark, at any rate in good weather. Then down a dozen steps cut in the chalk. There was no need to fall down these stairs the way people did. At the foot of the stairs you did not turn right, nor yet left, as in most of the drains that passed for dug-outs in those parts. You went straight on, into the heart of the land. First came

a bit of clean darkness, say thirty feet long. Then a belt, thirty or forty feet thick, of the smoke that had missed the chimney pipe over our brazier. This barrage had to be crossed. As soon as it thinned you began to get visions of lights round an altar, burning straight up and quiet. Then you were there.

That nest was right out of the world. It had the warmth and scent of the fire, and all the air there was only just tinted a dreamy blue with the smoke. We knew we had a good thing, and we kept it up well. Two waterproof sheets were always hung neatly, spread under the roof, to catch the drippings of water, and milked into tins as soon as they bellied. We had a piece of board for a larder, hanging by strings in midair, to diddle the rats. We always brought up from billets a little clean straw, to lay on the floor, and we were so far from the door that most of the yellow mud and white chalk had rubbed off our boots before we had crossed the smoke belt. We had saved from the outer wall of a wrecked house at Grenay a twelve-foot length of iron pipe, a down-comer, and coaxed it through the earth above the brazier. It made a grand chimney—the one that was missed, as I said, by some of the smoke. But not by too much. You could do with a frowst, in reason, whenever you came in wet from the trench.

It was a good time, too, when this trouble began. I had just whacked the rations out for the day, and the jam was strawberry. Quite half of the bully had come out Maconochie of the prime. Price, our Q. M. S. (God reward him!), had thrown in a bit of cold ham. The two men of our lot who were officers' servants had failed to come round, up to time, for their cigarette ration, so this was a little bonus thrown in for the rest. We were all smoking. The fire was burning all right. The post had come in half an hour ago.

It was the post, so to speak, that began it. Ince, that we used to call Coom-fra-Wigan, had started reading a paper that was all creases and curves from coming by post. I had been watching his lips working, shaping the words as he read to himself. And then he let the paper fall on his legs—of course, he was

sitting down on the floor like everyone else, with his back to the wall.

"Fair puts lid on, thot do," he said in the flat, draggy way of speaking that some of them have in the north.

"Wot O?" Lance-Corporal Mason chirped up. Mason was always great on "keeping up the *moral* o' my men," as he said.

"Ah see in paaper," Ince went trailing on, "'s 'ow foalks at whoam 'as got agaate o' stoppin' futball. Noa raacin'! Noa bowlin'! No whoamin' birds! An' it's noa futball noo!" he went on mourning.

Then Tommy Tween must cut in. Tommy would almost take the word out of your mouth. "'Ow, gow it! Turn 'em all dahn! Never mind us. 'Ow, noaw! Wot'd we wawnt wiv a little bit of int'rest in life? Not likely!"

Ince went on from where he had stopped. "Ah, b'lieve it's these paapers done it." He took a savage grip of the sample he had there on his thighs. "Doan't like a bit o'spoort, paapers doan't. Costs 'em mooney."

"Thet's it," Tween interrupted, as if Ince had been stealing a story of his. "The pipers done it. Want to get aht o' pyin' a fair wage to a taht for 'angin' abaht Noomawket 'Eath. It tikes a man o' skill to watch a maw'nin' gallop. Not like war correspondin'. Noaw use feedin' backers a bag of emowshnal bilge abaht 'eroes an' cherry wounded an' any ol' muck. A taht must know 'is job. Ah, an' 'e's got to be there. An' wiges accordin'. You tike it from me, Wigan, it's orl a do, got up be the pipers."

Ince still gripped his paper, so to speak, by the scruff of its neck. He shook it a little. "They taalk a lot in the paaper," he droned along, "about 'evils o' gamblin'.'"

"Lummy!" Tween cried out. "Wot are we fightin' for? Libbety, yn't it? An' wot's backin' your ahn judgment? Libbety!"

"They sa-ay," Coom-fra-Wiggan went on, "'s 'ow it taakes men's minds orf o' their work."

Tween was started now. "Puts 'em on to it, more like. Wot mide th' Austrylians tike Polygon Wood? Down't orl the worl' know they was after the rice-course?"

"Thot's reet," Ince certified, fairly.

"Sime wi' th' 'ole o' mankin'," said Tween, quite excited. It is not only that which comes in at a man's mouth that can go to his head, but that which goes out of it too. "A Chink 'll put a bit on anyfink—'orses, cocks, dogs—nuffink comes wrong to 'm. Two Chinks 'll meet in the rowd an' each tike a louse aht of 'is tunic—proper 'oppers they 'ave, sime as ours—an' 'ev a match, ricin' 'em. Ah, an' stop there all dye! An' if one of 'em finds 'e's got 'old of a flyer, 'e'll put 'im back where 'e come from. Ullow! Ullow! Not time, shorely?"

None of these orators likes interruption. And now the interrupting old world was too much with us again. First, a plash of trench water lipping over our doorstep, a hundred feet off, and slopping its way down the stairs, as somebody up in the trench waded nearer and nearer, kicking the waters before him. Then the voice of the platoon sergeant, Gort, came smashing in at the door. "Blunt and Gubbins! Get on guard."

It always seemed to me like an adventure to have my name shouted by Gort. The harsh ring in his voice strung you up, the way some kinds of cold winds do. Blunt and Gubbins were buckling their belts in a second—unbuckling your belts was all the undressing allowed you in trenches. But Gort's voice came again like a box on the ear before they were out through the smoke, "Why the hell don't you get a move on?"

Tween whispered: "Bit stuffy, the sawjint." But I could never have enough of the clang of Gort's voice. It made me feel what a lot of fine, rousing things there must be in the world that I had not thought of.

In five minutes more we heard the cascade splashing again on the stairs, and a little more than the usual swearing from somebody having the usual fight to get dry through the door. Then a few clod-hopping steps, and two men clumped in through the smoke. They were the two just relieved—he that had sworn such a lot, and another.

The other was Hanney, an eager, white boy with a thoroughbred face, just out on a draft. He had been with us three days. He had been in the army three weeks and had seen a deal of

life in the time. The first ten days, not knowing his drill, he had spoiled the good looks of a section at home. Then a sage sergeant-major had ended the bother by getting Hanney put on to the next draft for the front, where there was no smartness needed. Hanney was charmed with his bit of policy. Still, it had its drawbacks. He had not learned the soldierly knack of letting harm miss him. His first day with us he had seen a shell fall, but not burst, on the far side of the square by the café at Bully Grenay. With the God-given thirst of a wise child for knowledge, Hanney had rushed across to examine. The shell, on second thoughts, had gone off, and there cannot have been many vacant spaces, big enough to hold Hanney, between the flying bits of metal and paving-stone and other bad solids. But he was in one of the spaces, every bit of him. This business filled him with shame. Next day he had gone on a fatigue with a score of our tin water-bottles hung on his back, to fill at the cart. By one of the flukes that do happen, a flake of a shell had sheared right through the whole of this outfit of tinware, turning it all into silvery ribbons and rags. It had not touched the boy. This elated the boy, for he was not to blame. Still, he was rather apologetic about the interest he took in these little occurrences. All of us, he pretty clearly thought, must have had more stirring experiences daily. So we tried to be rather nice, too, and allowed the Kid had powlert up and down a bit and had two rattling days. To-day was his third. We did not know, really, whether to think that nothing could kill him ever, or that, at the rate he was going, he'd not last a week.

Tween had still a little bit left from his old rush of words to the mouth. "Wot ow!" he said to the Kid. "Is't you been gettin' aht the sawjint's shirt?"

Hanney laughed at the notion. "Shirty! He's great. I could do a lot of work for Gort and not feel tired. You didn't hear, did you, just now?" He paused for a moment. "Of course, it wasn't anything out of the way, but the old Boche put it across us a bit, just for a little. And then Gort was up and down the trench every minute, looking after us all. I'd hear him ask-

ing, before he came round the corner, 'Hanney all right there?' 'Hanney not hit?' All the time."

"Wot! Downcher knoaw?" Tween almost hooted.

"I know he's all right," Hanney said, sturdily. "Regular father he is to his men." You see, Hanney was young.

It made Tween roar. "Ya silly baa-lamb! Downcher knoaw Gort drew you in the sweep?"

I do say this for Tween—nobody could have thought that the Kid would mind it so much. Of course, the rest of us had long been used to the thought that whichever of us was first to be killed, each time we came into the line, would bring in a good two-pound-ten, or anything up to three pounds, to whoever had drawn the name of the deceased out of a tin hat. The queer part of it was that the Kid's joy fell right in like a soufflé.

"Was that," he said, "what we were drawing, just after I joined?"

"*You* knoaw," said Tween, in a firm encouraging manner of speaking, like some one awaking a sleeping man for his good. "Tanner a time—'ole com-ny in—pye aht fust pawst the paowst. Fair awticle! Wotcher draw, 'Anney yerself?"

"Never looked," said the Kid. "I suppose I drew something."

The way he spoke gave an evident shock to Tween's mind. The Kid seemed not to have a sense of the value of money. "Gordelpus, 'unt yer pockets, 'Anney!" said Tween, in distress. "Yer mye 'ave got on to a winner." Tommy Tween was perplexed—was the Kid a lost mind? Or had he the wind up? Wind, Tween seemed to conclude. "'S orl right, Kiddie," he said; "it down't doyer noaw 'urt. S'pose yer do cop it fust—'s on'y like 'avin' a bit to leave in yer will."

But the Kid was off on some line of thought of his own. "You said Gort was sick?" he asked us at large.

Ince admitted: "Aye—seemed a bit stooffy-like."

"At my getting off?" Hanney said, with a bit of a made laugh.

"Well, ya knoaw, ya *do* 'ang on to life a bit," Tommy mildly reminded him.

Hanney turned with a snap on McGuffin as if Mac had taken his watch. "What were you saying to-day—about that post I was in—did you say 'hottest shop in the sector'?"

McGuffin tried to bluster it off. "Ach! Hwat sort of talk are ye havin' out of ye at all, thinkin' bad of the sergeant?"

No good. The Kid had his nose well down to the scent.

"It's Gort," he said, "is it, that fixes the post for each man?"

He was a stout-hearted kid, and he needed it, having no strength in his body at all. We could see him now, out, as it were, in the twilight, wrestling with a sizable demon.

"Ah, then!" McGuffin wailed in dismay, "Gort never meant it apurpose. He's not at all the description of schamer of David, the crook in the Bible, the King of the Jews."

Ince tried to help. "A mon may be streight," he went so far as to say, "though 'e do 'ave 'is feelin's."

Then Tommy Tween launched out: " 'Anney, you tike it from me—w'erever there's any bettin' people's 'earts is right. I seen it tested. Pretty 'igh too. In the trine it was, comin' back from 'Urst Pawk, an' twelve in the kerrij. Standin' up meself, an' proper tired. When we was gettin' on for Vaux'll—plice they useter tike the tickets then—a blowk gets orf 'is seat an' 'e says to me, ' 'Ev a seat, wowncher?'

" 'Garn,' says I, 'set where y'are.' Didn' seem 'ardly worth tikin' a fyvour then, nex' door to Worterloo.

" 'E was 'ot on it, though. 'Fac is, I'm compelled,' 'e says, 'to mike an arryngement,' 'e says, 'with me creditors,' an' then 'e crep' under the seat an' stretched down to it, fur in as 'e could.

"I 'adn' 'ardly set dahn in 'is plice when a man gives a shaht from the fur end of the kerrij: 'Evens on, the c'llector nabs 'im! Evens on the c'llector!'

" 'Gohn 'ome, ya silly swindle,' says somebody else. 'Mike it a livin' price. We're not givin' money awye.'

"Then another blowk stawts in: 'I'll bet the dead'ead pulls it 'orf. I'll back the dead'ead. 'Oo'll give three to one agen the dead'ead?'

"Then the mawket begun to brike. 'Three to two on the c'llector,' a little quiet man stawts.

"The first man looks aht o' windy. 'Lummy!' 'e says, 'Vaux'all a'ready! 'Ere,' 'e says, 'I've 'ad a good dye. I wown't be 'ard on yer. Two to one on the c'llector! Twos on the c'llector! I'll back the c'llector.'

"A fair price, tike it all rahnd. We 'adn't 'ardly got our money on 'fore the c'llector come in. And now, I arst yer, Kiddie, solemn. Think 'ow easy it was for any man there, that 'ad backed the c'llector, to give that unfort'nate trav'ler awye—a lift o' the legs, a kick in th' eye to mike 'im 'oller, anyfink. Noaw! They was as fytheful to 'im as 'is backers. Kep' their 'ocks strite. Gev all the cover they knew. Noaw winkin'! Noaw grinnin'! Noaw nawrsty tricks to rise suspicion! Own'y think of it, 'Anney. 'Yn't you reely sifer in th' 'ands of a 'ot sport a stands to win a bit if you're done in than wot you'd be in th' 'ands of 'most anyone else? 'Struth. You think it owver, Kiddie, 'fore you goaw on guard agen. You got three hour."

"One," said the Kid. He looked at a pretty wrist watch that he had. "No. Thirty-five minutes."

" 'Ullow!" said Tween, sharply. " 'Ow's thet?"

"I swopped a turn with Banks."

"Sawjint senction it?" Tween asked, sharply again.

You see, Tween was really a fool. He had just worked like a good one, telling the tale, to keep up Hanney's heart, and now he would undo all the good, as likely as not, by a word let slip in a hurry, putting the Kid up to notions again. We could see it act on Hanney directly; he turned sharp on Tween, as if to pick something out of his face. That made us feel awkward; so there was a bit of a silence.

When you don't talk you can listen. One of the good points of Old Death was that the sound of shells would come to you there a deal bigger than life, and yet muted, as if every burst were a marvel, and yet far away, and nothing to us, like a wonderful thing in a book. We could hear it the way a child hears the big waves when he is in bed in a room on the land side of a house by the sea. At each burst the earth round us thudded softly; it did not seem to feel much of a shock—only a muffled, dreamy sort of heaving, as if it were not sleeping well. But there

was always a kind of pulse, slow or fast, in this rumbly noise, and now it was rising.

"Un'ealthy weather, up top," said Tween, as if that could do any good.

And then Pratt, that had been minding our talk, but deep in one of his endless snarly games of cards with Barnard, away in a corner, broke in like an idiot with "Sawjint Gort aht fancy snipin' agen, drawin' eenemy fire?"

Hanney stared at him, too. "More evidence—eh?"—he didn't say that, but the thought was plain in the eyes of the Kid. McGuffin saw it there, too, for he charged in to give a lift with the job where Tommy had left it. You see what we were at. We were out to make the Kid fancy that human nature was lovely.

"That's a pow'rful case that ye've cited, Tommy," McGuffin began, "but here now is one that beats all. I know, for I see ut meself, in Gall'p'li. Hot summer it was at that time, an' manny dead Turks a long time in the open, the way they'd be swelled beyant your belief, like the dead transport horses below be the road. So what'd we do, to be passin' the time, but each adopt a Turk for his own an' call him Hassan or Achmet or divvil knows hwat an' back him to burst before annyone else's. Apt we'd ha' been, but for that wan divarsion, to die wi' th' ongwee of bein' definselessly et be the flies. Now, there wasn't a night but wan or more of ourselves'd be goin' out wirin' or bombin' or only collectin' a good souvenir. An' never a case—mind ye, never as much as wan case—of a man attemptin' to mek himself rich be deflatin' the Turk he'd fancied! Not an offer at it! If it had been a matter of wanglin' a share of efficiency pay out of th' army we'd all have been out afther dark, puncthurin' every balloon in the landscape. 'Twas th' instinc' of sport kep' us straight. Men that had nothin' at all between them an' consid'rable wealth but givin' the touch of a bay'net in passin' ud dash the cup of joy down from their lips, the aquals of suff'rin' saints."

The feast of beauty was spread, and we all looking to Hanney to fall to and eat and be comforted. But he hardly touched it at all; and that little, I think, for civility only. The Kid

was always polite about anyone's yarn. I thought of how Isaac may have behaved when he saw what his father was up to, and how the boy looked while the old man was laying the fire. The pulse of the rumble around us was going on rising.

All we could do was just to get on with the little collection we had been making for Hanney. But I had no yarn about me, to put in the hat. Ince had none either, and yet he tried to put a mite in. "Thot's reet," he piped up like a man. "Saame all worl' oaver. 'Indoos, coons, Chinks, all t'saame—nobbut fair do's anywhere, come to spoort. Tha's 'eard 'ow a Chink's buried, 'Anney? Noa? Dropped fair into t'graave, any'ow, saame as toss wi' cricket-bat, an' if 'e pitches faace oop it's kingdom coom. An', faace down, 'e's booked t'other gaate. Soa Chinks saay."

"Thet's right. Thet's religion, thet is," Tween corroborated.

"Eh, but think wot it ud be"—Ince ground it out, very slow and serious—"if it were all lef' to religion. Ma woord, ye'd 'ave a proper ramp soa's ye couldn't 'ave noa confidence—priests and oondertaakers queerin' toss every time, to maake a bit from t'relaations, 'cordin' t'wheer they'd liike t'felly to goa. Saaved by spoort that's wot 'tis. Every Chink in paarish 'as a bit on too, so's if paarson did t'dirty on 'em 'e'd be tore to bits by t'losers. Keeps t'clairgy streight, do thot."

"One for the dad, that!" the Kid said to me, low, when he had heard Ince out to the end, very politely. I had not known the Kid's dad was a parson. Then he got busy again on those thoughts of his own. "What did you say?" he said, "is the name of this hole?" and I had to tell him "Old Death," or "The Death Trap." That did him no good, I could see. And then Barnard, the rough of the place, must come butting into our talk.

Why couldn't Barnard have just carried on with his growling at Pratt and spitting about all over the floor? It was temper, I think. He always spat brown the first two days in the trenches, and when he spat white, about the third day, we knew what his temper would be until we came out of the line and he got at the beer. "Paasons," he came creaking in, "is t'worst soart. Ah seen a bit o' paasons—ah, an' Chinks too—'s well as you. 'Ad charge of a gang o' Chinks, ah 'ave. Maakin' a dam. An'

Scowfiel', the ganger nex' sector to me, 'ad been a church paason. They'd give 'im the go for likin' 'is beer. Soa, when a Chink died, in 'is gang or mine, we'd 'ave a bit on, saame's you was tellin.' One daay 'e come roun' to me. 'Bung Wun,' 'e says, 'is gone west. 'Ave ye any sort of a fancy about 'im?'

"Says I, ' 'E was a laad. The first time I seen 'im, Bung 'ad took a good 'old o' both a friend's 'ands in 'is teeth an' was poonchin' 'is friend's two ears, fair an' easy. A gradely feighter! 'E'll be for glory.'

" 'I doubt it,' says Scowfiel'. 'Bung 'ad the craf' an' subtlety of the devil, swingin' the lead himself an' teachin' that sin to the young till the doctor'd not know were they shammin' illness at all or had they some wil' disease out of Asia he hadn't got down in his books. Nowt lef' for the doc but to ration 'em two days o' sickness a month, every man, an' pay stopped at t'first work of a tummyache over the ration. An' then Bung did 'im down, by formin' a comp'ny for underwritin' losses of pay. Bung's for 'Ell, take my word, if there's any moral rule over t'universe.'

" 'Ye'd bet that?' I ask. I liked my own opinion as well as another's.

" 'I would,' says he. 'A quid, level.'

"I took 'im.

"Firs' thing's I saw at t'funer'l was 'ow t'bearers couldn't 'ardly 'ol' up under t'corpse. Nex' was 'ow t'corpse fleed through air into t'graave soon as t'bearers let goa. Fair shook, t'earth did, when Bung landed. Then ah looked into t'graave an' see Bung lie on's faace an' bes' part of a 'oondredweight o' scrap iron busted 'oot through t'front of his trousies. Scowfiel' thot was. Scowfiel' done thot. 'E'd been a paason."

Pratt had dealt out the cards. "Eh, but they're poppin' 'em in, oop top," Barnard said, as he took up his hand. Little he cared. He was the man due to turn out for guard in twelve minutes with Hanney. But he was the kind of ox that will crop the weed grass in the butcher's yard. The rest of us listened, or felt the Kid listen. All through the earth round us the long, blunt rollers of sound were undulating and heaving more and

more swiftly. They had been rather like distant thunder heard across plains; now they were more like thunder heard among mountains, where each peal lasts on into the next.

Hanney took the look at his wrist that he would not take while Barnard was pitching his tale. It made us want to darn the hole Barnard had ripped in the web we had been trying to weave, as you might say, across the Kid's eyes. Before we could think how to do it five minutes had gone, two hands of cards had been played; Barnard was prodding on Pratt to another deal. "Dish 'em oot, mon! Gawd's saake, dish 'em oot! Owceans o' tiime!"

Pratt dealt, Barnard keeping a savage look-out on Pratt's hands for a foul, and marking time with a grouse or two at the bursts that were quickening outside. "'Ark at 'em!" he snarled, and, again, "An' we settin' 'ere in our misery!" Barnard said it the way you may hear a buck beggar practice a whine. He had no love or fear of man or God, death or dishonor; he was a kind of brave cur, base and fearless, that all soldiers know.

Ince was still fumbling about for some way to give a good turn to the talk. "An what did t'Chinks saay," he asked, "to your Scowfiel'?"

"Chinks!" Barnard jeered. "The silly swine. They was 'eartbroaken. 'Twasn't t'mooney. Moast all of 'em was winners. But they was 'eartbroaken. They'd thowt as Englishmen were sports an' not like Japs as oughter all be warned off toorf, exoffishyer, saame daay as they're born. Fair broaken-'earted, t'Chinks was. The silly sof's!"

"Playin' the game is playin' the game, all the world over," Corporal Mason put in. He would have made a great curate.

Nobody minded him, any more than if he were really a preacher. Hanney's face, I thought, was getting still greener. Pratt had dealt, and was looking very old at his cards. They must have been bad. "Serve the Chinks bloody well right, an' you too," he said to Barnard, nastily.

"Didn't this Scahfiel' o' yourn tike 'is chawnce o' you plyin' orf the ballast on 'im, in the seat o' Wun's slacks 'stead o' their

front? 'Yn't you to tike a bit o' risk as well as 'im? 'Ynt'e to show a bit o' talent? Ah, would yer?'

Pratt had spat out the last three words like the swear of a cat. He must have thought Barnard was trying it on. Perhaps he was. The two of them held their tongues for a minute, and minded their job, while Tween tried to pick up an odd bit of good out of the mess they had made. "O' course," he began, "yer mye get a Scahfiel' or two in any ol' country."

Pratt had lost, by this time, both money and temper.

"Country!" he squealed. "Gordelpyer! In any ol' sawjints' mess yer'll get 'arf a dozen. Wot abaht Sawjint Grice—gev Patsy Dunne a quid to lose the fight wi' Nobby? Wot abaht the sawjint-major—kep' a pub at Barnes afore the war, an' 'ad two scullers ricin' owver the chempionship course for two 'undred a side, an' he findin' both o' their stikes an' pyin' both men's trynin' expenses, an' then gev 'em th' orfice w'ich man 'e'd 'ave win, as soon as 'e'd got all 'is money put on? Come to thet, wot abaht this Sawjint Gort yer 'avin' all the jaw abaht?"

"Well, wot abaht 'im?" Tween's voice was bold, but I guessed he had no sort of hope and was only calling Pratt's bluff on the chance, and that chance an off one. I looked at the Kid. The mask that he had kept all the time on his face was all right, except for the color, but he was working his hands, unrolling and rolling up into a ball a bit of white paper. I think he had hooked it out of one of his pockets, to give his fingers something to do.

Pratt didn't mind going on. "'Ere's a bit abaht 'im," he said. "Ow, a tysty bit! Did 'is own side dahn. Remember 'ow the Koylies beat us, dahn at Bulford Kemp? One gowl to nuffink, an' we plyin' agen three parts of a gile o' wind orl the first 'arf, an' then the wind droppin' dahn dead soon as we'd crossed? Yuss?"

We all remembered that blow. "Lorst on the toss!" Pratt yelped triumphantly. "Lorst by a swizzle, an' Gort done it on us. 'E was ahr skipper. Ah think 'e might 'a been fytheful." Whenever Pratt tried to do the sob-story stunt I always thought

his whimper was worse than his squeal. "'E torsed, an' the Koylies' skipper said 'Eads! It was a shillin'."

"Thot's reet," Barnard confirmed. "Ah was theer, plaayin'."

"There y'are!" Pratt's voice shrilled up into an argumentative treble. "A shillin'!"

Somehow we all felt that this identification made things rather black. I don't know why.

"T'shillin' fell on edge," Barnard further deposed, "an' rowled under taable, reet oot o' siight."

"Wot did I sye?" Pratt crowed over us all, as if this had made out his case. And I can't deny that we felt there was a lot of evidence knocking about, whatever it all came to. The little vitriol-squirt went on with it, exulting. "Ol' man Gort dived under the tible, an' come up with the shillin'. 'Eads, all right,' 'e says. 'You got us.'"

"Wot ow!" Tween piped up, in joy. "'Ow's that for strite? Good ol' iron!"

The Kid's face had begun to light too. It was strange the small things that worked on that boy. His hands had stopped their quick fretting; they were unrolling slowly the white bit of paper.

"Strite!" Pratt squeaked. "You wite a mo. I says to 'im arter the match, 'Ya silly mug,' I says—'e was a private then—'w'y cawn't yer tike a chawnce when yer got it?' 'Wot chawnce, boy?' says 'e. 'W'y,' says I, 'at the torse. W'y didn't yer sye it was tiles?' 'It *was* tiles,' says Gort. I fair let a shriek: 'Gordelpus! W'y th'ell didn't yer sye so?' 'Because,' 'e says, narsty an' shawt, 'if I 'ad I might 'a' been tikin for you.' 'E'll 'ave sol' thet match. 'Ullow! an' there 'e is agen!"

We could hear the splash coming near in the trench, and the drip on the stairs. But we could only just hear, for the earth all round was fairly booming now with the muffled beat of drum-fire. The Kid leapt up and buckled his belt. The green was not out of his face yet, so quick was the change, but the living joy had come back. We had all tried to cheer him, and only made matters worse, and now that gutter-sparrow had tried to

make matters worse, and had cheered him. "Now ye'll 'ear 'is yngel voice a-callin'," Pratt sneered.

Gort's voice did come. What a voice! It had always had a gallant clang, as I told you. To hear it would brace any nerve you had got. But now it was more than all that. Something had happened to it—what happens to wine when the sparkle gets in; it was bubbling with some kind of stir that had come to the man, though the words were nothing themselves—"Pay attention, in there!"

Pratt jibed, in a whisper, "'Ark at 'im, 'Anney. 'Anney, 'Anney, 'Anney, come aht and be slortered. Yer keepin' me aht o' me money.'"

Hanney laughed in Pratt's face, and then Gort blew the orders on that bugle voice that he had: "Barnard, on guard! Hanney, stand by!"

Hanney stand by? What the deuce——? "'Oollo! 'Oollo! Wot's this?" muttered Barnard. He was befogged. He did not care a curse that, while he went up into trouble, Hanney should stay, for the moment, in cover. But he had lost hold. His world was not working according to plan. Gort was not taking a chance when he got it. "Coomin', sergeant," he shouted, and then grumbled low again: "Wot gaame can'e 'ave got on?"

"Noan!" Ince's voice rushed up like a rocket. "'E's streight!"

"Gawn, y' 'oly Juggins!" said Pratt. "Gort's sold the Kid. Thet'll be it. An' nah 'e's doin' a bit o' the dirty on 'oever's bought 'im—keepin' the Kid in aht o' the rine."

Hanney did not look at Pratt. "I'll stand by," he whispered to me, "in the trench."

"You will not," said I, being in charge. But he slipped me before I could grab him. The next I heard was Gort heading him back, with a jovial rant in his voice: "You're not paid to choose the time you'll be shot, my boy. Off with you, back!"

Tween chuckled at that. "Gowan, Bawnard," he taunted, cheerfully. "'Op it, Bawnard! Aht of it! Gow aht, Bawnard, an' git put to deaf."

Barnard was dawdling to snarl: "Wojjerbet that—" when

one of the finest wild blasts of Gort's voice came blowing along to me: "Corporal Head, are you shifting that loafer?" I hustled out Barnard, mumbling of bets and half-dollars, as Hanney came back through the smoke. He still held by a corner that old slip of paper. But he had forgotten it.

"Down't gow an' lose yer benk-nowt," said Tween, just to say something.

The Kid's mind was somewhere away. "What?" he said. "This?" When he saw what was meant he let the thing fall.

"Al'ays do to light a cig," said Tween, who was always short of a match. He picked up the paper and smoothed it, to fashion a spill. The next thing, he let a yell: "Chrahyst! if 'e yn't drawn the sawjint!"

Hanney stared at the noise. He did not take in, for a moment, that this was the slip he had drawn from a tin hat, as we all did, the morning he joined us, and had not even looked at.

Pratt helped him. Pratt's little dustbin of a mind was choke full of bits out of old movie plays, where everything works so that either one fellow has got to be killed or another. "You or 'im, 'Anney," he kept saying now. "It's you or 'im." Pratt was happy. A bit of real life seemed to be shaping at last like the trash that he enjoyed.

You could see the thing itself making its way in the mind of the Kid. You could almost feel his thoughts come, bit by bit—how he had been a beast ever to think of Gort's putting him up to be hit—and how Gort was probably wangling it now, to keep him alive—and how Gort himself had perhaps been killed by this time, and the blood money gone not to Gort but to him, the Kid, who had whined in his heart. It all worked in him, clear to see, like the apple in some scraggy throat, till I jumped up and said, "No, you don't!" and just got a hold upon him before he could make a break for the open again.

I was getting him tame when Gort's call of "Corporal Head!" came ringing again.

I shouted back, "Sergeant?"

"Double out here," he called.

"Corporal Mason, take charge," I sang out, and I doubled off through the smoke.

It was noon on a bleak clear day, clear without any sun, and the light seemed naked and pale and aghast, like a fainting face, after the warm, yellow gloom in Old Death. All the raw chalk in the open looked chilly and haggard, and wicked little whimpering winds were leaping about as they do just before the cruel bald dawns that you get in black frosts. When my tin hat went through our old hatch of a door, it was tinkling at once with the little bits of metals and earth and stone and the like that kept falling. The Germans were doing it well. All round us, above, the level ground was jumping and splashing up everywhere, just as a puddle does in a rainstorm.

But Gort's face took me most. It had changed more than his voice. It had always seemed to me to be screwed up a bit, as if he were holding it tight in some shape that he thought was the best. It had gone easy now. He was like some one well rid of all sorts of anxiety. *"Trop de tintamarre!"* he said, with the first smile I had ever seen on him. *"Trop de brouilliamini!"*

I had not known he knew Molière, or anything else except "Infantry Training, 1914." *That* he knew like "Our Father which art." Just a grand sergeant the man had seemed to me till now; nothing else in the world.

"Not real rum-fire yet," he said, like a collector rejecting a piece that is not quite the thing. "A little *pas d'intimidation* only. Gad! but he's getting on to the Jocks, though. O the men! The dear men!" Where we stood was the right flank of our sector, so we looked down the trench where the Gordons were, on our right, and Gort had just seen a great shot with an enemy trench-mortar bomb.

It had plumped, at that moment, as fairly into the trench as a golf-ball prettily lofted over a stymie. There it had thrown up a great mound of chalk, damming the trench and rising a good yard above the parapet level. Out of the top of this mound a pair of legs, properly booted and putteed, were now sticking straight up into the air, from halfway up the shin. I could have sworn they were just moving a little. Down in the mud of the

trench, on our side of the dam, a kilted man, with his buttocks blown away and his body half naked, was twisting like a cut worm and screaming for some one to put a bullet through his head. In an instant a little Jock private had rushed up on the mound, in sight of enemy and friend, and begun to tear with his hands at the earth round the two legs, like a terrier when it gets frantic with trying to dig out a rat. In his frenzy of clawing his fingers looked long and hooked, like some great savage bird's. It was no good, of course. For a marvel he lived it out for a second or two, hoisted up there like a target, and then a hulking Jock sergeant scrambled up to him and grabbed his collar and flung him down, like a kitten, into the shelter below, and dived after him, safe.

As they say, it put me in mind of my end. But there was work to do, luckily. "You'll take charge of the sector," said Gort. "I'm shirking till this little trouble is over."

The sergeant could say things like that. We knew him—at least, a bit of him—not all that I knew by now. For now I had found out the kind he was. I had suddenly slipped into knowing it, just as your heel will slip suddenly into a boot. I had seen a man like him before, when I was a boy—one that was always glum and sticky and not at his ease till a sailing boat had sunk with three of us on her in winter, a good mile from shore. He was a wit and a happy man for an hour, until we got through. And then he had gone dull again. I suppose he was born about a wreck below par, and it took a pretty thick danger to give him the run of all the great stuff he had in him. The sergeant was like him.

"I've posted the sentries," he said to me.

"Bar one," said I, "Sergeant."

"Oh, Hanney?" he said. "He can wait. I've a use for that post. Carry on, you, patroling. And, for the love of God, don't let the young uns get their heads free." He was eager to get me away.

I went along to our left. It was a miracle. Not a man had been hurt, above a small scratch. Gort was a wonder at keeping down losses. He used to coach and practice the new men in

judging the enemy's trench-mortar bombs, like catches at long-on in cricket, and jumping round corners of trench to put solid earth between them and the burst—and also in not trying, ever, to judge the rifle-grenades, but just lying low till the thin hiss or spit, of the flight had finished up in the nasty metallic rip of the little beast's bursting. Every man that we had was trench wise, thanks to Gort, bar the Kid, who had not had time to learn anything yet.

I came back by degrees to our right, stopping at each post to buck up the sentry there with some chat. When I came to the mouth of the little curved sap running out to the post where Hanney had been I thought I would give a look in. It was on the near lip of a big mine crater, the enemy holding the opposite lip, with a few yards of air between their rifles' muzzles and ours. Gort was there, stooping to peer through the steel crack of a loop-hole. His back was a sight—like a cat's when she quivers and wags her haunches with joy, crouching and watching a bird.

While I was reporting all well, a fat T. M. bomb started waddling across through the air, with its timber tail waving. "Resist not evil," Gort said, with his new happy smile, "with your head." We judged the ball, called "Left!" together, and jumped round an angle of earth in good time. It was near, though. I like them a bit farther off, but Gort's eyes were shining. They had a wild glee like a boy's when he hides in a bush, at some game, and the other side come close and don't see, but go on. Just to be chased and not caught, shot at and not hit—that's what one kind of man wants; it's his little nip of strong drink, and, wherever it's going, he'll never keep off it.

"Sergeant," I said, "do you know, this is very in-and-out running?" Of course it was cheek, and the more so as he had been always, to me, of the you-be-damned sort that will blast your eyes out of your head at the start of a talk and not go back very much on it afterward. Still, I felt it would go. He was clean off the earth, I could see, he had lifted right clear of all fear and fuss and the pride of his rank, and all the whole boiling of little mean things.

He cocked an eye at me lightly, not angry a bit. "Hullo!" he said. "These be hard words."

"You know," I said, "what you drew in the sweep?"

"Sweep?" he said. "For the Derby?"

"The first-blooder," said I, "for this tour in the trenches."

"God knows," he said. "I fancy I looked, at the time. Anyhow, I've forgotten."

He had. That was certain. "Well, sergeant," said I, "is it time I got Hanney?"

He gave a look round, with a flicking look on his face, like a dog scenting. "The muck's blowing over," he said; I could have sworn his face fell. I could not have said, myself, yet, that the firing was less. "Go the round again now," he went on, "and see are all fit."

"And send Hanney along?" I said, quickly. I felt it was urgent—I couldn't tell why. It was as if something, I couldn't tell what, had just begun to go on, and had to be stopped on the nail, like a fire.

He looked round and listened, again, sizing up the enemy's fire. He had been right about it, first time. A bombardment is just like a lot of notes played on a keyboard with changes of pace. I could tell now, it was slowing. Gort seemed to think for a moment, not minding. "Sting in the wine of being," I think he said to himself; "salt in the feast." And then to me, "Send him along."

I almost ran to the Trap. The storm was fast dropping into a calm. But you know how storms drop: with savage little returns, now and then, of their old pelting fury. Looking back as I went, I saw that nearly all of these last spurts seemed to fall near the crater. The dead calm was elsewhere.

I yelled to Hanney through the hatch, and he came bolting out like a whippet dog released to its master. Just at the moment he burst through the hatch I had a queer feeling that all the hurry was off. It was as if something too tight had gone snap. The urgency of the business seemed suddenly gone. As we started along the trench a little haystack of smoke, with the flame just put out in its heart, was drifting away from the crater.

The sound of the burst, long after all others, came like the last dropping bark a dog gives at the end of a great bout of temper. Not another thing fell.

I had my job to do, urgent or not. It did not take us long to reach the post on the lip of the crater. It was not much shattered. Rifle-grenades make no earthquakes like shells, but they can dissect pretty small. Nothing that you could have called a dead sergeant was left. There are walking cases and stretcher cases, and there is the ground-sheet case that only needs search and collection.

The boy, who had been in the leash half an hour, began to cry now and said he was ashamed and had let the man die for him. But I bade him look to his front and I got the place cleaned.

The babble of voices there was in the Trap that evening!—and I with some sort of a letter to write to Gort's wife. Each talking after his kind, man or beast or creeping thing, as God had created him. Mason had to be saying, every few minutes, that it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Barnard had drawn Tommy Tween in the sweep, and now he was sticking it out that Gort's death was not formally proved. "Is'e identified?" "Show me t'body." "Wot's a near forefoot to go by?" When he was not saying one of these things he was saying another. Pratt was sucking up to the winner already: "Wot abaht it, 'Anney? A little 'arf pint, 'long o' me, fust dye arter we're aht, jus' to wet the good luck?"

"O yes, if you like," Hanney said, to be rid of him. Hanney had been writing, too. He came across to me presently with his letter. "Shall we send them together?" he said. I guessed where his letter was for, but I wondered how he knew about mine.

THE LITTLE CLOUD

From DUBLINERS, *by* James Joyce, *published 1916 by* B. W. HUEBSCH, Inc.

JAMES JOYCE

James Joyce was born in Dublin in 1882. Since then he has made his home in Paris, Rome, Trieste, and Zurich. He has written verse, drama, and fiction, and something in *Ulysses* that is nearest to fiction, and yet, in its subconscious and scientific method, often distinct from fiction. It involves deep psychological exploration, bold handling of the sordidness and horror of life, and a bringing of language terribly close in rhythm and accuracy to the realities with which it deals.

Joyce's chief books are *Exiles*, *Dubliners*, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses*. The Rabelaisian humor in *Ulysses* that has outlawed it in the United States is not so marked in the earlier stories. But from the first Joyce's work has been in the modern manner, making little of incident, and much of spiritual nuance and complex knowledge of self.

Virginia Woolf, an excellent writer herself, says that Joyce is the most notable among sev-

eral young writers who "attempt to come closer to life, and to preserve more sincerely and exactly what interests and moves them, even if to do so they must discard most of the conventions which are commonly observed by the novelist. Let us record the atoms as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall; let us trace the pattern, however disconnected and incoherent in appearance, which each sight or incident scores upon the consciousness. Let us not take it for granted that life exists more fully in what is commonly thought big than in what is commonly thought small."

JAMES JOYCE

A LITTLE CLOUD

EIGHT years before he had seen his friend off at the North Wall and wished him godspeed. Gallaher had got on. You could tell that at once by his traveled air, his well-cut tweed suit, and fearless accent. Few fellows had talents like his and fewer still could remain unspoiled by such success. Gallaher's heart was in the right place and he had deserved to win. It was something to have a friend like that.

Little Chandler's thoughts ever since lunch-time had been of his meeting with Gallaher, of Gallaher's invitation and of the great city London where Gallaher lived. He was called Little Chandler because, though he was but slightly under the average stature, he gave one the idea of being a little man. His hands were white and small, his frame was fragile, his voice was quiet, and his manners were refined. He took the greatest care of his fair silken hair and mustache and used perfume discreetly on his handkerchief. The half-moons of his nails were perfect and when he smiled you caught a glimpse of a row of childish white teeth.

As he sat at his desk in the King's Inns he thought what changes those eight years had brought. The friend whom he had known under a shabby and necessitous guise had become a brilliant figure on the London Press. He turned often from his tiresome writing to gaze out of the office window. The glow of a late autumn sunset covered the grass plots and walks. It cast a shower of kindly golden dust on the untidy nurses and decrepit old men who drowsed on the benches; it flickered upon all the moving figures—on the children who ran screaming along the gravel paths and on everyone who passed through the gar-

dens. He watched the scene and thought of life; and (as always happened when he thought of life) he became sad. A gentle melancholy took possession of him. He felt how useless it was to struggle against fortune, this being the burden of wisdom which the ages had bequeathed to him.

He remembered the books of poetry upon his shelves at home. He had bought them in his bachelor days and many an evening, as he sat in the little room off the hall, he had been tempted to take one down from the bookshelf and read out something to his wife. But shyness had always held him back; and so the books had remained on their shelves. At times he repeated lines to himself and this consoled him.

When his hour had struck he stood up and took leave of his desk and of his fellow clerks punctiliously. He emerged from under the feudal arch of the King's Inns, a neat modest figure, and walked swiftly down Henrietta Street. The golden sunset was waning and the air had grown sharp. A horde of grimy children populated the street. They stood or ran in the roadway or crawled up the steps before the gaping doors or squatted like mice upon the thresholds. Little Chandler gave them no thought. He picked his way deftly through all that minute vermin-like life and under the shadow of the gaunt spectral mansions in which the old nobility of Dublin had roystered. No memory of the past touched him, for his mind was full of a present joy.

He had never been in Corless's, but he knew the value of the name. He knew that people went there after the theater to eat oysters and drink liqueurs; and he had heard that the waiters there spoke French and German. Walking swiftly by at night, he had seen cabs drawn up before the door and richly dressed ladies, escorted by cavaliers, alight and enter quickly. They wore noisy dresses and many wraps. Their faces were powdered and they caught up their dresses, when they touched the earth, like alarmed Atalantas. He had always passed without turning his head to look. It was his habit to walk swiftly in the street even by day, and whenever he found himself in the city late at night he hurried on his way apprehensively and excitedly. Some-

times, however, he courted the causes of his fear. He chose the darkest and narrowest streets and, as he walked boldly forward, the silence that was spread about his footsteps troubled him; and at times a sound of low fugitive laughter made him tremble like a leaf.

He turned to the right toward Chapel Street. Ignatius Gallaher on the London Press! Who would have thought it possible eight years before? Still, now that he reviewed the past, Little Chandler could remember many signs of future greatness in his friend. People used to say that Ignatius Gallaher was wild. Of course, he did mix with a rakish set of fellows at that time, drank freely and borrowed money on all sides. In the end he had got mixed up in some shady affair, some money transaction: at least, that was one version of his flight. But nobody denied him talent. There was always a certain . . . something in Ignatius Gallaher that impressed you in spite of yourself. Even when he was out at elbows and at his wits' end for money he kept up a bold face. Little Chandler remembered (and the remembrance brought a slight flush of pride to his cheek) one of Ignatius Gallaher's sayings when he was in a tight corner:

"Half time now, boys," he used to say light-heartedly. "Where's my considering cap?"

That was Ignatius Gallaher all out; and, damn it, you couldn't but admire him for it.

Little Chandler quickened his pace. For the first time in his life he felt himself superior to the people he passed. For the first time his soul revolted against the dull inelegance of Chapel Street. There was no doubt about it: if you wanted to succeed you had to go away. You could do nothing in Dublin. As he crossed Grattan Bridge he looked down the river toward the lower quays and pitied the poor stunted houses. They seemed to him a band of tramps, huddled together along the river banks, their old coats covered with dust and soot, stupefied by the panorama of sunset and waiting for the first chill of night to bid them arise, shake themselves and be gone. He wondered whether he could write a poem to express his idea. Perhaps Gallaher might

be able to get it into some London paper for him. Could he write something original? He was not sure what idea he wished to express but the thought that a poetic moment had touched him took life within him like an infant hope. He stepped onward bravely.

Every step brought him nearer to London, farther from his own sober inartistic life. A light began to tremble on the horizon of his mind. He was not so old—thirty-two. His temperament might be said to be just at the point of maturity. There were so many different moods and impressions that he wished to express in verse. He felt them within him. He tried to weigh his soul to see if it was a poet's soul. Melancholy was the dominant note of his temperament, he thought, but it was a melancholy tempered by recurrences of faith and resignation and simple joy. If he could give expression to it in a book of poems perhaps men would listen. He would never be popular: he saw that. He could not sway the crowd but he might appeal to a little circle of kindred minds. The English critics, perhaps, would recognize him as one of the Celtic school by reason of the melancholy tone of his poems; besides that, he would put in allusions. He began to invent sentences and phrases from the notice which his book would get. *"Mr. Chandler has the gift of easy and graceful verse."* . . . *"A wistful sadness pervades these poems."* . . . *"The Celtic Note."* It was a pity his name was not more Irish-looking. Perhaps it would be better to insert his mother's name before the surname: Thomas Malone Chandler, or better still: T. Malone Chandler. He would speak to Gallaher about it.

He pursued his revery so ardently that he passed his street and had to turn back. As he came near Corless's his former agitation began to overmaster him and he halted before the door in indecision. Finally he opened the door and entered.

The light and noise at the bar held him at the doorways for a few moments. He looked about him, but his sight was confused by the shining of many red and green wine-glasses. The bar seemed to him to be full of people and he felt that the people were observing him curiously. He glanced quickly to right and

left (frowning slightly to make his errand appear serious), but with his sight cleared a little he saw that nobody had turned to look at him: and there, sure enough, was Ignatius Gallaher leaning with his back against the counter and his feet planted far apart.

"Hallo, Tommy, old hero! Here you are! What is it to be? What will you have? I'm taking whisky: better stuff than we get across the water. Soda? Lithia? No mineral? I'm the same. Spoils the flavor. . . . Here, *garçon,* bring us two halves of malt whisky, like a good fellow. . . . Well, and how have you been pulling along since I saw you last? Dear God! how old we're getting! Do you see any signs of aging in me—eh, what? A little gray and thin on the top—what?"

Ignatius Gallaher took off his hat and displayed a large closely cropped head. His face was heavy, pale, and clean-shaven. His eyes, which were of bluish slate-color, relieved his unhealthy pallor and shone out plainly above the vivid orange tie he wore. Between these rival features the lips appeared very long and shapeless and colorless. He bent his head and felt with two sympathetic fingers the thin hair at the crown. Little Chandler shook his head as a denial. Ignatius Gallaher put on his hat again.

"It pulls you down," he said, "Press life. Always hurry and scurry, looking for copy and sometimes not finding it: and then, always to have something new in your stuff. Damn proofs and printers, I say, for a few days. I'm deuced glad, I can tell you, to get back to the old country. Does a fellow good, a bit of a holiday. I feel a ton better since I landed again in dear dirty Dublin. . . . Here you are, Tommy. Water? Say when."

Little Chandler allowed his whisky to be very much diluted.

"You don't know what's good for you, my boy," said Ignatius Gallaher. "I drink mine neat."

"I drink very little, as a rule," said Little Chandler, modestly. "An odd half-one or so when I meet any of the old crowd; that's all."

"Ah, well," said Ignatius Gallaher, cheerfully, "here's to us and to old times and old acquaintance."

They clinked glasses and drank the toast.

"I met some of the old gang to-day," said Ignatius Gallaher. "O'Hara seems to be in a bad way. What's he doing?"

"Nothing," said Little Chandler. "He's gone to the dogs."

"But Hogan has a good sit, hasn't he?"

"Yes; he's in the Land Commission."

"I met him one night in London and he seemed to be very flush. . . . Poor O'Hara! Boose, I suppose?"

"Other things, too," said Little Chandler, shortly. Ignatius Gallaher laughed.

"Tommy," he said, "I see you haven't changed an atom. You're the very same serious person that used to lecture me on Sunday mornings when I had a sore head and a fur on my tongue. You'd want to knock about a bit in the world. Have you never been anywhere even for a trip?"

"I've been to the Isle of Man," said Little Chandler.

Ignatius Gallaher laughed.

"The Isle of Man!" he said. "Go to London or Paris: Paris, for choice. That'd do you good."

"Have you seen Paris?"

"I should think I have! I've knocked about there a little."

"And is it really so beautiful as they say?" asked Little Chandler.

He sipped a little of his drink while Ignatius Gallaher finished his boldly.

"Beautiful?" said Ignatius Gallaher, pausing on the word and on the flavor of his drink. "It's not so beautiful, you know. Of course, it is beautiful. . . . But it's the life of Paris; that's the thing. Ah, there's no city like Paris for gaiety, movement, excitement. . . . ."

Little Chandler finished his whisky and, after some trouble, succeeded in catching the barman's eye. He ordered the same again.

"I've been to the Moulin Rouge," Ignatius Gallaher continued when the barman had removed their glasses, "and I've been to all the Bohemian cafés. Hot stuff! Not for a pious chap like you, Tommy."

Little Chandler said nothing until the barman returned with two glasses: then he touched his friend's glass lightly and reciprocated the former toast. He was beginning to feel somewhat disillusioned. Gallaher's accent and way of expressing himself did not please him. There was something vulgar in his friend which he had not observed before. But perhaps it was only the result of living in London amid the bustle and competition of the Press. The old personal charm was still there under this new gaudy manner. And, after all, Gallaher had lived, he had seen the world. Little Chandler looked at his friend enviously.

"Everything in Paris is gay," said Ignatius Gallaher. "They believe in enjoying life—and don't you think they're right? If you want to enjoy yourself properly you must go to Paris. And, mind you, they've a great feeling for the Irish there. When they heard I was from Ireland they were ready to eat me, man."

Little Chandler took four or five sips from his glass.

"Tell me," he said, "is it true that Paris is so . . . immoral as they say?"

Ignatius Gallaher made a catholic gesture with his right arm.

"Every place is immoral," he said. "Of course you do find spicy bits in Paris. Go to one of the students' balls, for instance. That's lively, if you like, when the *cocottes* begin to let themselves loose. You know what they are, I suppose?"

"I've heard of them," said Little Chandler.

Ignatius Gallaher drank off his whisky and shook his head.

"Ah," he said, "you may say what you like. There's no woman like the Parisienne—for style, for go."

"Then it is an immoral city," said Little Chandler, with timid insistence—"I mean, compared with London or Dublin?"

"London!" said Ignatius Gallaher. "It's six of one and half a dozen of the other. You ask Hogan, my boy. I showed him a bit about London when he was over there. He'd open your eye. . . . I say, Tommy, don't make punch of that whisky. Liquor up."

"No, really. . . ."

"Oh, come on! Another one won't do you any harm. What is it? The same again, I suppose?"

"Well . . . all right."

"*François*, the same again. . . Will you smoke, Tommy?" Ignatius Gallaher produced his cigar-case. The two friends lit their cigars and puffed at them in silence until their drinks were served.

"I'll tell you my opinion," said Ignatius Gallaher, emerging after some time from the clouds of smoke in which he had taken refuge, "it's a rum world. Talk of immorality! I've heard of cases—what am I saying?—I've known them: cases of . . . immorality. . . ."

Ignatius Gallaher puffed thoughtfully at his cigar and then, in a calm historian's tone, he proceeded to sketch for his friend some pictures of the corruption which was rife abroad. He summarized the vices of many capitals and seemed inclined to award the palm to Berlin. Some things he could not vouch for (his friends had told him), but of others he had had personal experience. He spared neither rank nor caste. He revealed many of the secrets of religious houses on the Continent and described some of the practices which were fashionable in high society, and ended by telling, with details, a story about an English duchess—a story which he knew to be true. Little Chandler was astonished.

"Ah, well," said Ignatius Gallaher, "here we are in old jog-along Dublin where nothing is known of such things."

"How dull you must find it," said Little Chandler, "after all the other places you've seen!"

"Well," said Ignatius Gallaher, "it's a relaxation to come over here, you know. And, after all, it's the old country, as they say, isn't it? You can't help having a certain feeling for it. That's human nature. . . . But tell me something about yourself. Hogan told me you had . . . tasted the joys of connubial bliss. Two years ago, wasn't it?"

Little Chandler blushed and smiled.

"Yes," he said. "I was married last May twelve months."

"I hope it's not too late in the day to offer my best wishes,"

said Ignatius Gallaher. "I didn't know your address or I'd have done so at the time."

He extended his hand, which Little Chandler took.

"Well, Tommy," he said, "I wish you and yours every joy in life, old chap, and tons of money, and may you never die till I shoot you. And that's the wish of a sincere friend, an old friend. You know that?"

"I know that," said Little Chandler.

"Any youngsters?" said Ignatius Gallaher.

Little Chandler blushed again.

"We have one child," he said.

"Son or daughter?"

"A little boy."

Ignatius Gallaher slapped his friend sonorously on the back.

"Bravo!" he said. "I wouldn't doubt you, Tommy."

Little Chandler smiled, looked confusedly at his glass, and bit his lower lip with three childishly white front teeth.

"I hope you'll spend an evening with us," he said, "before you go back. My wife will be delighted to meet you. We can have a little music and——"

"Thanks awfully, old chap," said Ignatius Gallaher. "I'm sorry we didn't meet earlier. But I must leave to-morrow night."

"To-night, perhaps . . . ?"

"I'm awfully sorry, old man. You see I'm over here with another fellow, clever young chap he is too, and we arranged to go to a little card party. Only for that. . ."

"Oh, in that case. . ."

"But who knows?" said Ignatius Gallaher considerately. "Next year I may take a little skip over here, now that I've broken the ice. It's only a pleasure deferred."

"Very well," said Little Chandler, "that next time you come we must have an evening together. That's agreed now, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's agreed," said Ignatius Gallaher. "Next year, if I come, *parole d'honneur*."

"And to clinch the bargain," said Little Chandler, "we'll just have one more now."

Ignatius Gallaher took out a large gold watch and looked at it.

"Is it to be the last?" he said. "Because you know, I have an a. p."

"Oh, yes, positively," said Little Chandler.

"Very well, then," said Ignatius Gallaher, "let us have another one as a *deoc an doruis*—that's good vernacular for a small whisky, I believe."

Little Chandler ordered the drinks. The blush which had risen to his face a few moments before was establishing itself. A trifle made him blush at any time: and now he felt warm and excited. Three small whiskies had gone to his head and Gallaher's strong cigar had confused his mind, for he was a delicate and abstinent person. The adventure of meeting Gallaher after eight years, of finding himself with Gallaher in Corless's surrounded by lights and noise, of listening to Gallaher's stories and of sharing for a brief space Gallaher's vagrant and triumphant life, upset the equipoise of his sensitive nature. He felt acutely the contrast between his own life and his friend's, and it seemed to him unjust. Gallaher was his inferior in birth and education. He was sure that he could do something better than his friend had ever done, or could ever do, something higher than mere tawdry journalism if he only got the chance. What was it that stood in his way? His unfortunate timidity! He wished to vindicate himself in some way, to assert his manhood. He saw behind Gallaher's refusal of his invitation. Gallaher was only patronizing him by his friendliness just as he was patronizing Ireland by his visit.

The barman brought their drinks. Little Chandler pushed one glass toward his friend and took up the other boldly.

"Who knows?" he said, as they lifted their glasses. "When you come next year I may have the pleasure of wishing long life and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Ignatius Gallaher."

Ignatius Gallaher in the act of drinking closed one eye expressively over the rim of his glass. When he had drunk he smacked his lips decisively, set down his glass, and said:

"No blooming fear of that, my boy. I'm going to have my

fling first and see a bit of life and the world before I put my head in the sack—if I ever do."

"Some day you will," said Little Chandler, calmly.

Ignatius Gallaher turned his orange tie and slate-blue eyes full upon his friend.

"You think so?" he said.

"You'll put your head in the sack," repeated Little Chandler, stoutly, "like everyone else if you can find the girl."

He had slightly emphasized his tone and he was aware that he had betrayed himself; but, though the color had heightened in his cheek, he did not flinch his friend's gaze. Ignatius Gallaher watched him for a few moments and then said:

"If ever it occurs, you may bet your bottom dollar there'll be no mooning and spooning about it. I mean to marry money. She'll have a good fat account at the bank or she won't do for me."

Little Chandler shook his head.

"Why, man alive," said Ignatius Gallaher, vehemently, "do you know what it is? I've only to say the word and to-morrow I can have the woman and the cash. You don't believe it? Well, I know it. There are hundreds—what am I saying?—thousands of rich Germans and Jews, rotten with money, that'd only be too glad. . . . You wait a while, my boy. See if I don't play my cards properly. When I go about a thing I mean business, I tell you. You just wait."

He tossed his glass to his mouth, finished his drink, and laughed loudly. Then he looked thoughtfully before him and said in a calmer tone:

"But I'm in no hurry. They can wait. I don't fancy tying myself up to one woman, you know."

He imitated with his mouth the act of tasting and made a wry face.

"Must get a bit stale, I should think," he said.

. . . . . .

Little Chandler sat in the room off the hall, holding a child in his arms. To save money they kept no servant, but Annie's young sister Monica came for an hour or so in the morning and

an hour or so in the evening to help. But Monica had gone home long ago. It was a quarter to nine. Little Chandler had come home late for tea and, moreover, he had forgotten to bring Annie home the parcel of coffee from Bewley's. Of course she was in a bad humor and gave him short answers. She said she would do without any tea, but when it came near the time at which the shop at the corner closed she decided to go out herself for a quarter of a pound of tea and two pounds of sugar. She put the sleeping child deftly in his arms and said:

"Here. Don't waken him."

A little lamp with a white china shade stood upon the table and its light fell over a photograph which was inclosed in a frame of crumpled horn. It was Annie's photograph. Little Chandler looked at it, pausing at the thin tight lips. She wore the pale-blue summer blouse which he had brought her home as a present one Saturday. It had cost him ten and elevenpence; but what an agony of nervousness it had cost him! How he had suffered that day, waiting at the shop door until the shop was empty, standing at the counter and trying to appear at his ease while the girl piled ladies' blouses before him, paying at the desk and forgetting to take up the odd penny of his change, being called back by the cashier, and finally striving to hide his blushes as he left the shop by examining the parcel to see if it was securely tied. When he brought the blouse home Annie kissed him and said it was very pretty and stylish; but when she heard the price she threw the blouse on the table and said it was a regular swindle to charge ten and elevenpence for it. At first she wanted to take it back, but when she tried it on she was delighted with it, especially with the make of the sleeves, and kissed him and said he was very good to think of her.

Hm! . . .

He looked coldly into the eyes of the photograph and they answered coldly. Certainly they were pretty and the face itself was pretty. But he found something mean in it. Why was it so unconscious and ladylike? The composure of the eyes irritated him. They repelled him and defied him: there was no passion in them, no rapture. He thought of what Gallaher had said

about rich Jewesses. Those dark Oriental eyes, he thought, how full they are of passion, of voluptuous longing! . . . Why had he married the eyes in the photograph?

He caught himself up at the question and glanced nervously round the room. He found something mean in the pretty furniture which he had bought for his house on the hire system. Annie had chosen it herself and it reminded him of her. It too was prim and pretty. A dull resentment against his life awoke within him. Could he not escape from his little house? Was it too late for him to try to live bravely like Gallaher? Could he go to London? There was the furniture still to be paid for. If he could only write a book and get it published, that might open the way for him.

A volume of Byron's poems lay before him on the table. He opened it cautiously with his left hand lest he should waken the child and began to read the first poem in the book:

> Hushed are the winds and still the evening gloom,
> Not e'en a Zephyr wanders through the grove,
> Whilst I return to view my Margaret's tomb
> And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

He paused. He felt the rhythm of the verse about him in the room. How melancholy it was! Could he, too, write like that, express the melancholy of his soul in verse? There were so many things he wanted to describe: his sensation of a few hours before on Grattan Bridge, for example. If he could get back again into that mood. . . .

The child awoke and began to cry. He turned from the page and tried to hush it: but it would not be hushed. He began to rock it to and fro in his arms but its wailing cry grew keener. He rocked it faster while his eyes began to read the second stanza:

> Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,
> That clay where once . . .

It was useless. He couldn't read. He couldn't do anything. The wailing of the child pierced the drum of his ear. It was

useless, useless! He was a prisoner for life. His arms trembled with anger and suddenly bending to the child's face he shouted:

"Stop!"

The child stopped for an instant, had a spasm of fright, and began to scream. He jumped up from his chair and walked hastily up and down the room with the child in his arms. It began to sob piteously, losing its breath for four or five seconds, and then bursting out anew. The thin walls of the room echoed the sound. He tried to soothe it, but it sobbed more convulsively. He looked at the contracted and quivering face of the child and began to be alarmed. He counted seven sobs without a break between them and caught the child to his breast in fright. If it died! . . .

The door was burst open and a young woman ran in, panting.

"What is it? What is it?" she cried.

The child, hearing its mother's voice, broke out into a paroxysm of sobbing.

"It's nothing, Annie . . . it's nothing. . . . He began to cry . . ."

She flung her parcels on the floor and snatched the child from him.

"What have you done to him?" she cried, glaring into his face.

Little Chandler sustained for one moment the gaze of her eyes and his heart closed together as he met the hatred in them. He began to stammer:

"It's nothing. . . . He . . . he began to cry. . . . I couldn't . . . I didn't do anything. . . . What?"

Giving no heed to him, she began to walk up and down the room, clasping the child tightly in her arms and murmuring:

"My little man! My little mannie! Was 'ou frightened, love? . . . There now, love! There now! . . . Lambabaun! Mamma's little lamb of the world! . . . There now!"

Little Chandler felt his cheeks suffused with shame and he stood back out of the lamplight. He listened while the paroxysm of the child's sobbing grew less and less, and tears of remorse started to his eyes.

MILKING TIME

By permission of Mr. Liam O'Flaherty *and The Dial.*

LIAM O'FLAHERTY

Liam O'Flaherty is a young Irishman whose name is not yet in *Who's Who*. He has been writing stories for English magazines for several years, and in the United States, *The Dial* has recently printed several of his pieces. A new book of stories, *Spring Sowing*, which contains "Milking Time," has recently been published by Knopf. A *Saturday Review of Literature* writer says, in part, of the book:

"Liam O'Flaherty, product of Synge's Aran Island, fighter in France and Ireland, sailor of the seven seas, and tramp on four continents, is one of the newcomers in literature who is worth watching. He is a kind of Irish Gorki. . . . He is symptomatic of the newer Ireland that gave up dreaming of her past in order to fight for her present freedom. *Spring Sowing* hurls its short stories at the reader like bombs. One comes out of the encounter bruised and scarred, perhaps needing some time to recuperate, but with a wholesome respect for Mr. O'Flaherty's power and, if one's nerves are strong and stomach stout, an eagerness to meet him on his next battlefield."

LIAM O'FLAHERTY

MILKING TIME

Softly, softly the milk flowed from the taut tapering teats into its own white upward heaving froth. It flowed in two white columns, shooting, crossing, and descending with a soft swirling sound through the billowing froth.

There is no soft cadence as soothing as its sound, no scent as pure as its warm smell, cow smell, blood smell, milk smell, mingling with the thousand soft smells of a summer evening.

The cow stood on the summit of a grassy knoll. Behind her there was a rock-strewn ridge, making a gray horizon against the sky. In front there was a vast expanse of falling land, falling in flat terraces to the distant sea. Close by, the land was green, bright under the rays of the setting sun, but in the distance it was covered with white mist, as if it rolled, dust raising, to the sea.

The cow chewed her cud, looking through half-closed luminous eyes downward at the mist-covered falling land. Her red flanks shivered with content, the pleasure of being milked by a sweet-smelling crooning woman, the pressure of whose soft fingers against her teats was gentler than the pressure of a calf's gums.

And the woman milking the cow was in an ecstasy of happiness. It was her first time milking her husband's cow, her cow henceforth. They had been married on Thursday. It was now Sunday evening and they had come together to milk the cow, as was the custom among the people.

Her husband lay on the grass watching her as she milked, listening to her crooning voice and to the many voices of the birds; thinking.

"Isn't it wonderful how your little fingers can milk so quickly?" he said.

She turned her head and shook her towering mass of black hair proudly, smooth-combed winding tresses of black gleaming in the twilight, red lips smiling as they crooned, a full white throat swelling with soft words; crooning meaningless words of joy as she looked at him.

He looked at her happily and smiled, swallowing his breath. "Wasn't it lovely to-day, Kitty," he said, "coming from mass?" She bowed her head dreamily.

"Everybody was looking at us as we came out of the chapel together. We are the tallest couple in the parish, and I heard many talking about us in whispers as we passed along the road between the men sitting on the stone walls. Were you shy?"

"I was. I put my shawl out over my head so they couldn't see my face. I thought I'd never get out of sight of the people."

"After all, it's a great thing," he said.

"What's a great thing, Michael?"

His freckled face became serious. He looked away into the distance over the mist-covered falling land to where the dim horizon of the sea dwindled into a pale emptiness.

"How tall he is," she thought; "and although his arms are as hard as iron he touches me gently. . . . What's a great thing, Michael?" she said again.

"Well, it's hard to say what it is, but we are here together now, and there is nothing else, is there?"

"How?"

"Before, on a Sunday evening, I always wanted to go off somewhere and maybe get drunk; but now I don't want to do anything at all, only just to lie here and watch you milking the cow."

She did not reply. She flushed slightly and bent her head against the cow's warm side, thinking of other Sundays when she sat among the village women on the green hill above the beach, singing songs as they knitted. Then she used to dream of love and of some strange man, formless, unknown, who would take her gently in strong arms and kiss her.

But she just said, "Men are queer," and, changing her hands, she drew at the hind teats, wetting them first with the froth and pressing slowly until two fresh white streams flowed downward.

The cow raised a hoof languidly and stamped, swinging her tail. Michael laughed.

"Maybe they are," he said.

There was silence.

"Michael."

"What?"

"Sure you won't be going off again on Sunday evenings to get drunk when you get tired of me?"

"I'll never get tired of you, Kitty."

"Ah yes, it's very easy to say that now when we are only a few days married, but maybe—"

"No, Kitty, there's going to be no maybe with us. We'll have too much work to do to get tired of one another. It's only people who have nothing to do that get tired of one another."

"It will be lovely working together, Michael. I love pulling the potato stalks in autumn and then picking the potatoes off the ridge, and at dinner time we'll roast a few in the ground with a fire of stalks."

"The two of us."

"Yes."

"But we have all summer before that. There isn't much work in summer, only fishing. I'm going fishing to-morrow."

"Then you'll be away all day, and I'll be lonely with nobody in the house."

"You won't feel it until I come back again with a lot of fish. It would be grand to take you with me in the boat, but people would be laughing at us."

They became silent as she finished milking, drawing the dregs, the richest of the milk, carefully. It was like a ceremony, their first milking together, and both their minds were awed at the new strange knowledge that had come to their simple natures, something that belonged to them both, twining their souls, conscious of their present happiness, with a dim realization of the great struggle that was to come, struggling with the earth and

with the sea for food. This dim realization tinged their happiness with a gentle sadness, without which happiness is always coarse and vulgar.

She finished milking. Michael rose and spilled half the milk into a bucket for the calf.

"You take it to him," he said, "so that he'll get used to you."

The cow lowed, lazily looking at them with great eyes. Then she walked with heavy hoofs to the fence beyond which her calf was waiting for his milk in a little field. Putting her head over the fence, she licked his upraised snout.

They pushed aside the cow's head and lowered the bucket to the calf. He dashed at it, sank his nozzle into the white froth, and began to drink greedily, his red curly back trembling with eagerness.

Kitty rubbed his forehead as he drank.

Then they walked home silently, hand in hand, in the twilight.

GRANDMOTHER

From EARLHAM, *by* Percy Lubbock, *by permission of* CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, *publishers.*

PERCY LUBBOCK

Percy Lubbock is an English critic and novelist. Besides a great deal of excellent criticism written for the best English magazines he has done Samuel Pepys fine service in the redaction of his diary; he has paid high praise to his master, Henry James, in *The Craft of Fiction*, which is an excellent analysis of the fiction process; and in *Earlham* he has left as fine a record as there is of the English country home. In a review of Lubbock's last book, *The Region Cloud*, C. K. Trueblood writes in *The Dial:* "Perhaps the sum of Mr. Lubbock's gifts is to be found in his imaginative and very fastidious appreciation of life. To him, it would seem, life is pictorial, proceeds as great scenes for the memory, now shining, now overcast, now grand, now minute, but always to be so discriminated and thought over as to yield some treasurable beauty."

PERCY LUBBOCK

GRANDMOTHER

THE new tradition at Earlham was very like the old; but in certain ways it was a much better one. Our grandparents struck deeply into the soil of the life around them; that sense of a space-encircled, insulated household, which I got from the older story of the place, could not survive for a day in the new condition of things which they created. Earlham was no longer only a family affair, the center of a close circle; it was diffused, spreading year by year in widest commonalty. Our grandfather, though he believed that he believed in a doctrine both narrow and harsh—how narrow, how blackly intolerant was revealed when it appeared in others of a different clay—lived upon free spiritual emotions that broadened continually, I judge, as he advanced to old age. And as for our grandmother, her unfettered, untutored, impulsive heart made nothing of any barriers; it ignored distinctions and conventions, it ranged where it would, swiftly responding to any human call.

She was one who acted always on impulse, on the beat of the moment; and since she never knew a thought that was in sight of being a selfish one, the whole surface of her life was sensitive and quick to the world about her. A heart like hers can live without scheme or plan, and yet live in perfect and consistent harmony with itself; for behind all its wayward expression there can never be but a single motive. Whatever she said or did was whatever seemed desirable and inevitable then and there, on the instant; but it was only the form, the manner that was unexpected, surprising, sometimes even disconcerting. It was prompted by the pure flame of rapture, I can call it nothing else, which was her constant inspiration—an ardor of faith and love

that was both serenely deep, and also to the end, for all her many sorrows, inextinguishably gay.

She had great dignity, the kind of native dignity and distinction that never needs to take or dreams of taking a single thought for itself. Matronly and motherly, with a fine bearing and sweep of soft raiment, she met the guest and presided over the lavish hospitality of Earlham. And yet it seems to me, looking back, that she was never quite in the place or sustaining the position that you would expect. She has just for the moment slipped out of her place—has given up her seat in the carriage, say, to some tired woman she has sighted on the road, while she herself walks home—or she has disappeared up into the gallery in church to direct the organist (it was really a harmonium) or help a mother embarrassed with a restless child—or she is missed at the head of the table and found at her cupboard in the hall, secreting something that she has filched from one of the dishes for a sick friend; and always with an air of explaining that she is really not doing what she clearly is, that she has *not* left her place, that she will be back there so soon that it doesn't count. Then she would join the laugh against herself, but never quite admit that it was justified; there was always a special reason for the aberration of the moment that explained it quite away. In her last years, when she was supposed to rest late and not to appear at morning prayers, there would be heard a light rustle on the staircase, while our grandfather was reading and expounding—a rustle, a faint sigh, as she sat by the banisters, believing herself out of sight; and well I see her afterward when she protests, still seated on the stairs, that indeed she has practically stayed in bed.

Best of all, perhaps, I see her as she was so often to be seen, in the garden of an early summer morning—very early, before the white dew on the lawn has been touched by any footstep and while everything still sparkles and twinkles, "*herrlich wie am ersten Tag.*" To the garden in the freshness of its magic she would often be drawn; at any hour she might be descried, lightly, informally gowned and wrapped, pacing the gravel paths with her easy gracious upright movement. One may have seen

many people enjoying the charm and benediction of nature and drinking in the purity of the morning with delight; but I am sure I never saw anyone who rejoiced in the hour like our grandmother. She moved through the garden, she trod the walks, uplifted and transfigured, as though with triumph and exultation in the loveliness that surrounded her. When the first sunshine shot across the blue-shadowed grass you might discern her, looking from your window, as she strayed along the path that bounded the lawn, on the further side of it from the house, separated only by the sunk fence from the great old oaks of the park. Slowly she moved, her white and trailing garments gathered round her, her eyes gazing widely, her face alight with praise and joy. New every morning was her rapture in the gift of the world's beauty; the wonder never grew less, no sorrow dimmed or defeated it. And mixed with her joy in the moment there was always the inner thought of the celestial beauty, unimaginably beyond this earthly, rarer even than this which seemed already beautiful beyond conception. And so as she passed and repassed she carried with her a very radiance of adoration, magnifying the work of her maker and giving thanks forever.

The traditions of her birth and training were very inconsistent in one respect. The natural beauty of the world might belong to the kingdom of heaven, for it was the work of the great artificer and glorified his power; the spirit of religion breathed in the divine freshness of the morning, green and blue and gold; holiness was there manifest, and to lose yourself in contemplation of the marvel could only lead you higher. But beauty of man's creation, the work of the created, lay under a suspicion; it must justify itself, the presumption was against its purity and sanctity unless it was explicit in its lofty purpose. It is an old story; I cannot but think that the monkish distrust of beauty in any form, the beauty of field and wood like any other, not expressly dedicated to the service of the most high, is a more reasonable perversity. Let it all be disgraceful together, everything that enchants the eye or the ear or the imagination—why not? But still, if you are very certain of the badness and black-

ness of man's heart, I suppose you must assume that the work of his hands is tainted, unless it bears a recognized phylactery; and you may believe in the innocence of a bird or a flower, that no man made even though it is beautiful. Only man is vile—that is your logic.

But if you intensely and affectionately believe in the goodness of man's heart, in the rightness of his intention—and yet the old mistrustful tradition holds you, bidding you beware, setting you on your guard in the presence of the unsanctioned fervour of an artist: is not this a perverse confusion to have drifted into? I return again and again to a sense of resentment, not indeed personal, that people like our grandparents should have been impelled to assure themselves, or to feel that they ought to be assured, of something dubious, deceitful, not to be trusted, lurking generally within the soul of art. No false doctrine, it is true, can greatly matter in the lives of such people; because their own true nature, so much larger than the teaching imposed upon it, has its way of flouting perversity in any form. But something remains, something that checks and crosses the natural impulse of a spirit ardently eager and awake. The imagination, crying out for nourishment, is neglected, discouraged; one's private world does not get its due enlargement.

Our grandmother's quick and sympathetic fancy, I see, was never finally disheartened by such treatment. It was always ready to seize a chance and to carry her beyond the circle of ideas and emotions of which she traditionally approved. Remembering the recurring scene that took place when she found herself drawn into the reading of a book, a secular story-book, I understand how her genius must have been straining toward its own. Small its chances were, but it clutched them. Secular books were never conspicuous at Earlham; they tended to hide in our uncles' rooms, to turn their faces to the wall, to be wrapped in non-committal covers of paper; it was not at all a house where the "last novel" would lightly lie on the table. But now and then, perhaps, one of them would happen to fall in the way of the mistress of the house; she might take it up to glance at a page, half-protesting; and then the sequel was cer-

tain and well-known. She was absorbed, she was lost; late as it might be, she would run through the story and finish it to the end before she slept. She was an active, swift-glancing reader, when she read; she had a hand and eye that seemed predisposed to a book, like the skill of a craftsman born. She turned the page with none of the cautions or painful circumspection of those who do not habitually live with books, who read as though they were conscientiously verifying a doubtful statement. She was lost until she had finished the book; and her children knew well the gush of indignation in her voice, next morning, when her self-reproach, the thought of precious wasted hours, turned to rend the poor book and its author—such a silly, foolish book, worse than foolish, snaring one to waste time upon idle trifles. Small indications—but they showed how an imagination, diligently discountenanced, would still live on and watch for its opportunity and make the most of it: with that old tradition, the invention of souls successfully chilled and dulled, always at hand to afflict a tender conscience and extort its payment.

It is a familiar story indeed; no doubt there have always been opulent natures misfitted by the beliefs and opinions of smaller folk. Beliefs that had arisen in hearts that to hers were as the crab-apple to the golden apricot—ideas that could no more have sprung in the climate of her life than dead-sea fruit in a green pasture—these were somehow to be kept and held as though they were prompted by inner voices, as though they expressed one's deepest need. Somehow the adjustment was to be made, and so made that one should never even notice the discrepancy oneself; the submissive heart must accept these unlikely intruders and be convinced that they are its very offspring. And as for being so convinced, it would seem that there is no difficulty in that; never for a moment could such a spirit as this of which I am thinking be inclined to contradict, to question, to disown the notions so foisted upon it. Theoretically you are limited to a very narrow path, and it is woe to those without; theoretically your scheme of faith is closely bound about, and its edges are terribly decided. But after all it is to be seen that

nothing on earth will really constrain you, will be allowed to dictate to such a spirit as this; charity, warm ripe, instantly oblivious of the precepts it has accepted, soars above them and escapes. *Anima naturaliter christiana*—it is not to hold or to bind by jealous and timorous devices. The most that these can effect is now and then to distress the Christian conscience with a needless, unmerited pang. It is the triumph of the meaner souls—not a great one, when all is said.

ON GOING DRY

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A. A. MILNE

Alan Alexander Milne was born in 1882. As a boy he aspired to the editorship of *Granta*, leading magazine of Cambridge University, and he made it. From 1906 to 1914 he was assistant editor of *Punch*. After service in France, where his humor and his play-making ability served the soldiers, he decided to have done with journalism in favor of dramatic writing. "Mr. Pim Passes By" and "The Dover Road" are two of his best plays. He has also written a novel and many essays and verses—particularly *When We Were Very Young*, the gusto of which would please Max Beerbohm who once said that plays about children written for adults he could tolerate, but plays about adults written for children were apt to bore him. Only, Milne's book is verse written for children. In his essays Milne can put wisdom in a jest. His satire is edged with genial laughter, but his easy grace is no sign of shallow thinking.

A. A. MILNE

ON GOING DRY

THERE are fortunate mortals who can always comfort themselves with a *cliché*. If any question arises as to the moral value of Racing, whether in war-time or in peace-time, they will murmur something about "improving the breed of horses," and sleep afterward with an easy conscience. To one who considers how many millions of people are engaged upon this important work, it is surprising that nothing more notable in the way of a super-horse has as yet emerged; one would have expected at least by this time something which combined the flying powers of the hawk with the diving powers of the seal. No doubt this is what the followers of the Colonel's Late Wire are aiming at, and even if they have to borrow ten shillings from the till in the good cause, they feel that possibly by means of that very ten shillings Nature has approximated a little more closely to the desired animal. Supporters of Hunting, again, will tell you, speaking from inside knowledge, that "the fox likes it," and one is left breathless at the thought of the altruism of the human race, which will devote so much time and money to amusing a small bushy-tailed four-legged friend who might otherwise be bored. And the third member of the Triple Alliance, which has made England what it is, is Beer, and in support of Beer there is also a *cliché* ready. Talk to anybody about Intemperance, and he will tell you solemnly, as if this disposed of the trouble, that "one can just as easily be intemperate in other matters as in the matter of alcohol." After which, it seems almost a duty to a broadminded man to go out and get drunk.

It is, of course, true that we can be intemperate in eating as well as in drinking, but the results of the intemperance would

appear to be different. After a fifth help of rice pudding one does not become over-familiar with strangers, nor does an extra slice of ham inspire a man to beat his wife. After five pints of beer (or fifteen or fifty) a man will "go anywhere in reason, but he won't go home"; after five helps of rice pudding, I imagine, home would seem to him the one desired haven. The two intemperances may be equally blameworthy, but they are not equally offensive to the community. Yet for some reason over-eating is considered the mark of the beast, and over-drinking the mark of rather a fine fellow.

The poets and other gentlemen who have written so much romantic nonsense about "good red wine" and "good brown ale" are responsible for this. I admit that a glass of Burgundy is a more beautiful thing than a blanc-mange, but I do not think it follows that a surfeit of one is more heroic than a surfeit of the other. There may be a divinity in the grape which excuses excess, but if so, one would expect it to be there even before the grape had been trodden on by somebody else. Yet no poet ever hymned the man who tucked into the dessert, or told him that he was by way of becoming a jolly good fellow. He is only by way of becoming a pig.

"It is the true, the blushful Hippocrene." To tell oneself this is to pardon everything. However unpleasant a drunken man may seem at first sight, as soon as one realizes that he has merely been putting away a blushful Hippocrene, one ceases to be angry with him. If Keats or somebody had said of a piece of underdone mutton, "It is the true, the blushful Canterbury," indigestion would carry a more romantic air, and at the third helping one could claim to be a bit of a devil. "The beaded bubbles winking at the brim"—this might also have been sung of a tapioca pudding, in which case a couple of tapioca puddings would certainly qualify the recipient as one of the boys. If only the poets had praised over-eating rather than over-drinking, how much pleasanter the streets would be on festival nights!

I suppose that I have already said enough to have written myself down a Temperance Fanatic, a Thin-blooded Cocoa-drinker, and a number of other things equally contemptible;

which is all very embarrassing to a man who is composing at the moment on port, and who gets entangled in the skin of cocoa whenever he tries to approach it. But if anything could make me take kindly to cocoa, it would be the sentimental rubbish which is written about the "manliness" of drinking alcohol. It is no more manly to drink beer (not even if you call it good brown ale) than it is to drink beef tea. It may be more healthy; I know nothing about that, nor, from the diversity of opinion expressed, do the doctors; it may be cheaper, more thirst-quenching, anything you like. But it is a thing the village idiot can do—and often does, without becoming thereby the spiritual comrade of Robin Hood, King Harry the Fifth, Drake, and all the other heroes who (if we are to believe the Swill School) have made old England great on beer.

But to doubt the spiritual virtue of alcohol is not to be a Prohibitionist. For my own sake I want neither England nor America dry. Whether I want them dry for the sake of England and America I cannot quite decide. But if I ever do come to a decision, it will not be influenced by that other *cliché,* which is often trotted out complacently, as if it were something to thank Heaven for; "You can't make people moral by Act of Parliament." It is not a question of making them moral, but of keeping them from alcohol. It may be a pity to do this, but it is obviously possible, just as it is possible to keep them—that is to say, the overwhelming majority of them—from opium. Nor shall I be influenced by the argument that such prohibition is outside the authority of a Government. For if a Government can demand a man's life for reasons of foreign policy, it can surely demand his whisky for reasons of domestic policy; if it can call upon him to start fighting, it can call upon him to stop drinking.

But if opium and alcohol are prohibited, you say, why not tobacco? When tobacco is mentioned, I feel like the village Socialist, who was quite ready to share two theoretical cows with his neighbor, but when asked if the theory applied also to pigs, answered indignantly, "What are you talking about—I've *got* two pigs!" I could bear an England which "went dry," but an

England which "went out"——! So before assenting to the right of a Government to rob the workingman of his beer, I have to ask myself if I assent to its right to rob me of my pipe. Well, if it were agreed by a majority of the community (in spite of all my hymns to Nicotine) that England would be happier without tobacco, then I think I should agree also. But I might feel that I should be happier without England. Just a little way without—the Isle of Man, say.

THE NEW MISTAKE ABOUT SHAW

From SHAW, *by* J. S. Collis, *by permission of* JONATHAN CAPE, Limited, *publisher.*

J. S. COLLIS

J. S. Collis is a British writer, unheard of until he published his admiring book on Shaw in 1925. He says of himself, "It happens that I am an Irishman, and I consider it to be time that Ireland had something to say about the most remarkable man who has ever fled from her shores." Impetuosity, exaggeration, hero-worship, and over-simplification and over-certainty of philosophy are too inherent in his criticism of Shaw to let his book be called more than promising, but he does have, among other fine abilities, the power to appreciate many of the ironies of literary history.

Twenty years ago the cult of Shaw was largely an esoteric one. Ten years ago, in war time, Shaw was eclipsed. Today Shaw is the most popular of British playwrights. Shaw himself fears that this popularity may be an ominous sign of his becoming a classic, when the irritating doctrine in his plays will be safely and respectfully stored away from men's attention. Mr. Collis's appreciation, lively like Mr. Chesterton's fine book on Shaw, is good writing on a big subject.

J. S. COLLIS

THE NEW MISTAKE ABOUT SHAW

We can find plenty of reasons to support any view in which we wish to believe. This well-known fact is illustrated by the present attitude of the English public toward Bernard Shaw. He is receiving much praise. This praise is chiefly due, however, to the belief that he has changed, not that we have changed. That he has come round to us, not we have come round to him. It is generally believed that he started his career in London as the reddest of red revolutionaries, knocking everything down, insulting everybody, smashing, gibing, blaspheming, kicking at everything until he woke up one morning to find himself infamous throughout Europe; that for long years he held the position of cynic, mocker, iconoclast, paradox-monger, and atheist, whom it would be ridiculous to take seriously; but that lately, under the influence of declining years, he has changed his tone, taken to religion, and become a gentle satirist, a less revolutionary thinker, a mystic, an altogether milder man.

Many things seem to support this belief. It is supported by the attitude of the Church of England toward him. We hear eminent clergymen at intervals declare that he is our greatest spiritual teacher, we discover deputations sent to him from the staff of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields asking about knotty points in Theology, and we see (as I write these lines) the pit and stalls of the New Theatre being filled by all kinds of clergymen come to see *Saint Joan*. And if the behavior of the Church toward him seems to show that he has become milder in his religious views, his behavior toward the Labor Party would seem to show that he has become less revolutionary in his politics. For though he knows perfectly well that the Labor Party is not a

revolutionary party, and shows us whenever it gets a chance that it does not even dream of doing anything that would shock a landowner in the Dark Ages were he alive, he nevertheless shows no impatience with it like Mr. H. G. Wells, but backs it up with unfailing energy on every possible occasion. Finally, as if to prove that he has become thoroughly respectable, he has changed his brown suit for a black one and his red beard for a white one. Therefore it is felt by thousands of respectable people who would have nothing to do with the old Bernard Shaw that a man with such a patriarchal aspect and proper views can be safely admired in private and applauded in public.

But they are wrong. They were hideously wrong about the past Bernard Shaw and are now making a new mistake about the present one. They imagined that when he was young he was hard, cynical and inhuman, though every page of his four published novels revealed a dangerously sensitive and humane mind: they believed that when he was in his prime he was insincere and irreligious though every play preached the same religion as *Saint Joan* with the same sincerity as in *Back to Methuselah.* So it is not surprising that they now think that he has become mellowed with age. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He has become not less but more revolutionary. He is a perfect example of the truth of his own saying that "the most distinguished persons become more revolutionary as they grow older, though they are commonly supposed to become more conservative owing to their loss of faith in conventional methods of reform." It is true that he backs up the Labor Party. But that is only because he considers that it is the best party that could exist under the circumstances, and rather than sit down and do nothing to help, he gives it all the encouragement he can. But politically speaking his thoughts are not their thoughts. He has no genuine belief that there can be a gradual transition from Capitalism to Socialism as contemplated by Sidney Webb. He used to believe that such a transition was possible in his early days when he wrote his contributions to the Fabian Essays, but since that time he has swung much more to the Left and now out-Lenins the Leninites in his advocation of Com-

munism. In his recent *Dictatorship of the Proletariat* he dismisses the possibility of slow transition under present institutions by saying that "Messrs. Henderson and Clynes can no more make our political machine produce socialism than they can make a sewing machine produce fried eggs." He goes farther than Saint Paul, the first socialist, who said "If a man does not work, neither shall he eat," and says, "If a man does not work neither shall he live"—thus ruthlessly attacking trade unions that encourage ca' canny and launch strikes. He insists that if a man does not willingly work for two hours a day to justify his existence in the world then he must be forced to do so. This banishment of Liberty goes under the modern name of Bolshevism. At a recent meeting at which Mr. Shaw was speaking upon this subject some one asked him, "Are you a Bolshevik? If not, why not?" He replied simply, "I am a Bolshevik." Again it is true that he is received well by the Church of England. But that is not because he has in any way changed his view of religion; it is because the Church, having lost all faith in itself and all influence over the people, is only too ready to turn to any man with a spiritual message. The fact that they are ready to turn to the author of *Androcles and the Lion* only proves again that they hate the dogmas in which they are supposed to believe. Finally, it is true that Shaw's personal appearance has considerably changed. But let no man be mistaken in that change! His beard was once red-hot with anger: it is now white-hot with rage.

The fact remains, however, that his audience has greatly changed in the last few years both in age and in appreciation. The kind and humane people who thought him cruel and inhuman; the religious people who thought him irreligious; the brave who thought him cowardly; the great who thought him small; the learned who thought him ignorant; the saintly who thought him unworthy of regard; the respectable who thought him a low fellow, have now practically all vanished after having demonstrated yet again the fact that a great, a noble, and a cultured innovator is always attacked at first more violently and bitterly by the great, the noble, and the cultured than by any

other people. There are still of course some gallant die-hards who stick to their old view of him just as there are still some of the famous "tongue-in-his-cheek" people who occasionally surprise us by their once familiar chirp. There are still some ladies who "don't know when he is serious and when he is not," just as there are still some clean-living, robust-thinking, athletic "good fellows" who think him "cynical." I have met all these people many times over, and have again and again been routed and cowed before that strange power which is given alone to the invincibly stupid.

There is a certain time in one's life (I think it is just before the dawn of manhood) when one subconsciously worries about apparent inconsistencies. One wonders vaguely why it is that everyone praises Jesus but runs down the Jews; why it is that the parson in Church says at one moment that God is a jealous God and visits the sins of fathers upon their children and then later says that God is a God of love and in no way like the other God he mentioned earlier in the service: why people consider it proper to be undressed on the seashore but improper to be undressed on the road to the seashore; why the Government pays the Soldier to shield us, the Law to judge us, and the Schools to teach us, but does not pay the Hospitals to heal us, and so on. I remember wondering at this time why it was that Shaw, so obviously sentimental and humane, should be considered hard and cynical by my betters. For some time I thought that they must have their tongues in their cheeks when they spoke of him in such terms. At last I realized that it was his views that caused all this trouble and that they had to believe that Shaw could write his prose and create his Keegans with his tongue in his cheek, for the same reason as their fathers had to believe that the devil in the shape of Shelley could write poetry.

But all this is now changed. With the exception of the few inevitable stragglers Bernard Shaw is now accepted as a person about whom it is necessary to say the correct thing. But, though in the long run his general influence may turn out to be phenomenal, I am convinced that he is still understood and appreciated in the right spirit by remarkably few. For every one

man who goes to a Shaw play with the spirit and the understanding also, thousands go only to drown the message and interrupt the poetry by their shrill and damnable laughter—who having seen Heartbreak House protest that "they enjoyed themselves immensely and laughed all the time." There is really only one class of people to whom he "gets across." Namely, the unsophisticated. They are chiefly found among the poorer classes, and it is there that Shaw is better understood than anywhere else—very much better than among the theater-goers. The reception given to the fine but unpretentious *Saint Joan* is interesting in this connection. Few people made the smallest attempt to understand *Back to Methuselah* which is a far greater and more important play than *Saint Joan,* but everyone crowded to the latter loudly insisting that it was his masterpiece. However, it should not be forgotten that there is a third class consisting of men scattered here and there over the country who owe him a debt of gratitude which cannot be expressed by the insult of words.

Those who understand Bernard Shaw are few: those who praise him are many. In fact, praise without understanding is beginning to set in with unusual severity even for an accepted literary lion. He has now to face the new danger of losing the little influence he has by becoming a classic. There is a story that he was asked not long ago if the sale of his books was not rather lower than his reputation might lead one to expect. "Of course it is," he replied. "No one reads me at all." "Not so bad as that!" protested the other. "Oh yes, it is," he answered. "I'm already a Classic." The making of a writer a classic is a cunning device by which all men with awkward views are rendered powerless—a sort of Literary House of Lords into which a writer can be kicked upstairs. At first his work is ignored; when it can no longer be ignored it is attacked; when it can no longer be attacked it is praised. That is sufficient. "Woe unto me when all men praise me!" cries Saint Joan, thus expressing in one colossally dramatic sentence the whole philosophy of Disillusion. Joan the Maid struggling against impossible odds, facing the Trial, entering the Fire could stir and

wring the hearts of men: but Joan the Saint has no such influence, and can only be spoken of in the taken-for-granted manner so aptly given to the envoy from Rome in the Epilogue to *Saint Joan*. Jesus of Nazareth preaching in vain, despairing in the garden, but not afraid before Pilate and not flinching from the Cross, could claim to be a light that lighteneth every man who cometh into the world: but Christ the Son of God slopped over with lip-praise by the betrayers of Christianity is an object of indifference. Siddhattha Gautama, the bored aristocrat and turncoat on splendor, soldier for Light and priest of Nirvana, could be hailed indeed during his lifetime as the father of a church and the founder of a faith: but the Buddha of a later date with a golden idol by the altar in the temple at Lhasa, with followers insisting that his birth was celebrated by convulsions in the sky just as the followers of Jesus insisted that his death was announced by the rending of the veil, ceased to be a philosopher and became only the vilest of superstitions. Everyone knows what measures Mahomet took to defend himself after his death against his followers—Mahomet who was as lucky in being followed by Abu Bekr as Jesus was unlucky in being followed by St. Paul. The history of the Saints from the austere Benedict to the lovable Francis of Assisi reveals the same tragedy and implies the same warning against the too faithful follower. Every prophet should have written over his tomb, "Beware of my followers!" For it is not the persecutions of great men by their contemporaries that does harm, but the praise they receive from posterity. It was not the Cross that slew Christ, but praise. We have learned this lesson nowadays, so we no longer stone our prophets when they become dangerous, and therefore useful. We praise them instead.

Thus when we turn to the world of letters we find the same thing. Shelley was driven from University College, Oxford: at the present day a hundred yards farther down High Street undergraduates write papers upon him in the Examinations Schools. But that is not because Shelley's type of mind is now appreciated at Oxford, but only because his poetry is recognized while his thoughts are neglected. If he returned again

the same fate would be ready for him as certainly as the modern Cross and the modern Fire would be ready for Christ or the Maid. Ibsen is now considered respectable enough to be read (if not hopelessly out of date), but his readers are about as interested in the test-all-things philosophy as were the poisoners of Socrates. Ruskin's case is interesting. Most classics are looked upon as authors whom it is a pleasure to read but unnecessary to understand. Ruskin is looked upon as a good man to read so long as you realize that everything he said was wrong. Thus if you mention Gothic architecture as being the best kind of architecture you are confidently answered by, "Oh, that was only Ruskin's notion," without the slightest attempt to say why he was wrong. The same with Macaulay; it is still done to read him, but only on the understanding that all his facts were wrong and all his views were warped. Carlyle's case, as he said himself, "hardly bears thinking about." He was obviously a man of action rather than a man of letters. He would have made, as Frank Harris has pointed out, a magnificent Cromwell. But they wouldn't make any use of him. He told England (Dean Inge has reminded us that it is not too late even now) that if we are going to colonize we must do it properly—namely, fill Australia, Canada, South Africa with our own people, and thus save perhaps not only our own country but all the world from aggression. But they would not listen to him. They never listened to him. Instead they admired his descriptions of dead men and made him a figure-head: he was allowed to waste and wither.

We can kill Shaw quite easily in the same way if we want to do so. Already some of his *Plays for Puritans* are being "done" in schools, with the result that boys are gradually being taught to look upon him as an author whom it is necessary to "do" and get it over as soon as possible. The days of the annotator with his Notes and Appendix are not far off; and the stage will at last be reached when it will be considered safe to set examinations on Mr. Shaw's remarks about examinations.

This recalls a somewhat interesting scene at the end of a lec-

ture Shaw gave in the summer of 1921. A gentleman who up till that hour had taken the tongue-in-his-cheek, music-hall-turn, don't-like-this-brilliant-stuff, view of Bernard Shaw, was so impressed by the lecture that he sprang to his feet and delivered a long speech declaring how at last he believed in Mr. Shaw, and imploring him to make no more jokes in the future, but to speak to serious men seriously. Mr. Shaw's reply at the end of the discussion which ensued was what the papers call "characteristic." "Not taking me seriously," he said, "is the Englishman's way of refusing to face facts. . . . But I see there is a tendency nowadays to begin treating me like an Archbishop. I fear in that case that I must be becoming a hopeless old twaddler."

But in spite of all this I am convinced that if Bernard Shaw is understood it does not matter if he is praised. The following pages are just one more effort before it is too late to try and get the public to understand no less than to read him. I, too, will offer praise and blame as I deal with him now as an artist, now as tub-thumper, now as a Tory, now as a mystic, but I warn the reader that however much I may praise him at intervals in this book which insists upon being written, the fact remains that in the future, praise without understanding will be a deadly substitute for a little understanding without praise.

POETS AND JINGOES

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HAVELOCK ELLIS

Havelock Ellis, who was born in 1859, is one of the most audacious and at the same time one of the most serene thinkers of our times. He was trained as a physician and is a voracious gatherer and keen examiner of facts; but he writes an unusually rhythmic and original prose, and his fundamental attitude is distinctly, not to say dangerously, religious. He is not mere artist, nor mere scientist, nor mere prophet-philosopher; he is all of those. Some modernists might well regard him as their guide; still he looks long and frequently at the far Past. Havelock Ellis is one of the few psychologists of this time who are primarily interested in people's souls. And he is a moralist who dissolves fixed principles and conceives of all life as fluent and rhythmic like the dance. Conscious resolution is, perhaps, not encouraged

by him as much as many of us need to have it encouraged. But sensitiveness, courage, honesty of emotion, and sympathy are fostered in those who feel his manly charm. And that's reason enough for reading such books as *The New Spirit* (1890), *Affirmations* (1897), the volumes of *Impressions and Comments* (1914, 1921), and *The Dance of Life* (1923). His most important scholarly work is his *Psychology of Sex* in four volumes.

HAVELOCK ELLIS

POETS AND JINGOES

I HAVE brought down with me to this sunny cove—where all day long I may remain undisturbed by any foot save of the gulls on the sands or the crows on the cliff above—the beautiful and individual little commonplace book of choice things, prose and verse, familiar and unfamiliar, which Robert Bridges, the poet laureate, published in 1915. A poet of so high a quality, a connoisseur of such fine taste, a man of such lofty impulse, so lifted by noble contemplation over the passions of the herd, it is a rare pleasure to brood reverently on the pages of this anthology, wayward and exquisite.

But I read the preface—and with a shock of horror. This esoteric poet and scholar, this high-minded recluse, securely perched, one imagined, on a summit of the spirit far removed from the base passions of the mob, reveals himself as the most pharisaic of self-righteous Jingoes, as a war-monger of the kind we associate with our popular gutter press, as the inspired prophet of Hysteria. Here are the familiar catchwords and counters and despicably one-sided accusations which have rendered the Great War forever nauseous. No single glimmer of a suspicion that what he says of the Germans may perhaps also be said of their English cousins, no perception that the cold-blooded atrocities of the blockade easily outweigh those committed in hot blood, no insight to see that the frightfulness of the Germans in Belgium is put into the shade by the more ruthless and more reckless frightfulness of our "heroes and saints" in Ireland, against men and women and children who were not remote foreigners speaking an unknown tongue, but of our own nation and speech, inflicting physical and moral wounds of

which I saw the fresh traces every morning three months ago. This preface to *The Spirit of Man* is fit to be held in memory as a monument to the imbecility of that Spirit under the influences of war even when embodied in the person of a superior man; for there are times, said Carlyle of old, though he might have said it to-day, when the creed of persons in authority—and surely Bridges is among us a person in spiritual authority—becomes either a Machiavellism or an Imbecility.

No doubt the poet laureate has since repented in sackcloth. He has, indeed, of late been distinguished by encouraging others to hold out the hand of friendship to Germany. But it is easy even for the ordinary man to be just and humane, as well as wise, after the event, let alone a man who is able to present, as in this book, the antidote to the poisons he himself exhibits. So, although it may seem unkind to refer to the past, the occasion is profitable for meditation. We are told nowadays that the herd instinct, which has proceeded so far as to mold large isolated nations, will in course of time proceed yet farther and attain the form of a universal herd instinct, embracing all humanity; but our movements toward that end are likely to be excessively slow when we realize the state of mind of even our Superior Persons. Certainly long before that consummation it would seem likely that we and all the generations of our civilization will have disappeared in the pit. Well, it is certainly no more than we deserve. Let us depart smiling. There are others to come.

AS THE WAR REVEALED THEM

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HAVELOCK ELLIS

AS THE WAR REVEALED THEM

It occurs to me, as I wander here, afar from the mad world, over these sunny and undulating Cornish Downs, tasting the belated summer I missed amid the sad ruins of tortured Ireland, it occurs to me that the day will come, and is indeed now here, when the men of to-day will be judged by their attitude toward the Great War.

When I look into myself, I seem to see that I already apply that test instinctively. I think, for instance, of my attitude toward that poet—surely I have not forgotten his name?—to whose work I had been drawn before he won a definite public recognition. I had even bought his poems—which one hardly does for the sake of the beautiful eyes of any obscure poet—rather arid poems, indeed, a little dark, not always musical, yet, it seemed, the outcome of a personality with a genuine vision and subtle emotions, some of which made an intimate appeal. But he published a book in which were some feeble little patriotic verses about the War. The great poet knows how to show love of his country greatly, even sometimes by chastising it. But here was merely the overflow of the feminine hysterical mob passion, however altered in external guise. There was nothing more to be said. One may smile tenderly when a frightened woman screams and runs, but one scarcely feels called upon to acclaim a gesture of greatness. One is merely in the presence of weakness.

Yet perhaps we should resolutely determine to see more in it than that. The Great War has not merely been the test of a man's nobility of character; it has been the test of his devo-

tion to the cause of humanity, to the supreme good of the world. Little enough, as we know, the herd cares for that. But if we want to find out what our would-be spiritual and intellectual leaders are worth, let us search diligently to find out their records during the War. Have they in speech or action encouraged that War? Have they spoken evil of those who fought on the other side? Have they pharisaically asserted their own superior self-righteousness? Have they like imbeciles accepted the empty catchwords of their politicians? If not, it is well, and we may hold up our heads. But else they are judged—and we who made them leaders are judged—for by their own mouths they are declared foul emanations of the passions of the crowd, Poison Gas made Flesh. It is meet they are branded on the brows with the Mark of the Beast to which they have sold what they call their souls. So all their fellows may know whom they had to thank for the blessings of the Great War. And if they show their gratitude by hardening the muscles of their arms, and gathering all the serpents they can find to make a scourge to lash the backs of these leaders until not one of them is left, perhaps, after all, there might not be less joy on earth.

That impulse may well move within us all in so far as we possess any fiber of that spirit which raised Man from the slime and some day, possibly, may raise him further yet. But "in so far" may not be very far. We know also that Man is a gregarious animal, like the Pig—that fellow gregarian we so often hypocritically malign—and we know all about the Gadarene swine, and we know how prudent it is to cast the pearls of our wisdom elsewhere than before them. So we must be prepared to accept good-humoredly the reply of the average person to any invitation to lift Man that further inch higher, a reply that is sure to be a cheerful, "I don't think."

The world is essentially Absurd. We usually fail to see it for the good reason that we fail to see the world at all. We rarely have that Intuition of the Absurd, that power of seeing the world whole and apart from our personal ends which Bergson has in his mellifluous way explained Intuition to be. But it is

a part of its Absurdity that there should be a little thread of Reason running through the world, and in so far as we discern that thread, and hold by it, we have attained the Intuition of the Absurd, we have seen the world with the eyes of God, we have lifted ourselves above the Herd in the Slime.

SAINT VALERY-SUR-SOMME

From PIERRE NOZIERE, *by* Anatole France, *by permission of* DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, Inc.

ANATOLE FRANCE

Anatole François Thilbault was until his death in 1924 the greatest European figure in the world of letters. He was born in Paris in 1844. His father was a bookseller—royalist, militarist, Catholic. Except that he spent his childhood in an atmosphere of books, Anatole was influenced by his father only in the way of reaction. His novels are filled with pictures of old libraries and bookworms. From his grandmother, who had no piety, he got his irony. From his mother he had such influence that he declared, "Home is famous school." At school he did little but take notes for future comedy.

He started his career in critical journalism and afterward turned to fiction and autobiography. He was much alive to all the events and the currents of contemporary thought and feeling. Often, as in *Penguin Island,* he lashes the civilization of his day.

Fearlessness marks all his life and work.

He has put his own self completely in his literature, making open confession of his follies, his heresies, and his appetites. He had what F. G. Bettany calls "a rather sultanic attitude toward women." His wit, tolerance, sympathy, fancy, luminosity, irony, skepticism, revolutionariness, and learning combine to make him a rich writer.

His foremost qualities are irony—irony in the idea more than in the expression—and pity—pity that is never sentimentalism nor condescension. Though a skeptic in philosophy and a revolutionary in social creed, his love of life keeps him from being either a pessimist or a doctrinaire. His vast learning is equaled only by the luminosity with which he expresses the synthesis that he has made in himself of many intellectual heritages.

ANATOLE FRANCE

SAINT VALERY-SUR-SOMME

SAINT VALERY-SUR-SOMME,
Friday, 13th August.

FROM the room in which I am writing, one can see all along the bay of the Somme, with its sands stretching away to the horizon as far as the blue-gray lines of Crotoy and Hourdel. The sun, as it slopes westward, sets the fringes of the great dark clouds on fire. The tide is making, and, looking out over the deep, you can see the fishing smacks gliding homeward on the flood. Beneath my window there are some boats moored along the harbor. From their masts, nets, in place of sails, are hanging up to dry. Five or six fishermen, up to their middle in the shallow stream, are keeping a sharp lookout for the fish which the beaters are engaged in scaring by vigorously laying about them with switches. The fishermen are armed with pointed staves, with which they spear their prey with much address. Every time one of these weapons is lifted out of the water, you may see the gleam of a sole quivering at the end of it.

The salt-laden wind flutters the papers on my table, and wafts to my nostrils the strong savor of the sea. Innumerable wild duck are swimming along the waterway, flinging into the air with all the power of their beaks their "quack quack" of satisfaction. The way they flap their wings, dive into the mud, and waddle along in friendly groups on the sand, shows how pleased they are. One has left his fellows and is enjoying blissful repose with his head tucked under his wing. He is happy in his mind. True, he will be eaten one of these days; but then one can't go on living forever. Life is circumscribed

by time. And, after all, the trouble is not so much in being eaten as in knowing you are going to be eaten—and he knows it not. We shall all be swallowed up one day, every one of us, and we know it; the wisest thing is to forget about it. Let us now take a stroll along the breakwater, what time the sea, which has already covered the sandbanks of Cayeux and Le Hourdel, comes flowing swiftly into the bay, bringing home the little fleet of shrimp boats. On our left are the ramparts, once washed by river and sea, their sandstone surface besprayed with a sort of golden rust. Above them rises the church with its five-pointed gables, that were pierced in the fifteenth century with great oriel windows; its slate roof, shaped like an upturned keel; its steeple, and its weathercock. In the eleventh century there stood another church there, which also had a weather vane. All through September, in the year 1066, William the Bastard came anxiously, morning after morning, to look at the weathercock on the steeple. His host, consisting of sixty-seven thousand men at arms, not to mention serving men, workmen, and purveyors, was awaiting orders close to the town. His fleet, which had already escaped shipwreck once, was moored in the bay. For two whole weeks a contrary wind from the north had forced this multitude of men and ships to remain in port. The Bastard, consumed with eagerness to wrest England from Harold and the Saxons, was chafing at a delay which might result in his fleet being damaged and his army melting away. To obtain a favorable wind he commanded that prayers should be recited in public, and gave orders that the shrine of Saint Valery should be borne in procession through the camp. Clearly that man of God loved not the Saxons, for immediately the wind changed and the fleet was able to put to sea. Four hundred vessels under full sail and more than a thousand lesser transport craft put off from the shore at a given signal. The Duke's vessel led the van, with the banner that had been sent by the Pope flying from her masthead, and a cross blazoned on her ensign. Her sails were of divers hues, and on several parts thereof were depicted the three lions of Nor-

mandy. At the prow was carved the bust of a child bearing a bow full drawn, with an arrow just ready to take flight.

It was on the 29th of September that the departure took place. A week later William had conquered England.

A flight of steps winds up to the only surviving gate of the town. On either side of it stand its two dismantled towers, where little pink carnations bloom and shed their fragrance. On one of these towers, beneath a tangle of grasses and wild flowers, the machicolation, like a diadem, may yet be discerned. A goodwife grows cabbages at the foot of this ruin, and when the rough weather comes it rains big stones in her garden. Her little dwelling, built above old subterranean passages, is full of cracks, and looks as though it would be knocked over every time a piece of the tower comes rattling down. Nevertheless, the worthy soul admires William's gate; indeed, she loves it. "I know it'll kill me one of these days," she told me; "but it's a fine thing for all that."

Crossing the village street, with its low-browed thatched cottages gaily painted light blue, we reach the extremity of Cape Cornu. There is a chapel there half hidden by a clump of elms that have weathered the storms for a hundred years. It is quite a modern structure in the pseudo-Renaissance style. But the walls of mingled stone and shingle give it the appearance of a draught-board, and thus recall the buildings of old Normandy. Known as Saint Valery's or the Sailors' Chapel, it is built on the site of an older structure, and harbors the tomb of the Apostle of Vimeu.

It is a famous place of pilgrimage for seafaring men. Already five little model ships have been hung up in the vaulted roof of the new chapel by fishermen saved from shipwreck. These good fellows take their God to be a great, passionate, headstrong child like themselves. They know He is terrible in His wrath; but they know that they must not bear Him malice on that account. They keep on the right side of Him by giving Him little presents. They bring toys for Him to play with. True, the toys are symbolical toys, and the little boys' boats represent the bark which Our Lord miraculously

preserved from foundering; but I am very much disposed to think that good Saint Valery has something to do with these humble gifts. The little boats are brought to please him, for in his earthly days he was a staunch friend to the fishermen of the Somme.

Cape Cornu is wild and grand, and haunted by many memories. Here, then, let us stay our steps; here in the shadow of those high elms whose leaves the sea wind stirs into music, by the sailors' chapel. From the far point that juts out yonder you may see, away to the left, the country about Caux; and to the right the bay of the Somme and the low-lying coast of Picardy; while in front is the wide, open sea. Let me recall in a few words the memory of that strong man of old, who left behind him in the country round so many traces of his earthly pilgrimage.

HISTORY OF SAINT GUALARIC OR VALERY

Gualaric or Walaric, since named Valery, was no native of this sea-girt country, though he gave his name to two of its towns and to churches too numerous to mention. He was the son of poor peasants of Auvergne. In his childhood he was a shepherd, with nothing save his crook to call his own. But he was rich in sense, in wit, and in piety.

He early left his home to attach himself to the service of the holy Germain, the saintly Bishop of Auxerre. There he became a monk in the Abbey of Luxeuil, at that time under the wise governance of Saint Colomban of Ireland. Howbeit the brothers shook off the yoke of their pastor; and Saint Colomban, driven out by his flock, went forth into exile; and with him, piety, modesty, and temperance likewise bade adieu to Luxeuil. Valery was sore stricken with grief, and he, too, said farewell to this harbor of salvation that was now become a treacherous reef; and he resolved to pass his days in solitude far from the haunts of evil-doers.

"I will betake myself," said he, "whithersoever it may please God to lead me."

After a few days had passed by he found himself on the banks

of the Somme, and he followed the river's course until he reached the seashore. There he came to a halt, fordone with weariness, by the side of a spring, and he shook the dust from off his shoes. It was upon this dust that there afterward arose the town of Saint Valery.

In those days a dense forest descended right down to the seashore. The hare made her home within its depths. It spread over marshy wastes haunted by plovers, woodcock, wild duck, and teal. Gulls laid their eggs on the bare ledges of the cliffs, the shrill cry of the heron and the melancholy call of the plover rose wailingly from the wan fringe of the salt marsh where the swan, the wild goose, and the grebe, driven down from the icy North, came to winter amid the reedy sandhills of the shore. Men, too—but in no great numbers—dwelt in these wild and desolate regions. Poor fisher-folk were they, who plied their nets in the teeming estuary of the Somme. They were pagans, and worshiped the woods and the fountains. Vainly did Saint Quentin, Saint Mellon, Saint Firmin, Saint Loup, Saint Leu, and, later, Saint Berchund, Bishop of Amiens, come thither to teach them the truths of the Gospel. They clung to the faith that their forefathers had held before them. They believed in the deities of wood and fell; they held that all things had a soul.

These simple fishermen felt a thrill of sacred awe as they made their way into the deep forests with which, in those days, all the coast was girdled. Everywhere they beheld their rural deities. Beside the stream whereon the moon's ray lingered quiveringly they were forever catching fleeting visions of nymphs, and fairies, and wondrous ladies. They worshiped them, and brought them garlands of flowers with trembling hands. They deemed that they did well to love them, since they were passing fair.

Without doubt the brook which babbled down the leafy hillside, where the pious Saint Valery ceased his wanderings, was one of those sacred streams to which these men of old made offering. It still flows on by the walls of the chapel on the seaward side. Just as in the olden days, it is cold and clear as

crystal. But its song is hushed. It is no longer free as in the days of its rustic divinity. It has been caught and imprisoned in a stone basin with a flight of steps leading up to it. In Saint Valery's day that stream was a nymph. No hand had dared restrain her as she glanced away beneath the willows. Like the rivulets of which there are so many in the valleys round about, the stream broadened out here and there into little lakes where, upborne upon a floating couch of green leaves, slumbered the pale blossom of the water-lily. It was there, in those woodland springs, that the last few nymphs took refuge when the bishops had driven them from their native haunts. These little country goddesses were hunted down without remorse. One of the clauses of the decrees of King Childebert enacts that "whosoever shall offer sacrifice to springs or trees or rocks shall be anathema."

Valery deemed this spot well suited to his purpose. He had won leave from the king of the Franks to build his dwelling wheresoever in his kingdom it might please him to abide. With his own hands he wrought himself a cell, and passed his days within it in prayer and meditation. Some disciples came to him that they might live his life and nourish their souls upon his pious example. They built them a cell near to his on the skirts of the forest, hard by a precipice, whose base is washed by the sea. Every year, so the story runs, Bishop Berchund came and passed the holy season of Lent in this lonely place.

Valery, so far as we can gauge his moral nature from the crude and hesitating efforts of his pious historians to portray him, combined, in a marked degree, the attributes of strength and gentleness. Stories have come down to us which reveal in him a sweetness of soul rarely encountered in the lives of those rude apostles of the barbarous West. It is said of him, as later on it was said of Saint Francis of Assisi, that he bestowed, even upon dumb creatures, the loving pity of which his heart was full. The little birds used to come and eat from his hands.

"My children," said he to his companions, "let us harm them

not, and let us suffer them to gather up the crumbs of our bread."

It was against the nymphs of the woods and streams that the holy man directed the full force of his ire. Yet these nymphs worked nobody any ill. I shrewdly suspect that the wives of the fishermen and the villagers used to go and pray to them in secret to send them fine children. But there was no harm in that. These nymphs and fairies and dames were fair to look upon, and instilled a little grace into the depths of the rustic heart. They were quite humble little deities, well suited to humble little people. Saint Valery took them to be malicious demons, and he made up his mind to exterminate them. With that aim he abandoned the contemplative life so dear to his wounded heart, and went up and down the country preaching against the pagans, and bearing the tidings of the Gospel from village to village.

Walking one day not far from the town of Eu, he saw a tree from whose branches images of clay were suspended by fillets of red wool. They represented Love, Hercules, and the Mothers. These "Mothers" were greatly venerated in every part of Western Gaul. The potters were continually molding figures of these gods and goddesses, and plenty of them may still be dug up along the coast between the Somme and the Loire. Sometimes they are in pairs, two Mothers seated side by side, each holding a child. Sometimes there is but one Mother, and the peasants who discover such an one when tilling their fields take it to be the Virgin Mary. But they are wrong. It is a pagan idol.

Now Saint Valery was vexed at the sight of these images, and said to himself in his heart:

"Lo! evil demons hang like noxious fruit from the branches of this tree!"

Then he lifted up the hatchet which he wore at his girdle, and with the aid of his companion, the monk Valdolenus, he hewed down the tree with the sacred images which it sheltered beneath its branches. When the people of the place beheld the tree-god and all its many offerings prone upon the ground,

with the sap oozing like blood from its mutilated trunk, they were stricken with grief and fear. And when Saint Valery cried to them, saying: "It is I who cast down the tree to which you paid false worship," they fell upon him, and threatened to lay him low, even as he had laid low the verdant sanctuary.

Then the apostle stretched forth his arms and said:

"If it be God's will that I should die, His will be done."

But whether they perceived in him something divine, or whether some other reason stayed their hands, they suffered him to depart in peace.

But he was fain to abide with them in order that he might teach them the Gospel. And in truth it was meet that he should give them a God to take the place of those whereof he had bereft them, for cruel are they who destroy the spirit of hope in the hearts of men. When he had achieved his pious conquest he betook himself again to the wilderness which he had chosen. The labors of his apostolate were ofttimes painful. "One day," says his biographer, "this man of God was returning on foot to his monastery from a place called Cayeux. It was winter, and it came to pass that, the cold being exceeding great, he stopped to warm himself in the house of a certain priest. This latter and his companions, whom it behoved to treat so venerable a guest with great respect, began, instead, to hold converse with the justiciar of the district in language of an unseemly and offensive nature. Faithful to his custom of ever laying upon corrupt and unsightly sores the healing balsam of God's word, he sought to check them, saying:

" 'My sons, have ye not read in the Gospel that, when the Day of Judgment comes, ye will be called to account for every idle word that ye have uttered?'

"But they, despising his warning, gave way the more to coarse and shameless speech. Whereat, shaking the dust from off his feet, he said:

" 'I was fain, by reason of the cold to warm my weary body by your fire. But your guilty conversation compels me, benumbed as I am, to go my way.'

"And he went forth from the house."

That story may perhaps sound insipid remote from the scene of its origin. But here, in the country where it came into being, and of which it preserves, as it were, the flavor, I find it full of relish, and I drink in with gusto its wild fragrance.

One day in the month of December, Gualaric, who was also named Valery, being full of works and days, arose before matins from his couch of dry leaves, and led his disciples to an elm tree surrounded by brambles at the foot whereof he was wont to say his prayers. When he had come thither, he thrust two staves into the ground, and marking out a place the length of his body, he said:

"When, by God's will, I shall go forth from my exile in this world, it is there that I charge you to bury me."

In those days the holy men of Gaul were accustomed to choose their own place of burial. Saint Renan of Tréguier having omitted to arrange this detail before his death, his disciples placed his body on a wain drawn by oxen, which they suffered to roam away whither they listed, and they laid him in the earth at the spot where, of their own accord, the oxen came to a standstill.

Saint Valery died on the Sunday following the day on which he had marked out his resting-place. All was carried out according to his wish, and Bishop Berchund came to commit his body to the grave.

The history of a saint does not terminate with his death and burial. It is continued in a sequel recording the miracles wrought at his tomb. We have seen how William the Bastard caused the shrine of Saint Valery to be carried in procession in order that he might obtain a favorable wind. Eighty years later there flourished a Count of Flanders called Arnould, who was surnamed the Pious. He had great faith in the virtues of saints, and professed particular veneration for the body of the blessed Valery. This he made abundantly clear, for he came with his army to lay siege to the town of Saint Valery, where he put the inhabitants to the sword and sacked the abbey in order to possess himself of the relics of the blessed one. He bore them away with him to his earldom, together with the bones of Saint Regnier, on which he had laid hands at the same

time, and, so lively was his faith, he believed that he had thereby gained the protection of Heaven.

At that time Hugh Capet was Count of France. One day, when he had fallen asleep in a grotto, there appeared to him in a dream two figures clothed in white.

"I am the Abbot of Saint Valery," said one of them. "Before my death I dwelt by the margin of the sea. My bones and the bones of Saint Regnier, here present with me, were dragged from their tomb, and they are now held captive in an alien land. But the hour is come when they must be restored to the places of our earthly sojourn. When God shall have laid me in my former tomb I prophesy that you will be made king, and that your line will wear the crown for more than seven hundred years."

He spoke and vanished with his companion. Count Hugh called upon Arnould the Pious to give back the precious relics, in order that he might restore them to the Abbey of Saint Valery and so be made king.

The words of the saint were fulfilled. But some writers there are who believe that this prophecy was conceived after the event.

Thoroughly to complete this Gothic picture there are a number of other marvels I should have to relate. But it is high time for me to remember that I am not a hagiologist. If I have done my best here, beneath the shadow of the old elm trees of Cape Cornu, to outline the figure of the great Apostle of Vimeu, it is because he bears an essential resemblance to all the other old missioners who spread Christianity among the Gauls. Wherefore he deserves the careful study of all who are interested in our country's history.

Monks and pioneers were they, and their rugged hands and strenuous toil have left an abiding mark upon the land in which we live, and upon the character of its ancient inhabitants. They have left upon the soil of France an imprint that can never be effaced. It is not nothing to us that those old monks lived and labored and had their being. We owe them not a little. In the inalienable heritage of each of us there are treasures which they

handed down to our fathers. They strove against the forces of barbarism with fiery zeal. They tilled the soil, they instructed our uncouth sires in the rudimentary arts of life, they filled their hearts with new and soaring hopes.

"But, alas!" I can hear you say, "they have slain the spirits of the woods and the mountains. The good Saint Valery has killed the nymphs of the running brook. That is a pity."

It would, indeed, be a great pity if it were so. But be of good cheer, for—let me breathe it in your ear—these pious gentry have not sent even the lowliest little god to perdition. Saint Valery has not killed the nymphs, and the gentle sprites that he drove forth from one tree did but betake themselves to another. The nymphs and the fairies hide themselves sometimes, but they die never. They defy the whole company of saints. I see, according to a big book I am reading, that when Saint Valery died, the people of the bay relapsed into idolatry. Their eyes had seen the dim ladies of the streams, and they had gone back to their early loves. As long as there are woods and meadows, as long as the mountains and the lakes and the rivers endure, and the white morning mists upgather and wreathe themselves above the running brooks, so long will the nymphs and the dryads and the fairies live on. They are the beauty of the world, and will never perish.

But, see, the shadows of night are descending upon the housetops.

A peaceful charm, melancholy, yet full of sweetness, envelops all things animate and inanimate. Pale shapes are floating in the moonlight. They are the nymphs who are coming to weave their dances and sing their songs of love round the tomb of good Saint Valery.

PRAISES OF WATER

From SOLILOQUIES IN ENGLAND, *by* George Santayana, *by permission of* CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, *publishers.*

GEORGE SANTAYANA

George Santayana was born in 1863 in Madrid, Spain, and lent, Van Doren says, to the New World by Spain to look through Catholic eyes at Puritanism, through Hellenic eyes at Christianity, through skeptic eyes at democracy and optimism. He is living now again in Spain after a brilliant forty years in America. At nine he came to the United States; he went through Harvard and returned there to be one of Harvard's greatest professors of philosophy. In 1913 he retired from teaching and went to England. After ancient Greece England is his favorite civilization. "What I love in Greece and in England," he says in his *Soliloquies in England,* "is contentment in finitude, fair outward ways, manly perfection and simplicity."

Santayana's chief work is the five-volume *Life of Reason.* Among his other books the finest are *Dialogues in Limbo, Character and Opinion in the United States,* and *Interpretations of Religion and Poetry.* He renders his ideas in English of a purity that English literature

has never surpassed. He has ceaseless command of luxurious metaphor, golden imagery, Pater-like cadence, witty and oracular aphorism, and boundless, easily carried learning. It is not inept to say that he is too poetic to appeal to the scientific philosopher and too scientific to appeal to the layman. But his lack of popularity might be equally due to the absence in him of all partisan zeal. He is a materialist in his explanations of the universe, but a poet in his evaluations of life. To those thinkers to whom philosophy is religion rationalized Santayana's combination of atheistic Catholicism, and anti-Puritanic, non-democratic, æsthetic morality, lacking withal in missionary enthusiasm, typifies all that is abhorrent. To the scientific group to whom philosophy is a scientific method of dealing with certain general ideas Santayana is just a speculative poet who may value science very highly but does so, afraid to soil his hands with its grimy details—so says Morris Cohen.

He is frankly and detachedly speculative. "I am resigned to being a mind. I have put my hand into the hand of Nature and a thrill of sympathy has passed from her into my heart, so that I can instinctively see all things from her point of view." But to Santayana, Nature's point of view is not easily man's point of view. "Substance is infinite, out of scale with our sensuous images and (except in the little vortex that makes us up) out of sympathy with our endeavors. . . . Spirit in us, nevertheless, can hold its own, because salvation lies in finding joy in the truth, not in rendering fortune propitious, by some miracle, to our animal interests."

GEORGE SANTAYANA

PRAISES OF WATER

THE transformation of landscape by moisture is no matter of appearance only, no mere optical illusion or effect of liquid stained glass. It is a sort of echo or symbol to our senses of very serious events in prehistoric times. Water, which now seems only to lap the earth or to cloud it, was the chisel which originally carved its surface. They say that when the planet, recently thrown off from the sun, was still on fire, the lighter elements rose in the form of gases around the molten metallic core; and the outer parts of this nucleus in cooling formed a crust of igneous rock which, as the earth contracted, was crushed together and wrinkled like the skin of a raisin. These wrinkles are our mountain chains, made even more rugged and villainous by belated eruptions. On that early earth there was no water. All was sheer peaks, ledges, and chasms, red-hot or coal black, or of such livid metallic hues, crimson, saffron, and purple, as may still be seen on the shores of the Dead Sea or in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado—rifts that allow us to peep into the infernal regions, happily in those places at least without inhabitants. This hellish sort of landscape, which we must now plunge into the depths to find, was the first general landscape of earth.

As the cooling progressed, however, the steam that was in the upper atmosphere began to condense and to fall in rain. At first the hot drops no doubt sizzled as they fell and rose again immediately in vapor, yet the meteorological cycle was established notwithstanding. The rain that evaporated descended once more, each time colder and more abundant, until it cut channels among the crags, ground and polished their fragments into bowlders and pebbles, formed pools in the hollows, and finally

covered the earth up to its chin with the oceans. Much detritus meantime was washed down from the rocks; it gathered in crevices and along the pockets and slacker reaches of river. This sediment was soaked with moisture and mixed with dissolved acids, it became the first soft layer of earth and finally a fertile soil. Water in this way softened the outlines of the mountains, laid the floor of the valleys, and made a leafy and a cloudy place of the planet.

The sages (and some of them much more recent than Thales) tell us that water not only wears away the rocks, but has a singular power of carrying away their subtler elements in solution, especially carbonic acid, of which the atmosphere also is full; and it happens that these elements can combine with the volatile elements of water into innumerable highly complex substances, all of which the atmospheric cycle carries with it wherever it goes; and with these complex substances, which are the requisite materials for living bodies, it everywhere fills the sea and impregnates the land.

Even if life, then, is not actually born of the moist element, it is at least suckled by it; the water-laden atmosphere is the wet nurse, if not the mother, of the earth-soul. The earth has its soul outside its body, as many a philosopher would have wished to have his. The winds that play about it are its breath, the water that rains down and rises again in mist is its circulating blood; and the death of the earth will come when some day it sucks in the atmosphere and the sea, gets its soul inside its body again, turns its animating gases back into solids, and becomes altogether a skeleton of stone.

No wonder that living creatures find things that are fluid and immersed in moisture friendly to the watery core of their own being. Seeds, blood, and tears are liquid; nothing else is so poignant as what passes and flows, like music and love; and if this irreparable fluidity is sad, anything stark and arrested is still sadder. Life is compelled to flow, and things must either flow with it or, like Lot's wife, in the petrified gesture of refusal, remain to mock their own hope.

APOLOGY FOR SNOBS

From SOLILOQUIES IN ENGLAND, *by* George Santayana, *by permission of* CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, *publishers.*

GEORGE SANTAYANA

APOLOGY FOR SNOBS

British satirists are very scornful of snobbery; they seem oppressed by the thought that wealth, rank, and finery are hideously inane and that they are hideously powerful. Are these moralists really overcome by a sense of the vanity of human wishes? It would hardly seem so; for they often breathe a sentimental adoration for romantic love or philanthropy or adventure or mystic piety or good cheer or ruthless will—all of them passions as little likely as any snobbish impulse to arise without some illusion or to end without some disappointment. Why this exclusive hostility to the vanities dear to the snob? Have birth, money, and fashion no value whatever? Do they not dazzle the innocent and unsophisticated with a distant image of happiness? Are they not actually when enjoyed very comforting and delightful things in their way? What else than this sensitiveness to better social example—which we may call snobbery if we please—lends English life in particular its most characteristic excellences—order without constraint, leisure without apathy, seclusion without solitude, good manners without punctilio, emulation without intrigue, splendor without hollowness? Why such bitterness about the harmless absurdities that may fringe this national discipline? Are these moralists in fact only envious and sulky? Is it sour grapes? It would sometimes seem as if, in England, the less representative a man was the more eagerly he took to literature, and thought that by hating his fellowmen and despising their prevalent feelings he rendered himself eminently fit to be their guide and redeemer.

In fact, there is a philosophical principle implied in snobbery, a principle which is certainly false if made absolute, but which

fairly expresses the moral relations of things in a certain perspective. If we all really stood on different steps in a single ladder of progress, then to admire and imitate those above us and to identify ourselves with them by hook or by crook would be simply to accelerate our natural development, to expand into our higher self, and to avoid fatal abysses to the right and to the left of the path marked out for us by our innate vocation. Life would then be like the simple game which children call Follow the Leader; and this scrupulous discipleship would be perfect freedom, since the soul of our leader and our own soul that chooses him would be the same. This principle is precisely that of the transcendental philosophy where it maintains that there is but one spirit in all men, and one logical moral evolution for the world. In fact, it is the Germans rather than the English that are solemn, convinced, and universal snobs. If they do not seem so much snobs in particular, it is because they are snobs *überhaupt*. It is not only from the nobility that grateful dews descend on their sensitive hearts, as upon open flowers; they yearn also after the professors and the artists, and assiduously dress their domestic mind, so far as the cloth will go, in the latest intellectual fashion. Their respect for what holds the official stage, and holds it for the moment, is beautiful in its completeness. They can change their front without changing their formation. And the occasional pricks and heartburnings of snobbery are entirely drowned, in their case, in its voluminous vicarious joys.

On the whole, however, snobbish sentiment and transcendental philosophy do not express the facts of nature. Men and nations do not really march in single file, as if they were being shepherded into some Noah's Ark. They have perhaps a common root and similar beginnings, but they branch out at every step into forms of life between which there is no further interchange of sap, and no common destiny. Their several fruits become incommensurable in beauty and in value, like the poetry of different languages, and more disparate the more each is perfected after its kind. The whale is not a first sketch for the butterfly, nor its culmination; the mind of an ox is not a fuller

expression of that of a rabbit. The poet does not evolve into the general, nor *vice versa;* nor does a man, in growing further, become a woman, superior as she may be in her own way. That is why snobbery is really a vice; it tempts us to neglect and despise our proper virtues in aping those of other people. If an angel appeared to me displaying his iridescent wings and treble voice and heart fluttering with eternal love, I should say, "Certainly, I congratulate you, but I do not wish to resemble you." Snobbery haunts those who are not reconciled with themselves; evolution is the hope of the immature. You cannot be everything. Why not be what you are?

This contentment with oneself, in its rational mixture of pride with humility, and its infinite indifference to possibilities which to us are impossible, is well understood in the great East—which is a moral as well as a geographical climate. There everyone feels that circumstances have not made and cannot unmake the soul. Variations of fortune do not move a man from his inborn center of gravity. Whatever happens and whatever people say he puts up with as he would with bad weather. He lets them thunder and rage, and continues to sit on his heels in his corner, in the shade or in the sun according to the season, munching his crust of bread, meditating on heaven and earth, and publishing on occasion to the passers-by, or to the wilderness, the revelations he receives from the spirit; and if these are particularly vivid, he will not hesitate to cry, "So saith the Lord," with an equal dignity or assurance whether he be sage, king, or beggar. Such firmness and independence of character are admirable, so long as the expression of them remains merely poetical or moral. It is enough if confessions are sincere, and aspirations true to the heart that utters them. In the heights and the depths we are all solitary, and we are deceived if we think otherwise, even when people say they agree with us, or form a sect under our name. As our radical bodily functions are incorrigibly selfish and persistent, so our ultimate ideals, if they are sincere, must forever deviate from those of others and find their zenith in a different star. The moral world is

round like the heavens, and the directions which life can take are infinitely divergent and unreturning.

But in the world of circumstances, in matters of politics and business, information, and thrift, civilized men move together: their interests, if not identical, are parallel, and their very conflicts and rivalries arise out of this contact and relevance in their aims. Eminence in this worldly sphere is unmistakable. One fortune in money can be measured against another and may be increased to equal it; and in government, fashion, and notoriety some people are unmistakably at the top of the tree, and doubtless deserve to be there, having found the right method of climbing. It is only natural that those who wish to climb too should study and imitate them. Awe and respect for such persons is an honest expression of social idealism: it is an admiration mixed with curiosity and with the desire for propinquity, because their achievements are in our own line of business and a prospective partnership is not out of the question. Their life is the ideal of ours. Yet all such conventional values and instrumentalities, in which we are perhaps absorbed, in the end say nothing to the heart. If by chance, in the shifts of this world, we pop up near the people whom we distantly admired, and reach the crest of the wave in their company, we discover how great an illusion it was that it would be good or possible for us to resemble them; conventional friends, we have no instincts, joys, or memories in common. It is, perhaps, from quite another age or race, from an utterly different setting of worldly tasks and ambitions, that some hint of true friendship and understanding reaches us in our hermitage; and even this hint is probably a hollow reverberation of our own soliloquy. In this slippery competitive earth snobbery is not unreasonable; but in heaven and hell there are no snobs. There every despised demon hugs his favorite vice for ever, and even the smallest of the stars shines with a singular glory.

THE PROFESSOR'S MARE

From THE MAGIC FORMULA AND OTHER STORIES, *published by* HARPER AND BROTHERS.

LAWRENCE PEARSALL JACKS

Lawrence Pearsall Jacks is a fine illustration of the untruth of a lot of fixed ideas. He was born in 1860, and yet he writes with more of the dash and daring of youth than most college Freshmen. He is the principal of one of the colleges of Oxford University, and yet he is less grave and reverend in his attitude than many a high-school valedictorian. He is a professor of philosophy, and yet he is as full of fun and mischief as any business man at a lodge convention. He holds at least five deserved degrees, and yet he isn't nearly so impressed by mere learning as most new members of Phi Beta Kappa. He is a minister, but he is more human than most Bohemians. He is editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, one of the periodicals in which the most abstruse thinking finds expression, and yet he sympathizes with stable men more than they do with one another. Some of his other writings are: *Mad Shepherds and Other Human Studies*; *The Alchemy of Thought*; *Religious Perplexities*; and *A Living Universe*.

L. P. JACKS

THE PROFESSOR'S MARE

The Reverend John Scattergood, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology, was of Puritan descent. The founder of the family was Caleb Scatter-the-good-seed, a cornet of horse in Cromwell's army, who had earned his master's favor by prowess at the battle of Dunbar. The family tradition averred that when Cromwell halted the pursuit of Leslie's shattered forces for the purpose of singing the 117th Psalm, it was Caleb Scatter-the-good-seed who gave out the tune and led the psalmody. This he did at the beginning of every verse by striking a tuning-fork on his bloody sword. He was mounted, said the tradition, on a coal-black horse.

John Scattergood, D.D., was a hard-headed theologian. His lectures on Systematic Theology ended, as all who attended them will remember, in a cogent demonstration of the Friendliness of the Universe, firmly established by the Inflexible Method. This was a masterpiece of ratiocination. The impartial observation of facts, the even-handed weighing of evidence, the right ordering of principles and their application, the separation and weaving together of lines of thought, the careful disentangling of necessary presuppositions, the just treatment of objectors—all the qualities demanded of one who handles the deepest problems of thought were combined in Dr. Scattergood's demonstration of the Friendliness of the Universe according to the Inflexible Method. Most of his hearers were convinced by his arguments, and went forth into the world to publish the good news that the Universe was friendly.

Hard-headed as Scattergood was, it would be unjust to his character to describe him as free from superstition. Much of

his life, indeed, had been spent in attacking the superstitions of the ignorant and the thoughtless; but this very practice had bred in him, as in so many others, a superstitious regard for the argumentative weapons used in the attack. Like his ancestor at Dunbar, he struck his tuning-fork on his sword. To be sure, he was a Rational Theist, and a cause of Rational Theism in others; but, unless I am much mistaken, the ultimate object of his faith, the Power behind his Deity, was the Inflexible Method. Superstition never dies; it merely changes its form. It is not a confession we make to ourselves so much as a charge we bring against others, and its greatest power is always exercised in directions where we are least aware of its existence. And Scattergood, of course, was unaware that his attitude toward the Inflexible Method was profoundly superstitious. It follows that he was unprepared for the part which superstition, changing its form, was destined to play in his life.

Theology, then, was his vocation, but I have now to add, the horse was his hobby. Although he had taken to riding late in life, he was by no means an incapable rider or an ignorant horseman. Next to the Universe, the horse had been the subject of his profoundest study; and as he was a close reasoner in regard to the one, he was a tight rider in regard to the other. His seat, like his philosophy, was a trifle stiff; but what else could you expect in one who had passed his sixtieth year? He never rode to hounds, nor otherwise unduly jeopardised his neck; but for managing a high-spirited horse, when all the rest of us were in difficulties, I never knew his better. "Let Scattergood go first," we cried as the traction engine came snorting down the road and our elderly hacks were prancing on the pavement; and sure enough his young thoroughbred would walk by the monster without so much as changing his feet.

"Scattergood," I once asked him, "what do you *do* to that young mare of yours when you meet a traction engine or a military band?"

"Nothing," he replied.

"Then what do you *say* to her?"

"Nothing."

"Then how do you manage it?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

Needless to say, he was deeply respected in the stables. "A gen'l'man with a wonderful 'orse-sense," said the old ostler one day, expatiating, as usual, on Scattergood's virtues. "If I'd had a 'orse-sense like him, I'd be one o' the richest men in England. If ever there was a man as throwed himself away, there he goes! 'Orse-sense isn't a thing as you see every day, sir. The only other man I've ever knowed as had it was his Lordship, as I was his coachman in Ireland more than twenty years ago. His Lordship used to say to me, 'Tom,' he says, 'Tom, it all comes of my grandfather and his father before him bein' jockeys.' And between you and me, sir, that's what's the matter with his Reverence. He's jockey-bred, sir, you take my word for it."

"His father was a bishop," I interposed.

"Well, his father may have been a bishop, for all I care," said Tom. "But what about his mother, and what about his mother's father, and his father before him, and all the rest of 'em? When it comes to a matter o' breedin' you don't stop at fathers; you take in the whole pedigree. Wasn't his Lordship's father a brewer? And what difference did that make? When 'orse-sense once gets started in a family it takes more than brewin' and more than bishopin' to wash it out o' the blood."

"I've heard that gypsies have the same gift," I said.

"I've 'eard it too, sir. But I never would have nothing to do with gypsies; though his Lordship was as thick as thieves with 'em. And thieves are just what they are, sir, and if it weren't for that I'd say as the gen'l'man was as like to be gypsy-bred as jockey. Don't you never let the gypsies sell *you* a 'oss, sir; you'll be took in if you do. But they couldn't gypsy *him!* Why, I don't believe as there's a 'oss-dealer for twenty miles round as wouldn't go out for a walk if he 'eard as Dr. Scattergood was comin' to buy a 'oss."

That the ostler's last remark was true in the spirit if not in the letter the following incident seems to prove. Once I was myself entrapped into the folly of buying a horse, and I was

on the point of concluding the bargain, which seemed to be all in my favor, when a friendly daimon whispered in my ear that I had better be cautious. So I said: "Yes, the horse seems all right. But before coming to a final decision, I'll bring Dr. Scattergood round to have a look at him." And the dealer presently abated his price by twenty pounds, on the understanding that "that there interferin' Scattergood, as had already done him more bad turns than one, was not allowed to poke his nose into business which was none of his."

"Pretty good," said the Professor when I showed him my purchase. "Pretty good. But I think I could have saved you another ten pounds, had you taken the trouble to consult me."

He kept but one horse, and it was observed, as a strange thing in a lover of horses, that he never kept that one for long. He was constantly changing his mount. By superficial observers this was set down to a certain fickleness of disposition; but the truth seems rather to have been that Scattergood, consciously or unconsciously, was engaged in the quest for the Perfect Horse. No man knew better than he what equine perfection involved, and none was ever more painfully sensitive to the slightest deviation from the Absolute Ideal. Whatever good qualities his horse might possess—and they were always numerous—the presence of a single fault, however slight, would haunt and oppress him in much the same way as a venial sin will trouble the consciousness of a saint. I remember one beautiful animal in which the severest judges could find no defect save that it had half a dozen miscolored hairs hidden away on one of its hind-legs. Every time the good doctor rode that horse he saw the miscolored hairs through the back of his head; and away went the beast to Tattersall's after a week's trial. Another followed, and another after that; but we soon ceased to count them, and took it for granted that Scattergood's horse seen once, would not be seen again. So it went on until in the fullness of time there appeared a horse, or more strictly a mare, which did not depart as swiftly as it came.

Whatever perfection may be in other realms, perfection in horses seems after all to be a relative thing; for though Dr.

Scattergood himself regarded this one as perfect, I doubt if he could have found a single soul in the wide world to agree with him. To be sure, she was beautiful enough to cause a flutter of excitement as she passed down the street; but a beast of more dangerous mettle never pranced on two feet or kicked out with one. She was the terror of every stable she entered, and it was only by continual largesse on the part of Scattergood that any groom could be induced to feed or tend her. What she cost him monthly for tips, for broken stable furniture, and for veterinary attendance on the horses she kicked in the ribs, I should be sorry to say. But Scattergood paid it all without a murmur; no infatuated lover ever bore the extravagance of his mistress with a lighter heart. For the truth of the matter was, that he was deeply attached to this mare, and the mare was deeply attached to him.

Why the mare was fond of Scattergood is a problem requiring for its solution more horse-sense than most of us possess; so we had better leave it alone. But Scattergood's reason for being fond of the mare can be stated in a sentence. She reminded him constantly and vividly, of Ethelberta. Her high spirits, her dash, her unexpectedness, her brilliant eyes, her gait, and especially the carriage of her head, were a far truer likeness of Ethelberta than was the faded photograph, or even the miniature set in gold, which the reverend professor kept locked in his secret drawer.

Now Ethelberta was the name of the lady whom Scattergood wished he had married. For five-and-thirty years he had never ceased wishing he had married *her*—and not someone else. Someone else! Ay, there was the rub! The lawful Mrs. Scattergood was not a person whose portrait I should care to draw in much detail. Can you imagine a harder lot than that of a world-famous Systematic Theologian, publicly pledged to maintain the Friendliness of the Universe, but privately consumed with anxiety lest on returning home (horresco referens!) he should find a heavy-featured, blear-eyed, irredeemable woman, the woman who called herself his wife, narcotised on the drawing-room sofa, with an empty bottle of chloral at her side? That

was the lot of John Scattergood, D.D., and he bore it like a man, keeping up a pathetic show of devotion to his intolerable wife, and concealing his personal misery from the world with an ingenuity only equal to that with which he published abroad the Friendliness of the Universe. To be sure, he had long abandoned the quest for happiness as a thing unworthy of a Systematic Theologian—what else, indeed, could he do? Still, it was hardly possible to avoid reflecting that he would have been happier if he had married Ethelberta. Each day something happened to convince him that he would. For example, his first duty every morning, before settling down to work, was to make a tour of the house, sometimes in the company of a trusted domestic, hunting for a concealed bottle of morphia; and when at last the servant, with her arm under a mattress, said, "I've got it, sir," he could not help reflecting that the burden of life would have been lighter had he married the high-souled Ethelberta. And with the thought a cloud seemed to pass between John Scattergood and the sun.

He would often say to himself that he wished he could forget Ethelberta. But in point of fact he wished nothing of the kind. He secretly cherished her memory, and the efforts he made to banish her from his thoughts only served to incorporate her more completely with the atmosphere of his life.

All through life John Scattergood had been a deeply conscientious man. But conscience—or rather something that called itself conscience, but was in reality nothing of the kind, —which had served him so well in other respects, had been his undoing in the matter of Ethelberta. At the age of twenty-five he was not aware that a man's evil genius, bent on doing its victim the deadliest turn, will often disguise itself in the robes of his heavenly guide. Later on in life he learned to penetrate these disguises, but at twenty-five he was at their mercy. He was, as we have seen, of Puritan descent; his evangelical upbringing had taught him to regard as heaven-sent all inner voices which bade him sacrifice his happiness; and this it was of which the enemy took advantage. In his relationship with Ethelberta the young man was radiantly happy; but that very circumstance

aroused his suspicions. "You are not worthy of this happiness," said an inner voice; "and, what is far more to the point, you are not worthy of Ethelberta. She is too good for such as you."

"Who are you?" said the young Scattergood, addressing the inner voice. "Who are you that haunt me night and day with this horrible fear?"

"I am your conscience," answered the voice. "You are unworthy of Ethelberta; and it is I, your conscience, that tell you so. I am a voice from heaven, and beware of disregarding me."

Had Scattergood been thirty years older, this strange anxiety on the part of his conscience to establish its claims as a voice from heaven would have put him on his guard; he would have lifted those shining robes and seen the hoofs beneath them. But these precautions had not occurred to him in the days when he and Ethelberta were walking hand in hand. So he listened to that inner voice with awe: he listened until its lying words became an obsession; until they darkened his mind; until they drowned the voices of love and began to find utterance in his manners, and even in his speech, with Ethelberta. She, on her part, did not understand—what woman ever could or would?—and a cloud came between them. "The cloud is from heaven," said the inner voice. "I have sent it; let it grow; you are not good enough for Ethelberta, and it will be a sin to link your life with hers."

So the cloud grew, till one day a woman's wrath shot out of it; there was an explosion, a quarrel, a breach; and the two parted, never to meet again. "You have done your duty," said the false conscience. "You have dealt me a mortal hurt," said the soul. But Scattergood was still convinced that he was not good enough for Ethelberta.

Within a year or two the usual results had followed. Scattergood married a woman who was not good enough for *him;* and that other man, who had been watching his opportunity, like a wolf around the sheepfold, married Ethelberta. And he was not good enough for *her.*

And now many years had passed, and Ethelberta was long since dead. But that made no difference to the aching wound;

for Professor Scattergood, who was intelligent about all things, and far too intelligent about Ethelberta, used to reflect that probably she would still be alive had she married him. "They went to Naples for their honeymoon," he would say aloud—for he was in the habit of talking to himself—"they went to Naples for their honeymoon; there she caught typhoid fever, and died six weeks after her marriage. But things would have happened differently had she married *me*. *We* were not going to Naples for the honeymoon. We were going to Switzerland: we settled it that night after the dance at Lady Brown's—the night I first told her I was not worthy of her. Fool that I was!" Such were the meditations of Professor John Scattergood, D.D., as he trotted under the hedgerow elms and heard the patter of his horse's hoofs falling softly on the withered leaves.

Thus we can understand how it came to pass that Dr. Scattergood's imagination was abnormally sensitive to anything which could remind him of Ethelberta. And I have no doubt that his peculiar horse-sense was also involved in the particular reminder with which we have now to deal.

Certain it is that he discerned the resemblance to Ethelberta the moment he cast eyes upon his mare. He was standing in the dealer's yard, and the dealer was leading the animal out of the stable. Suddenly catching sight of the strange black-coated figure, she stopped abruptly, lowered her head, curved her neck, and looked Scattergood straight between the eyes. For a moment he was paralyzed with astonishment and thought he was dreaming. The movement, the attitude, the look were all Ethelberta's! Exactly thus had she stopped abruptly, lowered her head, curved her neck, and looked him in the face when thirty-five years ago he had been introduced to her at an Embassy Ball in Vienna. A vision swept over his inner eye; he saw bright uniforms, heard music, felt the presence of a crowd; and so completely was the actuality of things blotted out that he made a low reverence to the animal as though he were being introduced to some high-born dame. The dealer noticed the movement and wondered what "new hanky-panky old Scattergood was trying on the mare."

"Now, that's a mare I raised myself," said the dealer. "I've watched her every day since she was foaled, and I'll undertake to say as there isn't another like her in—"

"In the wide world; I know there isn't," said Scattergood, cutting him short. Then, suddenly, "What's her name?"

"Meg," replied the dealer, who was expecting a very different question.

"Meg—Meg," said the Doctor. "Why, it ought to be—Well, never mind, Meg will do. So you bred her yourself? Will you swear you didn't *steal* her?"

This was too much even for a horse-dealer. "We're not a firm of horse-thieves," he said, and he was preparing to lead her back into the stable.

"I'm only joking," said Scattergood in a tremulous voice which belied him. "She's the living likeness of one I remember years ago—one that *was* stolen. Come, bring her back. I'm ready to buy that mare at her full value."

"And what may that be?" replied the dealer, glad that the enemy had made the first move.

"A hundred and twenty."

The dealer was astonished; for his customer had offered the exact sum at which he hoped to sell the mare. For a moment he thought of standing out for a hundred and fifty, but he knew it was useless to bargain with Scattergood, so he said:

"It's giving her away, sir, at a hundred and twenty. But for the sake of quick business, and you being a gentleman as knows a horse when you sees one, I'll take you at your own figure."

"Done," said Scattergood. "I'll send you a cheque round in ten minutes." And without another word he walked out of the yard. He had found the perfect horse.

The dealer stood dumfounded, halter in hand—he was unconscious that Meg had already caught his shirt sleeve between her teeth. Could that retreating figure be the wary Scattergood, Scattergood of the thousand awkward questions, Scattergood the terror of every horse-dealer in the countryside? Never before had he found so prompt, so reckless a customer. Were his eyes deceiving him? Was it a dream? A violent jerk on his right

arm, and the simultaneous sound of tearing linen, recalled him to himself. "You she-devil!" he said, "I'll take the skin off you for this. But I hope the old gentleman's well insured."

Meanwhile the Professor was walking home in a state of profound mental perturbation. Visions of the Embassy Ball in Vienna, Buddhist theories of reincarnation, problems of animal psychology, doubts as to the validity of the Inflexible Method, vague and nameless feelings that accompanied the disappearance of his "horse-sense," a yet vaguer joy as of one who has found something precious which he had lost, and beneath all the ever-present subconscious fear that he would find his wife narcotised on the drawing-room sofa, were buzzing and dancing through his mind.

"It's the *likeness* that puzzles me," he began to reflect. "A universal resemblance, borne by particulars not one of which is really like the original. Quite unmistakable, and yet quite unthinkable. An indubitable fact, and yet a fact which no one who has not seen could ever be induced to believe."

Had anyone half an hour earlier propounded the statement that a woman could bear a closer resemblance to a horse than to her own portrait, he would have treated the proposition as one which no amount of evidence could make good. So far from the evidence proving the proposition true, he would have said, it is the proposition which proves the evidence false. Otherwise, what is the use of the Inflexible Method? But now the thing was flashed on him with the brightness of authentic revelation, and there was no gainsaying its truth. Not once during the five-and-thirty years of his mourning for Ethelberta had anything happened to bring her so vividly to mind; not even among the dreams that haunt the borderland of sleep and waking; no, nor even when he listened to the great singer whose voice had pierced his heart with the sad and angry music of Heine's bitterest song. Professor Scattergood was a firm believer in the efficacy of *a priori* thought; but though by means of it he had excogitated a system in which the plan of an entire Universe was sufficiently laid down, there was not one of his principles either primary

or secondary which could have built a niche for the experience he had just undergone in the horse-dealer's yard.

As he neared his doorstep the confusion of his mind suddenly ranged itself into form and gave birth to an articulate thought. "I'm sure," he said to himself, drawing his latch-key out of his pocket and inserting it in the keyhole—"I'm sure that Ethelberta is not far off. Yes, as sure as I am of anything in this world."

II

The "horse-sense," which gave Professor Scattergood his reputation in the stables was always accompanied by a well-marked physical sensation—to wit, a continuous tingling at the back of the head, seemingly located at an exact spot in the cortex of the brain. So long as the back of his head was tingling, every horse was completely at Scattergood's mercy; he could do with it whatever he willed. But I have it on his own authority that the moment he cast eyes on his new mare the sensation suddenly ceased and his horse-sense deserted him.

Accordingly, the first time he took her out he mounted with trepidation, and fear possessed his soul that she would run away with him. Though nothing very serious followed, the fear was not entirely groundless. His daily ride, which usually occupied exactly two hours and five minutes, was accomplished on this occasion in one hour and twenty, and for a week afterward the Professor's man rubbed liniment into his back three times a day. On the second occasion he had the ill luck to encounter the local Hunt in full career, a thing he would have minded not the least under ordinary circumstances, but extremely disconcerting at a moment when his horse-sense happened to be in abeyance. Before he had time to take in the situation, Meg joined the rushing tide, and for the next forty minutes the field was led by the first Systematic Theologian in Europe, who had given himself up for lost and was preparing for death. And killed he probably would have been but for two things; the first was the fine qualities of his mount, and the second was a literary reminiscence which enabled him to retain his presence of mind.

Even in these desperate circumstances, the Professor's habit of talking to himself remained in force. A friend of mine who was riding close behind him told me that he distinctly heard Scattergood repeating the lines of the *Odyssey* which tell how Ulysses, on the point of suffocation in the depths of the sea, kept his wits about him and made a spring for his raft the instant he rose to the surface. Again and again, as the Professor raced across the open, did he repeat those lines to himself; and whenever a dangerous fence or ditch came in sight he would break off in the middle of the Greek and cry aloud in English, "Now, John Scattergood, prepare for death and sit well back"—resuming the Greek the moment he was safely landed on the other side, and thus proving once more that the blood of the Ironsides still ran in his veins.

Said a farmer to me one day:

"Who's that gentleman as has just gone up the lane on the chestnut mare?"

"That," said I, "is Professor Scattergood—one of our greatest men."

"H'm!" said the farmer. "I reckon he's a clergyman—to judge by his clothes."

"He is."

"Well, he's a queer un for a clergyman, danged if he isn't. He's allus talking aloud to himself. And what do you think I hear him say when he come through last Thursday? 'John Scattergood,' says he, 'you were a damned fool. Yes, there's no other word for it, John; you were a *damned* fool!'"

"That," I said, "is language which no clergyman ought to use, not even when he is talking to himself. But perhaps the words were not his own. They may have been used about him by some other person—possibly by his wife, who, people say, is a bit of a Tartar. In that case he would be just repeating them to himself, by way of refreshing his memory."

The farmer laughed at this explanation. "I see you're a gentleman with a kind 'eart," said he. "But a man with a swearin' wife don't ride about the country lanes refreshin' his memory in that way. He knows his missus will do all the re-

freshin' he wants when he gets 'ome. No, you'll never persuade *me* as them words weren't the gentleman's own. From the way he said 'em you could see as they tasted good. Why, he said 'em just like this——"

And the farmer repeated the objectionable language, with a voice and manner that entirely disposed of my charitable theory. He then added: "Clergyman or no clergyman, I'll say one thing for him—he rides a good 'oss. I'll bet you five to one as that chestnut mare cost him a hundred and twenty guineas, if she cost him a penny."

From the tone in which the farmer said this I gathered that a gentleman whose 'oss cost him a hundred and twenty guineas was entitled to use any language he liked; and that my explanation, therefore, even if true, was superfluous.

What did the Professor mean by apostrophising himself in the strong language overheard by the farmer? The exegesis of the passage, it must be confessed, is obscure, and, not unnaturally, there is a division of opinion among the higher critics. Some, of whom I am one, argue that the words refer to a long-past error of judgment in the Professor's life; more precisely, to the loss of Ethelberta. Others maintain that this theory is far fetched and fanciful. The Professor, they say, was plainly cursing himself for the purchase of Meg. For, is there not reason to believe that at the very moment when the obnoxious words were uttered he was again in trouble with the mare, and therefore in a state of mind likely to issue in the employment of this very expression?

Now, although I have always held the first of these two theories, I must hasten to concede the last point in the argument of the other side. It is a fact that at the very moment when the Professor cursed himself for a fool he was again in trouble with Meg. On previous occasions her faults had been those of excess; but to-day she was erring by defect: instead of going too fast she was going too slow, and occasionally refusing to go at all. She would neither canter nor trot; it was with difficulty that she could be induced to walk, and then only at a snail's pace; apparently she wanted to fly. In consequence of which

the Professor's daily ride promised to occupy at least three hours, thereby causing him to be twenty-five minutes late for his afternoon lecture.

Meg's behavior that day had been irritating to the last degree. She began by insisting on the wrong side of the road, and before Professor Scattergood could emerge from the traffic of the town he had been threatened with legal proceedings by two policemen and cursed by several drivers of wheeled vehicles. Arrived in the open country, Meg spent her time in examining the fields on either side of the road, in the hope apparently of again discovering the Hunt; she would dart down every lane and through every open gate, and now and then would stop dead and gaze at the scenery in the most provoking manner. Coming to a blacksmith's shop with which she was acquainted, a desire for new shoes possessed her feminine soul, and, suddenly whisking round through the door of the shoeing shed, she knocked off the Professor's hat and almost decapitated him against the lintel. The Professor had not recovered from the shock of this incident when a black Berkshire pig that was being driven to market came in sight, round a turn of the road. Meg, as became a high-bred horse, positively refused to pass the unclean thing, or even to come within twenty yards of it. She snorted and pranced, reared and curveted, and was about to make a bolt for home when the pig-driver, who had considerately driven his charge into a field where it was out of sight, seized Meg's bridle and led her beyond the dangerous pass.

"Meg, Meg," said the professor, as soon as they were alone and order had been restored—"Meg, Meg, this will never do. You and I will have to part company. I don't mind your *looking* like Ethelberta, but I can't allow you to *act* as she did. To be sure, Ethelberta broke my heart thirty-five years ago. But that is no reason why I should suffer *you* to break my neck to-day. We'll go home, Meg, and I'll take an early opportunity of breaking off the engagement, just as I broke it off with Ethelberta—though, between you and me, Meg, I was a damned fool for doing it."

Professor Scattergood spoke these words in a low, soft, musical

voice; the voice he always used when talking to horses or to himself about Ethelberta. Even the obnoxious adjective was pronounced by the Professor with that tenderness of intonation which only a horse or a woman can fully understand. And here I must explain that this particular tone came to him naturally in these two connections only. In all others his voice was high-pitched, hard, and a trifle forced. Years of lecturing on Systematic Theology had considerably damaged his vocal apparatus. He had developed a throat-clutch; he had a distressing habit of ending all his sentences on the rising inflection; and whenever he was the least excited in argument he had a tendency to scream. It was in this voice that he addressed his class. But whenever he happened to be talking to horses, or to himself about Ethelberta—and you might catch him doing so almost any time when he was alone—you would hear something akin to music, and would reflect what a pity it was that Professor Scattergood had never learned to sing.

It was, I say, in this low, soft, musical voice that he addressed his mare, perhaps with some exceptional sadness, on the day when, sorely tried by her bad behavior, he had come to the conclusion that the engagement must be broken off. And now I must once more risk my reputation for veracity; and if the pinch comes and I have to defend myself from the charge of lying, I shall appeal for confirmation to my old friend the ostler, who knows a great deal about 'osses, and believes my story through and through. What happened was this.

The moment Professor Scattergood began to address his mare in the tones aforesaid, she stood stock-still, with ears reversed in the direction from which the sounds were coming. When he had finished, a gentle quiver passed through her body. Then, suddenly lowering her head, she turned it round with a quick movement toward the off stirrup, and slightly bit the toe of Professor Scattergood's boot. This done, she recovered her former attitude of attention, and again reversed her ears as though awaiting a response. Taking in the meaning of her act with a swift instinct which he never allowed to mar his treatment of Systematic Theology, the professor said one word—"Ethelberta";

and the word had hardly passed his lips when something began to tingle at the back of his head. Instantly the mare broke into the gentlest and evenest canter that ever delighted a horseman of sixty years; carried him through the remainder of his ride without a single hitch, shy, or other misdemeanor, and brought him to his own doorstep in exactly two hours and five minutes from the time he had left it. Thenceforward, until the last day of his life, he never had the slightest trouble with his mare. That is the story which the ostler believes through and through.

Next day the Professor said to this man:

"Tom, I'm going to change the name of my mare."

"You can't do that, sir. You'll never get her to answer to a new name."

"I mean to try, anyhow. Here"—and he slipped half a sovereign into the man's hand. "You make this mare answer to the name of *Ethelberta,* and I'll give you as much more when it's done."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the man, slipping the coin into his pocket—"Beg your pardon, sir, but there never was a 'oss with a name like that. It's not a 'oss's name at all, sir."

"Never mind that. Do as I tell you, and you won't regret it. Ethelberta—don't forget."

The groom touched his hat. Professor Scattergood left the stables, and presently the groom and his chief pal were rolling in laughter on a heap of straw.

A fortnight later the groom said:

"The mare answers wonderful well to that new name, sir. Stopped her kicking and biting altogether, sir. Why, the day before we give it her, she tore the shirt off my back and bit a hole in my breeches as big as a mangel-wurzel."

"I'll pay for both of them," said Professor Scattergood.

"Thank 'ee, sir. But since we give her the new name she's not even made as though she *wanted* to bite anybody. And as for kicking, why, you might take tea with your mother-in-law right under her heels and she wouldn't knock a saucer over. I nivver see such a thing in all my life, and don't expect nivver to see such another! *Wonderful's* what I calls it! Though since

I've come to think of it, there *was* once a 'oss named Ethelberta as won the Buddle Stakes. Our foreman says as he remembers the year it won. Maybe as you had a bit yourself, sir, on that 'oss—though beg your pardon for saying so."

"Yes," said the Professor, "I backed Ethelberta for all I was worth, and won ten times as much. Only, some fellow stole the winnings out of my—my inner pocket just before I got home. It was thirty-five years ago."

"So it was a bit o' bad luck, after all, sir?"

"It was," said Scattergood, "extremely bad luck."

"Did they ever catch the man, sir?"

"They did. They caught him within a year after the theft."

"I expect they give it 'im 'ot, sir?"

"Yes. He got a life sentence, the same as mi—the same as that man got who was convicted the other day."

At this lame conclusion the groom looked puzzled, and Scattergood had to extricate himself. "You see, Tom," he went on, "the value of what I lost was enormous."

"It must have been a tidy haul to get the thief a sentence like that," said Tom. "But maybe he give you a tap on the head into the bargain, sir."

"He put a knife into me," said Scattergood, "and the wound aches to this day."

For some reason he felt an unwonted pleasure in pursuing this conversation with the sympathetic groom, and inwardly resolved that he would give him a handsome tip.

"Put a *knife* into you, did he?" cried Tom. "Why, that's just like what happened to *me* when I was coachman to his Lordship. We was livin' in Ireland, and it was the days of the Land League. Me and his Lordship had been to Ballymunny Races, and his Lordship had got his pockets stuffed full o' money as he won, and I don't say I hadn't won a bit myself, seein' as I allus backed the same 'osses as he did. Well, we had about fifteen miles to drive in the dark, and before we starts his Lordship says to me, 'Tom, my lad,' he says, 'go round the town and buy me the most grievous big stick you can find in the place.' 'What's that for, my Lord?' I says, for me and his Lordship

was a'most like brothers. 'Tom,' he says, 'I've been losin' my 'orse-sense all day, and wherever that happens I knows there's trouble a-brewin'.' So I goes and buys him a stick, and a beauty it were, too, made o' bog oak, and that 'eavy that 'e couldn't 'elp feelin' sorry for the wife o' the man as was goin' to get it on the top of 'is 'ead. 'All right, Tom,' says his Lordship as he jumps on the car; 'and give the reins a turn round the palm o' your 'and.' So off we starts, and we 'adn't gone more than four miles when three men springs out on us just like shadows. 'Look out, my Lord,' I shouts; 'there's three on 'em!' His Lordship, as was sitting just behind me, he hits out splendid, and I could 'ear his big stick going crack, crack on their 'eads. 'Well done, my Lord!' I shouts. '*Hit* 'em, my Lord!' I says; 'give it 'em 'ome-brewed!' 'It's hittin' 'em that I'm after,' says he. 'I've made one on 'em comfortable. Tom, you're a great boy for choosin' a stick; but what's become o' that big fellow?' 'He's on the near side, creepin' under the car,' I says; 'look out for that one, my Lord; he's got a knife!' And I was just givin' the reins another turn round the palm o' my 'and when I feels summat sharp under my right shoulder-blade, and I begins catchin' my breath. The last as I remember was seein' his Lordship bendin' over me, like as if he'd been my own mother. 'Tom, my own darlin,' he says, 'if the black villains have killed you, it's a sorrowin' man I'll be for the rest of my days. But I've given that big one a sleepin'-draught as he won't wake up till the Angel Gabriel knocks at his bedroom door,'—I'd got it proper, I can tell you! Touched the lung, too, that it did; and whenever I catches a bit o' cold and begins coughin', it's that painful that I can't——"

"Ay, ay," said Scattergood. "Well, here's something that's good for an old wound—though," he muttered to himself, as he rode away, "it never made much difference to mine." He had given the man a sovereign.

As the Profesor walked his horse down the yard, Tom said to his pal, " 'E must ha' bin a warm 'un in his young days. Good-'earted, too. But why the old bloke should call his 'oss Ethelberta, seeing he lost his money after all, licks me 'oller."

"Just look at the pair on 'em!" said the pal. "Why, to see that mare walkin' down the yard, you might think as she was a little gel goin' to Sunday school. But you'll never persuade *me* as she isn't foxin'. She'll do a down on him yet, you mark my word! She's as tricky as a woman. I can see it in her eye."

"Ha!" said Tom. "That reminds me of something his Lordship once said to me. It 'appened at the Dublin 'Orse Show, as his Lordship was one o' the judges, with me by to 'elp 'im. There was a roan mare just brought into the ring, and his Lordship says to me, lookin' 'ard at the mare all the time, 'Tom, my boy,' he says, 'did you ever 'ave a sweetheart?' 'Yes, my Lord,' I says, 'several.' 'Are they livin' or dead?' says he. 'I never killed none on 'em, my Lord,' I says; 'that's all *I* knows about it.' 'Treat 'em 'andsome, my boy, treat 'em 'andsome,' says he in the solemnest voice you ever 'eard; 'it's desperate bad luck on a man as has to do wi' 'osses when a' angry sweetheart dies on him. And look 'ere, Tom,' he says in a whisper, 'from the way the back o' my 'ead's a-tinglin', *it's a' angry sweetheart as we're judgin' now.*—Pass her down,' he says to the groom as were leadin' the mare, 'pass her down. Divil a prize shall that one have! She's a dangerous bad 'oss.'"

III

Among Professor Scattergood's numerous admirers there have always been some to whom his arguments for the Friendliness of the Universe proved unconvincing. They would begin by pulling his logic to pieces, and conclude by saying, with the air of people who keep their strongest argument to the last: "It looks, at all events, as though the friendly Universe had done our good Professor a most unfriendly turn by depriving him of Ethelberta and substituting the present Mrs. Scattergood in her place." And there was no denying the force of the argument.

For half a long lifetime John Scattergood had lived his earnest days with little aid from those sources of spiritual vitality upon which most of us depend. Love in all its finer essences had been denied him—denied him, as he knew better than anybody, by that very Universe whose friendliness he had set himself to

prove. Among the many lonely souls who live in crowded places it would be hard to find one lonelier than he. Even the demonstrated friendliness of the Universe did not seem to thaw his heart, or to break down the barriers of his reserve. The surest means of discovering his inner mind was to put your ear to the keyhole on one of the many occasions when he was talking to himself. *"Wie brennt mein alte Wunde!"* is what you would often hear him say.

Mrs. Scattergood was said to have once been a very beautiful woman; and I can well believe it was even so. She was the daughter of a baronet, and had been brought up to think that the mission of women in this world is to have a good time. But her husband had thwarted this mission; at all events, he had not provided its fulfillment. And the lady made it a point of daily practice to remind him of the failure, driving the reminder home with the help of expletives learned in her father's stables long ago. John Scattergood would retire from these interviews talking to himself. "If I could keep her from the morphia," he would say, "I think I could bear the rest." He would then shut himself up in his study, would take out the miniature of Ethelberta from his secret drawer—a foolish thing to do, but a thing which somehow he couldn't help; would shake his head and say for the thousandth time, *"Wie brennt mein alte Wunde!"* After which, having brushed aside a tear, he would take up his pen and continue his proof of the Friendliness of the Universe according to the Inflexible Method.

If Scattergood could have seen himself, as I see him in memory, seated in his quiet study, with the household skeleton, the philosophical thesis, and the gold-rimmed miniature of Ethelberta, in their respective positions, forming as it were the three points of a mystic triangle, I think he might have discerned in the Universe something of deeper import than ever appeared within the four corners of his philosophy. But alas! All Q.E.D.'s are fatal to emotion, and it was Q.E.D. that Scattergood had placed at the end of his great thesis. In some respects he resembled that other great philosopher who became so absorbed in his

proof of the existence of God that he forgot to say his prayers. The fact of the matter is, that after proving the ultimate nature of the Universe to be friendly his heart was no warmer than before. Indeed, his interest in that august Object had stiffened into the chill rigidity of a professional pose. His thesis, by becoming demonstrably true, had ceased to be morally exciting. He actually looked forward to his afternoon ride as a means of getting the taste of the Universe out of his mouth.

By long and devious ways, John Scattergood had thus arrived at the point from which he had set out; he had arrived, I mean, at that extremely common state of mind when one actual smile seen on the face of the world, or a moment of contact with any one of the innumerable friendly presences which the world harbors, was worth more to him, both as philosopher and man, than were all the achievements of the Inflexible Method, past, present, and to come. And I have now to record that such a smile was vouchsafed to him, and such a living contact provided, by the mediation of a four-footed beast.

Let no one suppose, however, that our Professor was led astray by fatuous fancies concerning his mare. He did not jump to the conclusion that she was a reincarnation of the long-lost Ethelberta. The Inflexible Method, thank God, saved him from that. But if you ask me how it all came about, I am bound to confess I don't know. All we can be sure of is that his mare did for Professor Scattergood something which a lifetime of reflection had been unable to accomplish. No doubt the lifetime of reflection had dried the fuel. But it was the influence of Ethelberta that brought the flame.

"It's quite true," he said one day, "that I prepare my lectures on horseback; and people tell me that I have fallen into a habit of preparing them aloud. But the fact is, I am going to deliver a new course; and I find that horse-exercise quickens the action of the brain—necessary thing at my time of life, when one's powers of expression are on the wane, and new ideas increasingly difficult to put into form."

"You ride a beautiful animal," said his interlocutor.

"Yes, and as good as she's beautiful." And then in his softest voice he repeated the line:

"Tra bell' e buona, non so qual fosse piu."

This favorable view of Ethelberta's qualities was by no means convincing to Professor Scattergood's friends. We knew she was "bella"; but we doubted the "buona." The spectacle of an elderly Doctor of Divinity setting out for his daily ride on a magnificent race horse in the pink of condition was indeed a vision to fill the bold with astonishment and the timid with alarm. "The man is mad," said some. "Will no one warn him of his danger?" Various attempts were made, but they came to nothing. Knowing myself to be the least cogent of advisers, I kept silence to the last; but when all the others had failed I resolved to try my hand.

"Scattergood," I said, "that thoroughbred of yours is not a suitable mount for a man of your years. She ought to be ridden by a jockey. I wish to Heaven you would sell her."

"Nothing in this world would induce me to part with Ethelberta," he answered.

"I'm sorry to hear it. There's no man living in England at this moment whose life is more precious than yours. We can't afford to lose you. Then think of your——" I was going to say "your wife," but I checked myself in time: "Think of your work. It's a very serious matter. Sure as fate that brute"—("She's not a *brute*," he interrupted)—"sure as fate that beauty will run away with you one of these days and break your neck."

"How do you know that?" he asked, quietly.

"Because she's run away with you twice already, and you escaped only by a miracle. She'll do it again, and next time you may not be quite so fortunate."

"She'll never do it again," he said in the same quiet voice.

"How do you know that?" I said, thinking that I had turned the tables on him.

"Never mind how. I know it well enough."

"By the Inflexible Method?"

"Of course not," he said with some annoyance. "There are

different kinds of certainty, and this is one of the most certain of all."

"More certain than the Inflexible——?"

"Oh, damn the Inflexible Method!" he cried. "I'm sick to death of it. You'll do me a kindness by not mentioning it again."

"All right; I'm sick of it as you are. After all, it's not your philosophy I'm thinking of; what I am concerned about is your life. Now, Scattergood," I added—for I was an old friend,—"frankly, between you and me, don't you think you're a fool?"

"My dear fellow, I am and always have been a—" and here he used that objectionable word—"always have been a certain sort of fool. But not about Ethelberta. We understand each other perfectly. She looks after me and takes care of me like a—like a mother. My life is absolutely safe in her hands—I mean, of course, on her back."

"Confound those mixed metaphors!" I cried. "That's the seventh I've heard to-day, and they're horribly confusing, even when they are corrected as you corrected yours. Now, what on earth do you mean?"

He looked at me curiously. "I mean," he said, "that Ethelberta may be trusted to the uttermost."

"Scattergood," I said, "there's a sort of friendship in the Universe which does not scruple on occasion to break every bone in a man's body, and I greatly fear that Ethelberta may be one of its ministers. Now, here's a plain question. Would you be prepared to stand before your class to-morrow morning and bid them trust the Universe for no better reasons than those on which you trust your life to the tender mercies of that bru—of Ethelberta?"

"I only wish I could find them reasons half as good."

"Half as good as what?"

"As those for which I trust my life to Ethelberta."

"What are they?"

"I can't tell you. If I did tell, the reasons would lose their force. But until they are uttered they are quite conclusive."

"What!" I cried; "are the reasons *taboo?* Have you found a magic formula?"

"Don't jest," he said. "The matter's far too serious. There is more at stake than the mere safety of my life."

"Then you admit your life *is* at stake," said I; and I thought I had scored a point.

"No, I don't. But other things are—things of far greater importance. My life, however, runs no risk from Ethelberta."

"Then tell me this. Who runs the bigger risk—you who trust your life to a beast for no reasons you can assign; or we, your disciples, who trust ourselves to the Universe in the name of your philosophy?"

"By far the bigger risk," he answered, "is yours."

"Then you mean to say that you have better reasons for trusting your beast than we have for trusting your system?"

"I do."

"You are quite serious?"

"I am."

"But follow this out," I said. "If we, your disciples, run the bigger risk in trusting ourselves to your system, you, its author, run the same risk yourself."

"You're strangely mistaken," he answered.

"Surely," said I, "we are all in the same boat. What reasons can you have, other than those you have given us, for trusting your conclusion as to the friendliness of the Universe?"

"You forget," he said. "In addition to the reasons I have given you, I have all those which induce me to trust my life to Ethelberta."

"But how do they affect your philosophy?"

"They affect it vitally."

"In the way of confirmation or otherwise?"

"Confirmation."

"You mean that your philosophy is already conclusively proved, and yet made more conclusive by Ethelberta?"

"Put it that way, if you like."

"Is there no hope," I asked, "that you will be able one day to communicate the reasons to *us*?"

"None," he answered. "But what I can do, and will do, if I live long enough, is to show that all of you are acting much as I am acting in regard to Ethelberta."

"But we are not risking our lives on thoroughbred horses."

"You are running far bigger risks than that," he said; "and you are fools not to see it. Did I not tell you that I am revising my lectures?"

"Scattergood," I said, "it's plain to me that you will have to do one of two things. Either you must radically change your system—or you must sell Ethelberta. Personally, I hope you'll do the last."

"In any case," he replied, "I shall not sell Ethelberta."

"Then," said I, "may the friendly Universe preserve you from being killed." And with that I took my departure.

IV

That very afternoon, Professor Scattergood, arrayed in a pair of goodly riding-boots, went round to the stables to mount his mare. The groom met him as usual.

"She's been wonderful restless all night, sir," said he. "She's broke her halter and a'most kicked the door out. And she's bitin' as though she'd just been married to the devil's son."

"She wants exercise," said Scattergood. "Put the saddle on at once."

"Not me, sir!" answered the groom. "It's as much as a man's life's worth to go near her."

"Bring me the saddle, then, and I'll do it myself," said Scattergood. He opened the door of the stable, and the moment the light was let in Ethelberta announced her intentions by a smashing kick on the wooden partition.

"Have a care, sir," cried the terrified groom, as Scattergood, with the saddle on his arm, passed through the door. "She'll give you no time to say yer prayers. Look out, sir! She'll whip round on you like a bit o' sin and put her heel through you before you know where you are. Good Lord!" he added, addressing another man, "it's a *hexecution!* The gen'l'man'll be in heaven in less than half a minute."

"Ethelberta, Ethelberta, what's the meaning of all this?" said Scattergood in a quiet voice, as he faced the animal's blazing eyes. "Come, come, sweetheart, let us behave for once like rational beings." And he put his arm round Ethelberta's neck and rubbed his cheek against her nose.

In five minutes the saddle was on, and Scattergood, seated on as quiet a beast as ever submitted to bridle, was riding down the stable-yard.

"That ole Johnnie knows a trick or two about 'osses," said the groom as soon as the Professor was out of hearing. "I'd give a month's wages to know how he quieted that mare. Did ye 'ear 'im talkin' to 'er, Bill? Well, could you 'ear what 'e said? No? Well, you listen the next time you 'ear 'im talkin' to her and see if you can get the very words 'e says. It's the *words* as does it; and if we can find out what they are, it'll be worth 'undreds o' pounds to you and me. I tell you, it's the *words* as does it! I reckon as it's summat out o' the Bible. Why, when I was groom to Lord Charles I knowed a man as give Scripture to 'osses regular. A psalm-smitin' ole teapot he were; and whenever we'd got a kicker, he used to put his 'ead in at the stable door and say a hymn. Then he'd go in and get 'old o' the 'oss's ear between his teeth and say texts o' Scripture right into its ear-'ole. I've knowed a gen'l'man give him five pounds for scripturin' a 'oss. Only, don't let on to the other blokes what I've told you now. Keep it quiet, Bill, and you be here wi' me when Dr. Scattergood comes back at four o'clock."

"All right," said Bill; "we'll get the *words*—but they won't be no use to *us* when we've got 'em. I've 'eard all about scripturin' 'osses, but you won't ketch me tryin' it on—I can tell yer *that!* You know that saller-faced man as works for Bullivant—'im as limps on his left leg?"

"Do you mean 'im wi' the watery eyes?" asked the other.

"That's 'im. Well, he was takin' some polo ponies to London, and one on 'em was a bit o' reg'lar hot ginger, and begins buckin' one day in the middle o' the road. There was a chap workin' in a field as sees what was goin' on, and 'e comes up and offers to scripture the pony for a pint o' ale. So he takes

the pony's ear in his teeth and scriptures 'im same as that man did as was workin' wi' you at Lord Charles's. *'Genesis and Revelations'*, he says, whispering into the pony's ear; and the pony became quiet as a lamb. The saller-faced chap 'eard 'im, and says 'e to 'imself, 'I'll remember them words.' So the next time as they had a kicker at Bullivant's, the saller-faced chap thinks 'e'll try 'is 'and at scripturin' 'im. So out he goes for a drop o' whisky, to put a bit o' 'eart into 'im, for between you and me 'e didn't 'alf like his job. Then he goes into the stables and makes a grab at the 'oss's ear. But the 'oss catches 'old of his breeches with his teeth and pitches 'im to the back o' the stable in no time. The saller-faced chap, seeing 'imself under the 'oss's 'eels, roars out *'Genesis and Revelations'* just as though 'is 'ouse was on fire. And no sooner had 'e spoken them words than the 'oss let 'im 'ave it red-'ot. Broke 'is thigh in two places, that it did, and kep 'im in 'orspital three months. And that's 'ow 'e got 'is limp."

"Looks as though it were no use gettin' the right words unless you're the *right sort o' man*," said the other groom.

"That's what does it," answered Bill. "My old dad, as was in the Balaklava charge, used to say as no man could scripture a 'oss unless he's been *converted*."

"I reckon that's what 'appened to old Shinyboots and his Ethelberta. Haven't I always said that he must 'a been a warm un in his young days? What about 'im puttin' his money on that 'oss as won the Buddle Stakes? And what about 'im bein' robbed of his winnings just as 'e was gettin' 'ome? He 'adn't got 'is white tie on then, Bill, eh? What state must a man be in when 'e comes 'ome after a race and lets another feller pinch his money out of his inside pocket?"

"Drunk as a lord, no doubt," said Bill; "though to see the old joker now you wouldn't think it."

Meanwhile Professor Scattergood, after trotting three or four miles down the London Road, had turned into the by-lane that led to the villages of Medbury and Charlton Towers. Up to this point the behavior of Ethelberta had been beyond reproach. But as they turned down the lane a tramp with a wooden leg, who

was nursing a fire of sticks in the hedge, some fifty yards ahead, got up and stepped out into the road. For a few moments Ethelberta did not see him, and maintained her swinging trot. Professor Scattergood tightened his grip. The mare went on until the tramp was not more than five paces distant, and then, suddenly noticing his deformity, she planted her forefeet and stopped dead. Scattergood, nearly unhorsed by the sudden stoppage, was thrown off his guard, and in momentary confusion of mind called out in his rasping voice, "Steady, Meg, steady!"

"*Meg*": the sound stung Ethelberta like the lash of a whip, and in an instant she was off.

Professor Scattergood did not lose his presence of mind. For a moment he tried to check the bolting mare, but feeling her mouth like iron he loosened his rein and let her race. He knew the road for the next five miles was fairly straight, except at one point; there was a long steep hill on this side of Charlton Towers, and he reflected that his mare was certain to be blown before she reached the top. He could keep his seat, and, barring a collision with some passing vehicle, the chances were that he would win through. He shouted, indeed, and tried such resources of language as his breathlessness allowed; but Ethelberta was far beyond the reach of endearments, and the race had to be run. So Scattergood sat tight and awaited the issue.

His mind was perfectly clear. It seemed as if his desperate condition had given him a large quiet leisure for introspection. As objects on the road shot by him he noted each one; and, with a curious double consciousness, began watching the flow of his own thoughts. He even wondered at the calmness and lucidity of his mind, and asked himself the reason. "Perhaps it is the imminence of death," he reflected; "but death, now that it has come so near, has no terrors. That is John Hawkbury's cottage. I wonder if his son has returned from India. I must be careful on the bridge. God grant that we don't meet a cart!"

They were nearing a village, and Scattergood heard the pealing of bells mingled with the roar of the wind in his ears. As they shot past the church he saw a wedding-party standing aghast in the churchyard. He saw the bride, leaning on the bridegroom's

arm. The party had just emerged from the porch, and the look of terror on the bride's face was clearly visible to Scattergood. "Poor girl," he reflected; "she'll take this for a bad omen." He saw men running and heard their shouts. At the end of the village street a brave lad stood with arms outstretched. "A hero," thought Scattergood; "he will surely be rewarded in the resurrection of the just."

They were out of the village in a flash. A furlong beyond it the road turned sharply at right angles. "She will jump the hedge at that point," thought Scattergood; "I must be ready." Ethelberta swung round the bend with hardly a check; but the rider, ready for that also, still kept his seat. A moment later she leaped over some obstacle in the road which Scattergood, short-sighted as he was, could not see. His glasses were gone, and the cold wind beating in his eyes had half blinded him. He was losing the sense of his whereabouts, and there were moments when he saw himself as a mere inanimate object held in the grip of the brute force that was pulsing beneath him. "And yet," he reflected, "I am not utterly abandoned after all. I know what is happening; the leaf on the torrent knows nothing. A point for a lecture on Necessity and Freedom—all the difference between the two involved in that single fact! To have one's wits about him and be unafraid—what a power is that to break the ruling of Fate! Nothing save a shock can unhorse me. It is a match between Pure Reason in Scattergood and madness in Ethelberta. Would that it had been so in the old days! But, please God, I shall beat her this time. Ha! She's giving in!"

They were breasting the two-mile hill on this side of Charlton Towers, and with the rise in the gradient came a slackening of the pace. Ethelberta, with head down, still held the bit between her teeth; but the first rush of her speed was exhausted. Scattergood felt the difference instantly, and marked its gradual increase, promising himself that he would have her in hand before they reached the level ground on the top of the hill. Some distance ahead of him he could dimly see the form of a tall tree. With admirable presence of mind he roughly measured the distance and said to himself; "On passing that tree, but not be-

fore, I will tighten the rein, and gradually tighten it until on reaching the summit I shall have completely pulled her up."

They were almost abreast of the tree when a dark-plumaged bird, frightened from its roost, fluttered out of the upper branches and flew with a whir of wings right athwart the road. At the sight of the black object, flung as it were into her eyes, Ethelberta made a rapid swerve, and, placing her near forefoot on a rolling stone, plunged forward with her head between her knees. Down she came, almost turning a somersault with the violence of her impetus, and Professor Scattergood, hurled far out of his saddle, fell prone with a terrific shock on the newly metalled road.

When consciousness at length returned it brought no pain of wounds; but cold pierced him like a knife and a shock of sounds was in his ears. A flood of memories was sweeping over him. Beginning in the distant past, and streaming through the years with incredible rapidity, they terminated abruptly in a vision seen far below him, as though he were a watcher in the skies. He saw a deeply wounded man lying outstretched, as it seemed, on the circumpolar ice, and a horse stood by him like a ministering priest. The horse was warming the man with its breath, and the steam of its body rose high into the frozen air. The consciousness of Scattergood, hovering in a present which had well-nigh become a past, was on the borderland which separates a running experience from a completed fact—vaguely suffering, yet aloof from the sufferer, whom he seemed to remember as one who long ago endured the bitterness of death. The vision was hardly more than a spectacle, the last link in a long chain of memories, and the past would have claimed it entirely had not the stunning sounds still fettered some fragment of conscious distress in the body of the freezing man.

The din increased, and in great bewilderment of mind he began to seek for its cause. Now it was one thing, now another. "This sound," he thought, "is the grind and roar of colliding ice-floes and the crackle of the Northern Lights." The sounds thus identified immediately became something else. They seemed to scatter

and retreat, and then, concentrating again, returned as the tolling of an enormous bell. Nearer and nearer it came till the quivering metal lay close against his ear and the iron tongue of the bell smote him like a bludgeon.

A warmth passed over his face and a troubled thought began to disturb him. "I am sleeping through the summer; I must rouse myself before winter comes back." And with a great reluctant effort he opened his eyes.

A scarlet veil hung before them. He tried to thrust it aside with his hands, which seemed to fail him and miss the mark. Succeeding at last, he saw a vast creature standing motionless above him, its hot breath mingling with his, its great eyes, only a hand-breadth away, looking with infinite tenderness into his own.

He tried to recollect himself, and something in his hand gave him a clue. "This thing," he mused, "is surely my handkerchief. It belongs to John Scattergood. It is one of a dozen his poor drug-sodden wife gave him on Christmas Day. And here, close to me, is Ethelberta. How red her feet are!" And he stared vacantly at a deep gash on Ethelberta's chest, and watched the great gouts that were dripping from her knees and forming crimson pools around her hoofs.

The crimson pools were full of mystery; they fascinated and troubled him; they were problems in philosophy he couldn't solve. "Surely," he thought, "I *have* solved them, but forgotten the solution. I have lost the notes of my lecture. Dyed garments from Bozrah—red, red! The color of my doctor's gown—I have trodden the wine-press alone. The color of poppies—drowsy syrups—deadly drugs! The ground-tint of the Universe—a difficult problem! Strange that a friendly Universe should be so red. Gentlemen, I am not well to-day—don't laugh at a sick man. The red is quite simple. It only means that some one is hurt. Not I, certainly. Who can it be? Ah, now I see. Poor old girl!" And he feebly reached out his handkerchief, already soaked with his own blood, as though he would staunch the streaming wounds of Ethelberta.

As he did this, the great bell broke out afresh. It fell away

into the distance. A second joined it; a third, a fourth, a fifth, until a whole peal was ringing and the air seemed full of music and of summer warmth.

Then Scattergood began to dream his last dream, ineffably content.

He stood by the open door of a church; inside he could see the ringers pulling at the ropes. And Ethelberta, young and happy as himself, was leaning on his arm.

"Sweetheart," she whispered, "let us behave ourselves like rational beings."

He laughed and would have spoken. But a din of clattering hoofs, which drowned the pealing of the bells, struck him dumb. The swift image of a grey-headed man, riding a maddened horse, shot out of the darkness, passed by, and vanished; and the wedding-party stood aghast.

"Who is yonder rider?" he said, with a great effort, bending over Ethelberta.

"A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," said a soft voice in his ear.

A thousand echoes caught up the words and flung them far abroad. Then thunders awoke behind, and rolled after the echoes like pursuing cavalry. *"A man of sorrows,"* cried the echoes. *"He has come through great tribulations,"* the thunders shouted in reply.

On went the chase, the flying echoes in retreat, the deep-voiced thunder in pursuit. Then Scattergood saw himself swept into the torrent of riders, and it seemed as if the solid frame of things were dissolved into a flight of whispers and a pursuit of shouts. A fugitive secret, that fled with unapproachable speed, was the quarry, and the hunters were billows of sound, and the rhythm of beating hoofs gave the time to their undulations. A tide of joy awoke within the dreamer; he was horsed on the thunder; he was leading the field; he was close on the heels of the game; he was captain of the host to an innumerable company of loud-voiced and meaningless things. Then would come expansions, accelerations, and sudden checks. Fissures yawned in front; mountains barred the way; the time was broken, and voices from

the rear were calling a halt. But the thunders have the bit between their teeth; they are clearing the chasms; they are leaping over the mountain tops; and clouds of witnesses are shouting "Well done!" The wide heavens fill with the tumult; myriads of eager stars are watching, and great waters are clapping their hands.

"Who is this that leads the chase?" a voice was asking. "Who is this that feels the thunder leap beneath him like a living thing?" "It is I—John Scattergood—it is I!" And ever before him fled the secret; it mocked the chasing squadrons, and the wild winds aided its flight.

And now the pursuer perceived himself pursued. A swarm of troubled thoughts, on winged horses, was overtaking them. They swept by on either side; they forged ahead; they pressed close and jostled him on his rocking seat. There was a shock; the thunder collapsed beneath him, and he fell and fell into bottomless gloom.

Suddenly his fall was stayed. A hand caught him; a presence encircled him, something touched him on the lips, and a voice said, "At last! At last!"

. . . . . .

Professor Scattergood was sitting on the stones, his body bowed forward, his hands feebly clasped round the head of his motionless horse; the breath of life was leaving him, and his heart was almost still. Then the dying flame flickered once more. He opened his eyes, gazing into the darkness like one who sees a long-awaited star. His fingers tightened; he seemed to draw the head of Ethelberta a little nearer his own; and it was as if they two were holding some colloquy of love.

In the twinkling of an eye it was done, and the pallor of death crept over the wounded face. The clasped hands, with the blood-stained handkerchief still between them, slowly relaxed; the glance withered; the arms fell; the head drooped. It rested for a moment on the soft muzzle of the beast; and then, with a quiet breath, the whole body rolled backward and lay face upward to the stars.

Clouds swept over the sky, the winds were hushed, and the

dense darkness of a winter's night fell like a pall over the dead. Not a soul came nigh the spot, and for hours the silence was unbroken by the footfall of any living creature or by the stirring of a withered leaf. And far away in the dead man's home lay an oblivious woman, drenched in the sleep of opium.

It was near midnight when a carrier's cart, drawn by an old horse and lit by a feeble lantern, began to climb the silent hill. Weary with the labors of a long day, the carrier sat dozing among the village merchandise. Suddenly he woke with a start; his cart had stopped. Leaning forward, he peered ahead; and the gleam of his lantern fell on the stark figure of a man lying in the middle of the road. A larger mass, dimly outlined, lay immediately beyond. Raising his light a little higher, the carrier saw that the further object was the dead body of a horse.

ON THINKING FOR ONESELF

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ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

Arthur Schopenhauer, who was born of Dutch parents in 1788, accomplished the feat later achieved by Neitzsche, William James and Santayana, the feat of being a professional philosopher and at the same time a readable writer. The same man who thought he was explaining the universe in *Will in Nature* (1836), and the *World as Will and Presentment* (1818), with its additional volume of commentary more lengthy than the text (1844), also wrote some of the most brilliant, masculine, and stirring essays. Through the cold print that conveys his enthusiastic and ironic thought he can dominate men's minds. Women who dislike essays and spurn overt philosophy find Schopenhauer on "Women" irresistible even though they may acknowledge with reluctance that the diatribe is not all a libel.

Notwithstanding that in philosophy Schopenhauer was a pessimist, and considered the sub-

jugation of the will-to-live the course of wisdom in a world of wretchedness and betrayal, he animates his readers with a determination to pry into curious matters and come to conclusions of their own. He advocates a Buddhistic renunciation of desire in his "chief work," but in his essays glorifies, as in life he exemplified, personal whim and personal force.

Exhilarated by his defiant independence, you have to frown or smile when you learn that the philosopher was so afraid of fires that he always insisted on having his bachelor apartment on the ground floor, and so afraid of disease that he hastily moved out of town when a case of infection was reported.

Is there always some fear in vociferously assertive independence? Do men talk most of the importance of the inner self who are inadequate for mundane conflict? And does the philosophy of abnegation rise ultimately from a fear of life? (The philosopher's father, a merchant, committed suicide.) Probably any positive answer to those questions would be as wrong as many of Schopenhauer's own dogmatisms are.

He was not so wise as he thought he was; he did not live up to the wisdom he thought he had; and he was absurdly vain; and yet he was a great man.

He died in 1860 at Frankfort on the Main.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

ON THINKING FOR ONESELF

A LIBRARY may be very large; but if it is in disorder, it is not so useful as one that is small but well arranged. In the same way, a man may have a great mass of knowledge, but if he has not worked it up by thinking it over for himself, it has much less value than a far smaller amount which he has thoroughly pondered. For it is only when a man looks at his knowledge from all sides, and combines the things he knows by comparing truth with truth, that he obtains a complete hold over it and gets it into his power. A man cannot turn over anything in his mind unless he knows it; he should, therefore, learn something; but it is only when he has turned it over that he can be said to know it.

Reading and learning are things that anyone can do of his own free will; but not so *thinking*. Thinking must be kindled, like a fire by a draught; it must be sustained by some interest in the matter in hand. This interest may be of purely objective kind, or merely subjective. The latter comes into play only in things that concern us personally. Objective interest is confined to heads that think by nature; to whom thinking is as natural as breathing; and they are very rare. This is why most men of learning show so little of it.

It is incredible what a different effect is produced upon the mind by thinking for oneself, as compared with reading. It carries on and intensifies that original difference in the nature of two minds which leads the one to think and the other to read. What I mean is that reading forces alien thoughts upon the mind—thoughts which are as foreign to the drift and temper in which it may be for the moment, as the seal is to the wax on

which it stamps its imprint. The mind is thus entirely under compulsion from without; it is driven to think this or that, though for the moment it may not have the slightest impulse or inclination to do so.

But when a man thinks for himself, he follows the impulse of his own mind, which is determined for him at the time, either by his environment or some particular recollection. The visible world of a man's surroundings does not, as reading does, impress a *single* definite thought upon his mind, but merely gives the matter and occasion which lead him to think what is appropriate to his nature and present temper. So it is, that much reading deprives the mind of all elasticity; it is like keeping a spring continually under pressure. The safest way of having no thoughts of one's own is to take up a book every moment one has nothing else to do. It is this practice which explains why erudition makes most men more stupid and silly than they are by nature, and prevents their writings obtaining any measure of success. They remain, in Pope's words:

Forever reading, never to be read!

Men of learning are those who have done their reading in the pages of a book. Thinkers and men of genius are those who have gone straight to the book of Nature; it is they who have enlightened the world and carried humanity further on its way.

If a man's thoughts are to have truth and life in them, they must, after all, be his own fundamental thoughts; for these are the only ones that he can fully and wholly understand. To read another's thoughts is like taking the leavings of a meal to which we have not been invited, or putting on the clothes which some unknown visitor has laid aside.

The thought we read is related to the thought which springs up in ourselves, as the fossil-impress of some prehistoric plant to a plant as it buds forth in springtime.

Reading is nothing more than a substitute for thought of one's own. It means putting the mind into leading-strings. The multitude of books serves only to show how many false paths there are, and how widely astray a man may wander if he fol-

lows any of them. But he who is guided by his genius, he who thinks for himself, who thinks spontaneously and exactly, possesses the only compass by which he can steer aright. A man should read only when his own thoughts stagnate at their source, which will happen often enough even with the best of minds. On the other hand, to take up a book for the purpose of scaring away one's own original thoughts is sin against the Holy Spirit. It is like running away from Nature to look at a museum of dried plants or gaze at a landscape in copper-plate.

A man may have discovered some portion of truth or wisdom, after spending a great deal of time and trouble in thinking it over for himself and adding thought to thought; and it may sometimes happen that he could have found it all ready to hand in a book and spared himself the trouble. But even so, it is a hundred times more valuable if he has acquired it by thinking it out for himself. For it is only when we gain our knowledge in this way that it enters as an integral part, a living member, into the whole system of our thought; that it stands in complete and firm relation with what we know; that it is understood with all that underlies it and follows from it; that it wears the color, the precise shade, the distinguishing mark, of our own way of thinking; that it comes exactly at the right time, just as we felt the necessity for it; that it stands fast and cannot be forgotten. This is the perfect application, nay, the interpretation, of Goethe's advice to earn our inheritance for ourselves so that we may really possess it:

> Was du ererbt von deinen Vätern hast,
> Erwirb es, um es zu besitzen.

The man who thinks for himself, forms his own opinions and learns the authorities for them only later on, when they serve but to strengthen his belief in them and in himself. But the book-philosopher starts from the authorities. He reads other people's books, collects their opinions, and so forms a whole for himself, which resembles an automaton made up of anything but flesh and blood. Contrarily, he who thinks for himself creates a work like a living man as made by Nature. For the work comes into

being as a man does; the thinking mind is impregnated from without, and it then forms and bears its child.

Truth that has been merely learned is like an artificial limb, a false tooth, a waxen nose; at best, like a nose made out of another's flesh; it adheres to us only because it is put on. But truth acquired by thinking of our own is like a natural limb; it alone really belongs to us. This is the fundamental difference between the thinker and the mere man of learning. The intellectual attainments of a man who thinks for himself resemble a fine painting, where the light and shade are correct, the tone sustained, the color perfectly harmonized; it is true to life. On the other hand, the intellectual attainments of the mere man of learning are like a large palette, full of all sorts of colors, which at most are systematically arranged, but devoid of harmony, connection, and meaning.

Reading is thinking with some one else's head instead of one's own. To think with one's own head is always to aim at developing a coherent whole—a system, even though it be not a strictly complete one; and nothing hinders this so much as too strong a current of others' thoughts, such as comes of continual reading. These thoughts, springing every one of them from different minds, belonging to different systems, and tinged with different colors, never of themselves flow together into an intellectual whole; they never form a unity of knowledge, or insight, or conviction; but, rather, fill the head with a Babylonian confusion of tongues. The mind that is overloaded with alien thought is thus deprived of all clear insight, and so well-nigh disorganized. This is a state of things observable in many men of learning; and it makes them inferior in sound sense, correct judgment, and practical tact, to many illiterate persons who, after obtaining a little knowledge from without, by means of experience, intercourse with others, and a small amount of reading, have always subordinated it to, and embodied it with, their own thought.

The really scientific *thinker* does the same thing as these illiterate persons, but on a larger scale. Although he has need of much knowledge, and so must read a great deal, his mind is nevertheless strong enough to master it all, to assimilate and

incorporate it with the system of his thoughts, and so to make it fit in with the organic unity of his insight, which, though vast, is always growing. And in the process, his own thought, like the bass in an organ, always dominates everything, and is never drowned by other tones, as happens with minds which are full of mere antiquarian lore; where shreds of music, as it were, in every key, mingle confusedly, and no fundamental note is heard at all.

Those who have spent their lives in reading, and taken their wisdom from books, are like people who have obtained precise information about a country from the descriptions of many travelers. Such people can tell a great deal about it; but, after all, they have no connected, clear, and profound knowledge of its real condition. But those who have spent their lives in thinking resemble the travelers themselves; they alone really know what they are talking about; they are acquainted with the actual state of affairs, and are quite at home in the subject.

The thinker stands in the same relation to the ordinary book-philosopher as an eye-witness does to the historian; he speaks from direct knowledge of his own. That is why all those who think for themselves come, at bottom, to much the same conclusion. The differences they present are due to their different points of view; and when these do not affect the matter, they all speak alike. They merely express the result of their own objective perception of things. There are many passages in my works which I have given to the public only after some hesitation, because of their paradoxical nature; and afterward I have experienced a pleasant surprise in finding the same opinion recorded in the works of great men who lived long ago.

The book-philosopher merely reports what one person has said and another meant, or the objections raised by a third, and so on. He compares different opinions, ponders, criticizes, and tries to get at the truth of the matter; herein on a par with the critical historian. For instance, he will set out to inquire whether Leibnitz was not for some time a follower of Spinoza, and questions of a like nature. The curious student of such matters may find conspicuous examples of what I mean in Herbart's *Analyti-*

cal Elucidation of Morality and Natural Right, and in the same author's *Letters on Freedom.* Surprise may be felt that a man of the kind should put himself to so much trouble; for, on the face of it, if he would only examine the matter for himself, he would speedily attain his object by the exercise of a little thought. But there is a small difficulty in the way. It does not depend upon his own will. A man can always sit down and read, but not—think. It is with thoughts as with men; they cannot always be summoned at pleasure; we must wait for them to come. Thought about a subject must appear of itself, by a happy and harmonious combination of external stimulus with mental temper and attention; and it is just that which never seems to come to these people.

This truth may be illustrated by what happens in the case of matters affecting our own personal interest. When it is necessary to come to some resolution in a matter of that kind, we cannot well sit down at any given moment and think over the merits of the case and make up our mind; for, if we try to do so, we often find ourselves unable, at that particular moment, to keep our mind fixed upon the subject; it wanders off to other things. Aversion to the matter in question is sometimes to blame for this. In such a case we should not use force, but wait for the proper frame of mind to come of itself. It often comes unexpectedly and returns again and again; and the variety of temper in which we approach it at different moments puts the matter always in a fresh light. It is this long process which is understood by the term *a ripe resolution.* For the work of coming to a resolution must be distributed; and in the process much that is overlooked at one moment occurs to us at another; and the repugnance vanishes when we find, as we usually do, on a closer inspection, that things are not so bad as they seemed.

This rule applies to the life of the intellect as well as to matters of practice. A man must wait for the right moment. Not even the greatest mind is capable of thinking for itself at all times. Hence a great mind does well to spend its leisure in reading, which, as I have said, is a substitute for thought; it brings stuff to the mind by letting another person do the thinking; although

that is always done in a manner not our own. Therefore, a man should not read too much, in order that his mind may not become accustomed to the substitute and thereby forget the reality; that it may not form the habit of walking in well-worn paths; nor by following an alien course of thought grow a stranger to its own. Least of all should a man quite withdraw his gaze from the real world for the mere sake of reading; as the impulse and the temper which prompt to thought of one's own come far oftener from the world of reality than from the world of books. The real life that a man sees before him is the natural subject of thought; and in its strength as the primary element of existence, it can more easily than anything else rouse and influence the thinking mind.

After these considerations, it will not be matter for surprise that a man who thinks for himself can easily be distinguished from the book-philosopher by the very way in which he talks, by his marked earnestness, and the originality, directness, and personal conviction that stamp all his thoughts and expressions. The book-philosopher, on the other hand, lets it be seen that everything he has is second-hand; that his ideas are like the lumber and trash of an old furniture-shop, collected together from all quarters. Mentally, he is dull and pointless—a copy of a copy. His literary style is made up of conventional, nay, vulgar phrases, and terms that happen to be current; in this respect much like a small State where all the money that circulates is foreign, because it has no coinage of its own.

Mere experience can as little as reading supply the place of thought. It stands to thinking in the same relation in which eating stands to digestion and assimilation. When experience boasts that to its discoveries alone is due the advancement of the human race, it is as though the mouth were to claim the whole credit of maintaining the body in health.

The works of all truly capable minds are distinguished by a character of *decision* and *definiteness*, which means that they are clear and free from obscurity. A truly capable mind always knows definitely and clearly what it is that it wants to express, whether its medium is prose, verse, or music. Other minds are

not decisive and not definite; and by this they may be known for what they are.

The characteristic sign of a mind of the highest order is that it always judges at first hand. Everything it advances is the result of thinking for itself; and this is everywhere evident by the way in which it gives its thoughts utterance. Such a mind is like a Prince. In the realm of intellect its authority is imperial, whereas the authority of minds of a lower order is delegated only; as may be seen in their style, which has no independent stamp of its own.

Everyone who really thinks for himself is so far like a monarch. His position is undelegated and supreme. His judgments, like royal decrees, spring from his own sovereign power and proceed directly from himself. He acknowledges authority as little as a monarch admits a command; he subscribes to nothing but what he has himself authorized. The multitude of common minds, laboring under all sorts of current opinions, authorities, prejudices, is like the people, which silently obeys the law and accepts orders from above.

Those who are so zealous and eager to settle debated questions by citing authorities, are really glad when they are able to put the understanding and the insight of others into the field in place of their own, which are wanting. Their number is legion. For, as Seneca says, there is no man but prefers belief to the exercise of judgment—*unusquisque mavult credere quam judicare*. In their controversies such people make a promiscuous use of the weapon of authority, and strike out at one another with it. If anyone chances to become involved in such a contest, he will do well not to try reason and argument as a mode of defence; for against a weapon of that kind these people are like Siegfrieds, with a skin of horn, and dipped in the flood of incapacity for thinking and judging. They will meet his attack by bringing up their authorities as a way of abashing him—*argumentum ad verecundiam,* and then cry out that they have won the battle.

In the real world, be it never so fair, favorable and pleasant, we always live subject to the law of gravity, which we have to be constantly overcoming. But in the world of intellect we are

disembodied spirits, held in bondage to no such law, and free from penury and distress. Thus it is that there exists no happiness on earth like that which, at the auspicious moment, a fine and fruitful mind finds in itself.

The presence of a thought is like the presence of a woman we love. We fancy we shall never forget the thought nor become indifferent to the dear one. But out of sight, out of mind! The finest thought runs the risk of being irrevocably forgotten if we do not write it down, and the darling of being deserted if we do not marry her.

There are plenty of thoughts which are valuable to the man who thinks them; but only few of them which have enough strength to produce repercussive or reflex action—I mean, to win the reader's sympathy after they have been put on paper.

But still it must not be forgotten that a true value attaches only to what a man has thought in the first instance *for his own case.* Thinkers may be classed according as they think chiefly for their own case or for that of others. The former are the genuine independent thinkers; they really think and are really independent; they are the true *philosophers;* they alone are in earnest. The pleasure and the happiness of their existence consists in thinking. The others are the *sophists;* they want to seem that which they are not, and seek their happiness in what they hope to get from the world. They are in earnest about nothing else. To which of these two classes a man belongs may be seen by his whole style and manner. Lichtenberg is an example for the former class; Herder, there can be no doubt, belongs to the second.

When one considers how vast and how close to us is *the problem of existence*—this equivocal, tortured, fleeting, dream-like existence of ours—so vast and so close that a man no sooner discovers it than it overshadows and obscures all other problems and aims; and when one sees how all men, with few and rare exceptions, have no clear consciousness of the problem, nay, seem to be quite unaware of its presence, but busy themselves with everything rather than with this, and live on, taking no thought but for the passing day and the hardly longer span of their own

personal future, either expressly discarding the problem or else over-ready to come to terms with it by adopting some system of popular metaphysics and letting it satisfy them; when, I say, one takes all this to heart, one may come to the opinion that man may be said to be a *thinking being* only in a very remote sense, and henceforth feel no special surprise at any trait of human thoughtlessness of folly; but know, rather, that the normal man's intellectual range of vision does indeed extend beyond that of the brute, whose whole existence is, as it were, a continual present, with no consciousness of the past or the future, but not such an immeasurable distance as is generally supposed.

This is, in fact, corroborated by the way in which most men converse; where their thoughts are found to be chopped up fine, like chaff, so that for them to spin out a discourse of any length is impossible.

If this world were peopled by really thinking beings, it could never be that noise of every kind would be allowed such generous limits, as is the case with the most horrible and at the same time aimless form of it. If Nature had meant man to think, she would not have given him ears; or, at any rate, she would have furnished them with air-tight flaps, such as are the enviable possession of the bat. But, in truth, man is a poor animal like the rest, and his powers are meant only to maintain him in the struggle for existence; so he must needs keep his ears always open, to announce of themselves, by night as by day, the approach of the pursuer.

BIRDS AT THEIR BEST

Reprinted from BIRDS AND MEN, *by* W. H. Hudson, *by permission of, and special arrangement with,* ALFRED A. KNOPF, Inc., *authorized publishers.*

W. H. HUDSON

W. H. Hudson was born (1841) in America—the Argentine—but he went to England to live when he was twenty-eight or twenty-nine and he felt himself decidedly English. He was one of those who care tremendously about Nature without being sentimentally insensible to her severities on the one hand, or gradually sacrificing emotional responsiveness for the sake of scientific moderation and absoluteness, on the other. Moderate he was not, either in his attachments or his detestations. He delighted so intensely in free birds that he was very bitter toward women with bird plumage on their hats. Because the sensitiveness and perceptiveness of his nature were animated by such intensity he became a great ornithologist, a great observer of humanity and a master of English prose. The same qualities in their extreme expression make him seem at times, especially as reported by his

friend, Morley Roberts, absurdly crotchety and perverse. But there are few wiser, saner devotees of naturalness than W. H. Hudson; in his case implied insistence upon a sort of moral strength and discipline go with the exaltation of instinct and emotion. And if he was often unreasonable, he was often very wise. He had the courage of his own nature, as well as of his convictions, if that is really different.

Books that tardily made and established his reputation as one of the chief prose writers of recent decades are: *The Purple Land* (1885), *Birds and Men* (1901), *Green Mansions* (1904), *Ventures Among Birds* (1913), *Tales of the Pampas* (1916), *Far Away and Long Ago* (1918), *Dead Man's Plack and an Old Thorn* (1921), *A Traveler in Little Things* (1921), *A Shepherd's Life* (1921). He died in 1922.

W. H. HUDSON

BIRDS AT THEIR BEST

YEARS ago, in a chapter concerning eyes in a book of Patagonian memories, I spoke of the unpleasant sensations produced in me by the sight of stuffed birds. Not bird skins in the drawers of a cabinet, it will be understood, these being indispensable to the ornithologist, and very useful to the larger class of persons who without being ornithologists yet take an intelligent interest in birds. The unpleasantness was at the sight of skins stuffed with wool and set up on their legs in imitation of the living bird, sometimes (oh! mockery!) in their "natural surroundings." These "surroundings" are as a rule constructed or composed of a few handfuls of earth to form the floor of the glass case—sand, rock, clay, chalk, or gravel; whatever the material may be it invariably has, like all "matter out of place," a grimy and depressing appearance. On the floor are planted grasses, sedges, and miniature bushes, made of tin or zinc and then dipped in a bucket of green paint. In the chapter referred to it was said, "When the eye closes in death, the bird, except to the naturalist, becomes a mere bundle of dead feathers; crystal globes may be put into the empty sockets, and a bold life-imitating attitude given to the stuffed specimen, but the vitreous orbs shoot forth no lifelike glances; the 'passion and the life whose fountains are within' have vanished, and the best work of the taxidermist, who has given a life to his bastard art, produces in the mind only sensations of irritation and disgust."

That, in the last clause, was wrongly writ. It should have been *my* mind, and the minds of those who, knowing living birds intimately as I do, have the same feeling about them.

This, then, being my feeling about stuffed birds, set up in

their "natural surroundings," I very naturally avoid the places where they are exhibited. At Brighton, for instance, on many occasions when I have visited and stayed in that town, there was no inclination to see the Booth Collection, which is supposed to be an ideal collection of British birds; and we know it was the life-work of a zealous ornithologist who was also a wealthy man, and who spared no pains to make it perfect of its kind. About eighteen months ago I passed a night in the house of a friend close to the Dyke Road, and next morning, having a couple of hours to get rid of, I strolled into the museum. It was painfully disappointing, for though no actual pleasure had been expected, the distress experienced was more than I had bargained for. It happened that a short time before, I had been watching the living Dartford warbler, at a time when the sight of this small elusive creature is liveliest, for not only was the bird in his brightest feathers, but his surroundings were then most perfect—

> The whim was frankincense and flame.

His appearance, as I saw him then and on many other occasions in the furze-flowering season, is fully described in a chapter in this book; but on this particular occasion, while watching my bird I saw it in a new and unexpected aspect, and in my surprise and delight I exclaimed mentally, "Now I have seen the furze wren at his very best!"

It was perhaps a very rare thing—one of those effects of light on plumage which we are accustomed to see in birds that have glossed metallic feathers, and, more rarely, in other kinds. Thus the turtle-dove when flying from the spectator with a strong sunlight on its upper plumage, sometimes at a distance of two to three hundred yards, appears of a shining whiteness.

I had been watching the birds for a couple of hours, sitting quite still on a turf of heather among the furze-bushes, and at intervals they came to me, impelled by curiosity and solicitude, their nests being near, but, ever restless, they would never remain more than a few seconds at a time in sight. The prettiest and the boldest was a male, and it was this bird that in the

end flew to a bush within twelve yards of where I sat, and perching on a spray about on a level with my eyes exhibited himself to me in his characteristic manner, the long tail raised, crest erect, crimson eye sparkling, and throat puffed out with his little scolding notes. But his color was no longer that of the furze wren; seen at a distance the upper plumage always appears slaty black; near at hand it is of a deep slaty brown; now it was dark, sprinkled or frosted over with a delicate grayish-white, the white of oxidized silver; and this rare and beautiful appearance continued for a space of about twenty seconds; but no sooner did he flit to another spray than it vanished and he was once more the slaty-brown little bird with a chestnut-red breast.

It is unlikely that I shall ever again see the furze wren in this aspect, with a curious splendor wrought by the sunlight in the dark but semi-translucent delicate feathers of his mantle; but its image is in the mind, and, with a thousand others equally beautiful, remains to me a permanent possession.

As I went in to see the famous Booth Collection a thought of the bird I have just described came into my mind; and glancing around the big long room with shelves crowded with stuffed birds, like the crowded shelves of a shop, to see where the Dartford warblers were, I went straight to the case and saw a group of them fastened to a furze-bush, the specimens twisted by the stuffer into a variety of attitudes—ancient, dusty, dead little birds, painful to look at—a libel on nature and an insult to a man's intelligence.

It was a relief to go from this case to the others, which were not of the same degree of badness, but all, like the furze wrens, were in their natural surroundings—the pebbles, bit of turf, painted leaves, and what not, and, finally, a view of the wide world beyond, the green earth and the blue sky, all painted on the little square of deal or canvas which formed the back of the glass case.

Listening to the talk of other visitors who were making the round of the room, I heard many sincere expressions of admiration: they were really pleased and thought it all very won-

derful. That is, in fact, the common feeling which most persons express in such places, and, assuming that it is sincere, the obvious explanation is that they know no better. They have never properly seen anything in nature, but have looked always with mind and the inner vision preoccupied with other and familiar things—indoor scenes and objects, and scenes described in books. If they had ever looked at wild birds properly—that is to say, emotionally—the images of such sights would have remained in their minds; and, with such a standard for comparison, these dreary remnants of dead things set before them as restorations and as semblances of life would have only produced a profoundly depressing effect.

We hear of the educational value of such exhibitions, and it may be conceded that they might be made useful to young students of zoölogy, by distributing the specimens over a large area, arranged in scattering groups so as to give a rough idea of the relationship existing among its members, and of all together to other neighboring groups, and to others still further removed. The one advantage of such a plan to the young student would be, that it would help him to get rid of the false notion, which classification studied in books invariably produces, that nature marshals her species in a line or row, or her genera in a chain. But no such plan is ever attempted, probably because it would only be for the benefit of about one person in five hundred visitors, and the expense would be too great.

As things are, these collections help no one, and their effect is confusing and in many ways injurious to the mind, especially to the young. A multitude of specimens are brought before the sight, each and every one a falsification and degradation of nature, and the impression left is of an assemblage, or mob, of incongruous forms, and of a confusion of colors. The one comfort is that nature, wiser than our masters, sets herself against this rude system of overloading the brain. She is kind to her wild children in their intemperance, and is able to relieve the congested mind, too, from this burden. These objects in a museum are not and cannot be viewed emotionally, as we view

living forms and all nature; hence they do not, and we being what we are, cannot, register lasting impressions.

It needed a long walk on the downs to get myself once more in tune with the outdoor world after that distuning experience; but just before quitting the house in the Dyke Road an old memory came to me and gave me some relief, inasmuch as it caused me to smile. It was a memory of a tale of the Age of Fools, which I heard long years ago in the days of my youth.

I was at a small riverain port of the Plata River, called Ensendada de Barragan, assisting a friend to ship a number of sheep which he had purchased in Buenos Ayres and was sending to the Banda Oriental—the little republic on the east side of the great sea-like river. The sheep, numbering about six thousand, were penned at the side of the creek where the small sailing ships were lying close to the bank, and a gang of eight men were engaged in carrying the animals on board, taking them one by one on their backs over a narrow plank, while I stood by keeping count. The men were Gauchos, all but one—a short, rather grotesque-looking Portuguese with one eye. This fellow was the life and soul of the gang, and with his jokes and antics kept the others in a merry humor. It was an excessively hot day, and at intervals of about an hour the men would knock off work, and, squatting on muddy bank, rest and smoke their cigarettes; and on each occasion the funny one-eyed Portuguese would relate some entertaining history. One of these histories was about the Age of Fools, and amused me so much that I remember it to this day. It was the history of a man of that remote age, who was born out of his time, and who grew tired of the monotony of his life, even of the society of his wife, who was no whit wiser than the other inhabitants of the village they lived in. And at last he resolved to go forth and see the world, and bidding his wife and friends farewell he set out on his travels. He traveled far and met with many strange and entertaining adventures, which I must be pardoned for not relating, as this is not a story-book. In the end he returned safe and sound to his home, a richer man than when he started; and

opening his pack he spread out before his wife an immense number of gold coins, with scores of precious stones, and trinkets of the greatest value. At the sight of this glittering treasure she uttered a great scream of joy and jumping up rushed from the room. Seeing that she did not return, he went to look for her, and after some searching discovered that she had rushed down to the wine cellar and, knocking open a large cask of wine, had jumped into it and drowned herself for pure joy.

"Thus happily ended his adventures," concluded the one-eyed cynic, and they all got up and resumed their work of carrying sheep to the boat.

It was one of the adventures met with by the man of the tale in his travels that came into my mind when I was in the Booth Museum, and caused me to smile. In his wanderings in a thinly settled district, he arrived at a village where, passing by the church, his attention was attracted by a curious spectacle. The church was a big building with a rounded roof, and great blank windowless walls, and the only door he could see was no larger than the door of a cottage. From this door as he looked a small man came out with a large empty sack in his hands. He was very old, bowed and bent with infirmities, and his long hair and beard were white as snow. Toddling out to the middle of the churchyard he stood still, and grasping the empty sack by its top, held it open between his outstretched arms for a space of about five minutes; then with a sudden movement of his hands he closed the sack's mouth, and still grasping it tightly, hurried back to the church as fast as his stiff joints would let him, and disappeared within the door. By and by he came forth again and repeated the performance, and then again, until the traveler approached and asked him what he was doing. "I am lighting the church," said the old man; and he then went on to explain that it was a large and a fine church, full of rich ornaments, but very dark inside—so dark that when people came to service the greatest confusion prevailed, and they could not see each other or the priest, nor the priest them. It had always been so, he continued, and it was a great mystery; he had

been engaged by the fathers of the village a long time back, when he was a young man, to carry sunlight in to light the interior; but though he had grown old at his task, and had carried in many, many thousands of sackfuls of sunlight every year, it still remained dark, and no one could say why it was so.

It is not necessary to relate the sequel: the reader knows by now that in the end the dark church was filled with light, that the traveler was feasted and honored by all the people of the village, and that he left them loaded with gifts.

Parables of this kind as a rule can have no moral or hidden meaning in an age so enlightened as this; yet oddly enough we do find among us a delusion resembling that of the villagers who thought they could convey sunshine in a sack to light their dark church. It is one of a group or family of indoor delusions and illusions, which Mr. Sully has not mentioned in his book on that fascinating subject. One example of the particular delusion I have been speaking of, in which it is seen in its crudest form, may be given here.

A man walking by the waterside sees by chance a kingfisher fly past, its color a wonderful blue, far surpassing in beauty and brilliancy any blue he has ever seen in sky or water, or in flower or stone, or any other thing. No sooner has he seen than he wishes to become the possessor of that rare loveliness, that shining object which, he fondly imagines, will be a continual delight to him and to all in his house—an ornament comparable to the splendid stone which the poor fisherman found in a fish's belly, which was his children's plaything by day and his candle by night. Forthwith he gets his gun and shoots it, and has it stuffed and put in a glass case. But it is no longer the same thing: the image of the living sunlit bird flashing past him is in his mind and creates a kind of illusion when he looks at his feathered mummy, but the luster is not visible to others.

It is because of the commonness of this delusion that stuffed kingfishers, and other brilliant species, are to be seen in the parlors of tens of thousands of cottages all over the land. Nor is it only those who live in cottages that make this mistake;

those who care to look for it will find that it exists in some degree in most minds—the curious delusion that the luster which we see and admire is in the case, the coil, the substance which may be grasped, and not in the spirit of life which is within and the atmosphere and miracle-working sunlight which are without.

PREFACE

From THE NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS, *by* Joseph Conrad, *with the consent of Mr. Conrad's Executors, secured by his literary agents,* JAMES B. PINKER & SON, *London.*

JOSEPH CONRAD

Josef Konrad Korzeniowski, who was born (1857) in Poland, and could not speak English until he was twenty years old, had achieved recognition before his death in 1924 as one of the masters of the language. Yet, that is not the great fact about him. The great fact is that he coped first with life and then with language so resolutely and so faithfully that the Preface which follows not merely proclaims his supremely difficult artistic aim, but characterizes his practical performance.

Conrad went to England when he was twenty to get into the British merchant marine. He had had three years' experience as sailor in the Mediterranean and among the West Indies. And he succeeded in rising to a captaincy in the British merchant service. As ship's officer and trader he gained the full sympathetic knowledge of the eastern seas and islands and their people that makes many of his stories uniquely romantic

for presentations of reality and unusually truthful for presentations of the far-off and strange.

His impressions of the sea, and of the mysterious east, had been deepening and accumulating for about fifteen years when he began his first book, *Almayer's Folly*, in 1889. It was published in 1895. Some of the other books in which he exemplifies the exacting conception of the art of writing expressed in this Preface to *The Nigger of the Narcissus* (1897) are: *Lord Jim* (1900), *Youth* (1902), *Falk* (1903), *Nostromo* (1904), *Chance* (1913), and *Victory* (1915).

JOSEPH CONRAD

PREFACE

A WORK that aspires, however humbly, to the condition of art should carry its justification in every line. And art itself may be defined as a single-minded attempt to render the highest kind of justice to the visible universe, by bringing to light the truth, manifold and one, underlying its every aspect. It is an attempt to find in its forms, in its colors, in its light, in its shadows, in the aspects of matter and in the facts of life, what of each is fundamental, what is enduring and essential—their one illuminating and convincing quality—the very truth of their existence. The artist, then, like the thinker or the scientist, seeks the truth and makes his appeal. Impressed by the aspect of the world the thinker plunges into ideas, the scientist into facts—whence, presently, emerging they make their appeal to those qualities of our being that fit us best for the hazardous enterprise of living. They speak authoritatively to our common-sense, to our intelligence, to our desire of peace or to our desire of unrest; not seldom to our prejudices, sometimes to our fears, often to our egoism—but always to our credulity. And their words are heard with reverence, for their concern is with weighty matters; with the cultivation of our minds and the proper care of our bodies: with the attainment of our ambitions: with the perfection of the means and the glorification of our precious aims.

It is otherwise with the artist.

Confronted by the same enigmatical spectacle the artist descends within himself, and in that lonely region of stress and strife, if he be deserving and fortunate, he finds the terms of his appeal. His appeal is made to our less obvious capacities; to that part of our nature which, because of the warlike conditions of ex-

istence, is necessarily kept out of sight within the more resisting and hard qualities—like the vulnerable body within a steel armor. His appeal is less loud, more profound, less distinct, more stirring —and sooner forgotten. Yet its effect endures forever. The changing wisdom of successive generations discards ideas, questions facts, demolishes theories. But the artist appeals to that part of our being which is not dependent on wisdom; to that in us which is a gift and not an acquisition—and, therefore, more permanently enduring. He speaks to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives: to our sense of pity, and beauty, and pain: to the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation—and to the subtle but invincible, conviction of solidarity that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts to the solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear, which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity—the dead to the living and the living to the unborn.

It is only some such train of thought, or rather of feeling, that can in a measure explain the aim of the attempt, made in the tale which follows, to present an unrestful episode in the obscure lives of a few individuals out of all the disregarded multitude of the bewildered, the simple and the voiceless. For, if there is any part of truth in the belief confessed above, it becomes evident that there is not a place of splendor or a dark corner of the earth that does not deserve, if only a passing glance of wonder and pity. The motive, then, may be held to justify the matter of the work: but this preface, which is simply an avowal of endeavor, cannot end here—for the avowal is not yet complete.

Fiction—if it at all aspires to be art—appeals to temperament. And in truth it must be, like painting, like music, like all art, the appeal of one temperament to all the other innumerable temperaments whose subtle and resistless power endows passing events with their true meaning, and creates the moral, the emotional atmosphere of the place and time. Such an appeal to be effective must be an impression conveyed through the senses; and, in fact, it cannot be made in any other way, because

temperament, whether individual or collective, is not amenable to persuasion. All art, therefore, appeals primarily to the senses, and the artistic aim when expressing itself in written words must also make its appeal through the senses, if its high desire is to reach the secret spring of responsive emotions. It must strenuously aspire to the plasticity of sculpture, to the color of painting, and to the magic suggestiveness of music—which is the art of arts. And it is only through complete, unswerving devotion to the perfect blending of form and substance; it is only through an unremitting never-discouraged care for the shape and ring of sentences that an approach can be made to plasticity, to color; and the light of magic suggestiveness may be brought to play for an evanescent instant over the commonplace surface of words: of the old, old words, worn thin, defaced by ages of careless usage.

The sincere endeavor to accomplish that creative task, to go as far on that road as his strength will carry him, to go undeterred by faltering, weariness or reproach, is the only valid justification for the worker in prose. And if his conscience is clear, his answer to those who, in the fullness of a wisdom which looks for an immediate profit, demand specifically to be edified, consoled, amused; who demand to be promptly improved, or encouraged, or frightened, or shocked, or charmed, must run thus:—My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you *see*. That—and no more, and it is everything. If I succeed, you shall find there according to your deserts: encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand and, perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask.

To snatch in a moment of courage, from the remorseless rush of time, a passing phase of life, is only the beginning of the task. The task approached in tenderness and faith is to hold up unquestioningly, without choice and without fear, the rescued fragment before all eyes and in the light of a sincere mood. It is to show its vibration, its color, its form; and through its movement, its form, and its color, reveal the substance of its truth—

disclose its inspiring secret: the stress and passion within the core of each convincing moment. In a single-minded attempt of that kind, if one be deserving and fortunate, one may perchance attain to such clearness of sincerity that at last the presented vision of regret or pity, or terror or mirth, shall awaken in the hearts of the beholders that feeling of unavoidable solidarity; of the solidarity in mysterious origin, in toil, in joy, in hope, in uncertain fate, which binds men to each other and all mankind to the visible world.

It is evident that he who, rightly or wrongly, holds by the convictions expressed above cannot be faithful to any one of the temporary formulas of his craft. The enduring part of them—the truth which each only imperfectly veils—should abide with him as the most precious of his possessions, but they all: Realism, Romanticism, Naturalism, even the unofficial sentimentalism (which like the poor, is exceedingly difficult to get rid of) all these gods must, after a short period of fellowship, abandon him—even on the very threshold of the temple—to the stammerings of his conscience and to the outspoken consciousness of the difficulties of his work. In that uneasy solitude the supreme cry of Art for Art, itself, loses the exciting ring of its apparent immorality. It sounds far off. It has ceased to be a cry, and is heard only as a whisper, often incomprehensible, but at times and faintly encouraging.

Sometimes, stretched at ease in the shade of a roadside tree, we watch the motions of a laborer in a distant field, and after a time, begin to wonder languidly as to what the fellow may be at. We watch the movements of his body, the waving of his arms, we see him bend down, stand up, hesitate, begin again. It may add to the charm of an idle hour to be told the purpose of his exertions. If we know he is trying to lift a stone, to dig a ditch, to uproot a stump, we look with a more real interest at his efforts; we are disposed to condone the jar of his agitation upon the restfulness of the landscape; and even, if in a brotherly frame of mind, we may bring ourselves to forgive his failure. We understood his object, and, after all, the fellow has tried,

and perhaps he had not the strength—and perhaps he had not the knowledge. We forgive, go on our way—and forget.

And so it is with the workman of art. Art is long and life is short, and success is very far off. And, thus, doubtful of strength to travel so far, we talk a little about the aim—the aim of art, which, like life itself, is inspiring, difficult—obscured by mists. It is not in the clear logic of a triumphant conclusion; it is not in the unveiling of one of those heartless secrets which are called the Laws of Nature. It is not less great, but only more difficult.

To arrest, for the space of a breath, the hands busy about the work of the earth, and compel men entranced by the sight of distant goals to glance for a moment at the surrounding vision of form and color, of sunshine and shadows; to make them pause for a look, for a sigh, or a smile—such is the aim, difficult and evanescent, and reserved only for a very few to achieve. But sometimes, by the deserving and the fortunate, even that task is accomplished. And when it is accomplished—behold!—all the truth of life is there: a moment of vision, a sigh, a smile—and then return to an eternal rest.

THE WARRANT OF LIFE IN LITERATURE

From A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMAC RIVERS, *by* H. D. Thoreau, *by permission of and special arrangement with* HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, *authorized publishers.*

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Henry David Thoreau was not, unfortunately it may be, a good-fellow, but he was in important respects, barring that, a good man. He was never a pretender. He never sold out. He had the acute senses of the most alert animal. And he had the austere intelligence and fierce conscience that made him a superior to Nature, while he was silently listening to her.

Though perhaps too tough and too deeply shrewd to be a typical New Englander, Thoreau was pre-eminently a Yankee, while he was making himself an ample citizen of the universe.

He was born and died at Concord, Massachusetts (1817-1862). And if you would like to know him you can do so from *Walden*, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*, *The Maine Woods*, and his long and scrupulous *Journal*.

H. D. THOREAU

THE WARRANT OF LIFE IN LITERATURE

A PERFECTLY healthy sentence, it is true, is extremely rare. For the most part we miss the hue and fragrance of the thought; as if we could be satisfied with the dews of the morning or evening without their colors, or the heavens without their azure. The most attractive sentences are, perhaps, not the wisest, but the surest and roundest. They are spoken firmly and conclusively, as if the speaker had a right to know what he says, and if not wise, they have at least been well learned. Sir Walter Raleigh might well be studied if only for the excellence of his style, for he is remarkable in the midst of so many masters. There is a natural emphasis in his style, like a man's tread, and a breathing space between the sentences, which the best of modern writing does not furnish. His chapters are like English parks, or say rather like a Western forest, where the larger growth keeps down the underwood, and one may ride on horseback through the openings. All the distinguished writers of that period possess a greater vigor and naturalness than the more modern—for it is allowed to slander our own time—and when we read a quotation from one of them in the midst of a modern author, we seem to have come suddenly upon a greener ground, a greater depth and strength of soil. It is as if a green bough were laid across the page, and we are refreshed as by the sight of fresh grass in midwinter or early spring. You have constantly the warrant of life and experience in what you read. The little that is said is eked out by implication of the much that was done. The sentences are verdurous and blooming as evergreen and flowers, because they are rooted in fact and experience, but our false and florid sentences have only the tints of flowers with-

out their sap or roots. All men are really most attracted by the beauty of plain speech, and they even write in a florid style in imitation of this. They prefer to be misunderstood rather than to come short of its exuberance. Hussein Effendi praised the epistolary style of Ibrahim Pasha to the French traveler Botta, because of "the difficulty of understanding it; there was," he said, "but one person at Jidda who was capable of understanding and explaining the Pasha's correspondence." A man's whole life is taxed for the least thing well done. It is its net result. Every sentence is the result of a long probation. Where shall we look for standard English, but to the words of a standard man? The word which is best said came nearest to not being spoken at all, for it is cousin to a deed which the speaker could have better done. Nay, almost it must have taken the place of a deed by some urgent necessity, even by some misfortune, so that the truest writer will be some captive knight, after all. And perhaps the fates had such a design, when, having stored Raleigh so richly with the substance of life and experience, they made him a fast prisoner, and compelled him to make his words his deeds, and transfer to his expression the emphasis and sincerity of his action.

Men have a respect for scholarship and learning greatly out of proportion to the use they commonly serve. We are amused to read how Ben Johnson engaged that the dull masks with which the royal family and nobility were to be entertained, should be "grounded upon antiquity and solid learning." Can there be any greater reproach than an idle learning? Learn to split wood, at least. The necessity of labor and conversation with many men and things, to the scholar is rarely well remembered; steady labor with the hands, which engrosses the attention also, is unquestionably the best method of removing palaver and sentimentality out of one's style, both of speaking and of writing. If he has worked hard from morning till night, though he may have grieved that he could not be watching the train of his thoughts during that time, yet the few hasty lines which at evening record his day's experience will be more musical and true than his freest but idle fancy could have furnished.

Surely the writer is to address a world of laborers, and such therefore must be his own discipline. He will not idly dance at his work who has wood to cut and cord before nightfall in the short days of winter; but every stroke will be husbanded, and ring soberly through the wood; and so will the strokes of that scholar's pen, which at evening record the story of the day, ring soberly, yet cheerily, on the ear of the reader, long after the echoes of his ax have died away. The scholar may be sure that he writes the tougher truth for the callouses on his palms. They give firmness to the sentence. Indeed, the mind never makes a great and successful effort without a corresponding energy of the body. We are often struck by the force and precision of style to which hard-working men, unpracticed in writing, easily attain, when required to make the effort. As if plainness, and vigor, and sincerity, the ornaments of style, were better learned on the farm and in the workshop than in the schools. The sentences written by such rude hands are nervous and tough, like hardened thongs, the sinews of the deer, or the roots of the pine. As for the graces of expression, a great thought is never found in a mean dress; but though it proceed from the lips of the Woloffs, the nine Muses and the three Graces will have conspired to clothe it in fit phrase. Its education has always been liberal, and its implied wit can endow a college. The scholar might frequently emulate the propriety and emphasis of the farmer's call to his team, and confess that if that were written it would surpass his labored sentences. Whose are the truly *labored* sentences? From the weak and flimsy periods of the politician and literary man, we are glad to turn even to the description of work, the simple record of the month's labor in the farmer's almanac, to restore our tone and spirits. A sentence should read as if the author, had he held a plow instead of a pen, could have drawn a furrow deep and straight to the end. The scholar requires hard and serious labor to give an impetus to his thought. He will learn to grasp the pen firmly so, and wield it gracefully and effectively, as an ax or a sword. When we consider the weak and nerveless periods of some literary men, who perchance in feet and inches come up to

the standard of their race, and are not deficient in girth also, we are amazed at the immense sacrifice of thews and sinews. What! these proportions—these bones—and this their work! Hands which could have felled an ox have hewed this fragile matter which would not have tasked a lady's fingers! Can this be a stalwart man's work, who has a marrow in his back and a tendon Achilles in his heel? They who set up the blocks of Stonehenge did somewhat, if they only laid out their strength for once, and stretched themselves.

Yet, after all, the truly efficient laborer will not crowd his day with work, but will saunter to his task surrounded by a wide halo of ease and leisure, and then do but what he loves best. He is anxious only about the fruitful kernels of time. Though the hen should sit all day, she could lay only one egg, and, besides, would not have picked up materials for another. Let a man take time enough for the most trivial deed, though it be but the paring of his nails. The buds swell imperceptibly, without hurry or confusion, as if the short spring days were an eternity:—

> Then spend an age in whetting thy desire,
> Thou needst not *hasten* if thou dost *stand fast.*

Some hours seem not to be occasion for any deed, but for resolves to draw breath in. We do not directly go about the execution of the purpose that thrills us, but shut our doors behind us, and ramble with prepared mind, as if the half were already done. Our resolution is taking root or hold on the earth then, as seeds first send a shoot downward which is fed by their own albumen, ere they send one upward to the light.

There is a sort of homely truth and naturalness in some books which is very rare to find, and yet looks cheap enough. There may be nothing lofty in the sentiment, or fine in the expression, but it is careless country talk. Homeliness is almost as great a merit in a book as in a house, if the reader would abide there. It is next to beauty, and a very high art. Some have this merit only. The scholar is not apt to make his most familiar experience come gracefully to the aid of his expression. Very few men can speak of Nature, for instance, with any truth. They

overstep her modesty, somehow or other, and confer no favor. They do not speak a good word for her. Most cry better than speak, and you can get more nature out of them by pinching than by addressing them. The surliness with which the wood-chopper speaks of his woods, handling them as indifferently as his ax, is better than the mealy-mouthed enthusiasm of the lover of Nature. Better that the primrose by the river's brim be a yellow primrose, and nothing more, than that it be something less. Aubrey relates of Thomas Fuller that his was "a very working head, in so much that, walking and meditating before dinner he would eat up a penny loaf, not knowing that he did it. His natural memory was very great, to which he added the art of memory. He would repeat to you forward and backward all the signs from Ludgate to Charing-cross." He says of Mr. John Hales, that "He loved Canarie," and was buried "under an altar monument of black marble—with a too long epitaph"; of Edmund Halley, that he, "at sixteen could make a dial, and then, he said, he thought himself a brave fellow"; of William Holder, who wrote a book upon his curing one Popham who was deaf and dumb, "he was beholding to no author; did only consult with Nature." For the most part, an author consults only with all who have written before him upon a subject, and his book is but the advice of so many. But a good book will never have been forestalled, but the topic itself will in one sense be new, and its author, by consulting with Nature, will consult not only with those who have gone before, but with those who may come after. There is always room and occasion enough for a true book on any subject; as there is room for more light the brightest day and more rays will not interfere with the first.

THE POETRY OF AMY LOWELL

From THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, *by permission of* Robert Frost and THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY.

ROBERT FROST

Robert Frost is one of the best living poets; he is also, when he cares to use it, a master of virile, concentrated prose. He is one good foundation for pride in being an American. He was born in San Francisco in 1875. Memories of pioneer, gun-carrying days in the West emerge sometimes in his conversation. But when he was ten he returned to the New England of his paternal ancestors. Only it was to Lawrence, Massachusetts, factory town, that he came, not exactly old New England. There he discovered, long before he had narrowly won the first place in his graduation class from the girl who became Mrs. Frost, that he was to be a poet. And his greatness showed in his seeking poetry first for more than twenty years. He let neither work for a livelihood, nor college requirements, nor the skepticism of his family, stay or deflect his intent. Neither did he let the editors who, with the exception of three, rejected his poems, nor

the critics who raised their brows and were dubious, nor the eminent poets who directed him in the way of popularity, modify in the least his daring and original conception of what his poems should be like. That certainty about what he wanted and that resolution in seeking after it clearly indicate the greatness that was at last recognized in him in 1913 with the publication in England of *A Boy's Will*, and in 1914, there, and in 1915 in America, of *North of Boston*. Mr. Frost is an austere censor of his own writings; and so the two later volumes, *Mountain Interval* (1916) and *New Hampshire* (1923) are unique in the absence of poems that could be wished away by the readers for whom those volumes confirm and fix his position in American literature.

Americans can be proud, too, because of what Mr. Frost has been and done to make education real, not only at Amherst, where he was for years a teacher, and at Michigan, where he has been resident Fellow in Creative Arts, and Fellow in Letters, but in schools, colleges, and universities in many parts of the country where teachers have been encouraged by him to dispense with all sorts of "busy work" and rigmarole, and give of themselves what students learn to want.

The brief essay in this book reveals the strength and courage of the man behind the words, the playful wisdom and restraint that make Mr. Frost's writings, as he wishes them to be, almost like deeds.

ROBERT FROST

THE POETRY OF AMY LOWELL

It is absurd to think that the only way to tell if a poem is lasting is to wait and see if it lasts. The right reader of a good poem can tell the moment it strikes him that he has taken an immortal wound—that he will never get over it. That is to say, permanence in poetry as in love is perceived instantly. It hasn't to await the test of time. The proof of a poem is not that we have never forgotten it, but that we knew at sight that we never could forget it. There was a barb to it and a toxin that we owned to at once. How often I have heard it in the voice and seen it in the eyes of this generation that Amy Lowell had lodged poetry with them to stay.

The most exciting movement in nature is not progress, advance, but expansion and contraction, the opening and shutting of the eye, the hand, the heart, the mind. We throw our arms wide with a gesture of religion to the universe; we close them around a person. We explore and adventure for a while and then we draw in to consolidate our gains. The breathless swing is between subject matter and form. Amy Lowell was distinguished in a period of dilation when poetry, in the effort to include a larger material, stretched itself almost to the breaking of the verse. Little ones with no more apparatus than a teacup looked on with alarm. She helped make it stirring times for a decade to those immediately concerned with art and to many not so immediately.

The water in our eyes from her poetry is not warm with any suspicion of tears; it is water flung cold, bright and many-colored from flowers gathered in her formal garden in the morning.

Her Imagism lay chiefly in images to the eye. She flung flowers and everything else there. Her poetry was forever a clear resonant calling off of things seen.

THE DISTRICT DOCTOR

From A SPORTSMAN'S SKETCHES, *by* Ivan Turgenev, *translated by Constance Garnet.* *Copyright (1906) by* THE MACMILLAN COMPANY. *Reprinted by permission.*

IVAN TURGENEV

Ivan Turgenev (1818-1883), one of the greatest Russian novelists of the nineteenth century, saw life, and reveals life to his readers, as full of ironies. One remarkable irony in his own life was his being a major influence in the emancipation of the serfs. That a man who immediately after recognizing the evil or absurdity of anything perceived the more or less exactly balancing evil or absurdity of any possible alternative should bring about, or help to bring about, a sweeping economic change is cause not for wonder only, but for Turgenev's kind of subtle, unhilarious amusement. This rigorously unsentimental artist, whose novels have been called "tales of frustration," told about some of the peasants that he saw on hunting trips so truthfully and with so unevadable an exaction of honest sympathy that the future Tsar was stirred to effectual thinking as deliberate propa-

ganda can only rarely stir. The power that made Turgenev one of the greatest novelists was the power of not accepting illusions—the power of holding his mind and senses and heart on the thing itself. He could keep from coloring his world or wresting elements of it to fit any preconception or predisposition, more than most of us are able. He found human beings very interesting as well as pitiable and amusing. And, of course, he loved words. Because of that power, that interest, and that love, we have the exquisite, manly, sober novels: *Liza (Nobleman's Nest)*, *On the Eve*, *Fathers and Sons*, *Smoke*, *Torrents of Spring*, *Rudin*, *Virgin Soil*, and, most unique of all, *A Sportsman's Sketches*.

IVAN TURGENEV

THE DISTRICT DOCTOR

One day in autumn on my way back from a remote part of the country I caught cold and fell ill. Fortunately the fever attacked me in the district town at the inn; I sent for the doctor. In half an hour the district doctor appeared, a thin, dark-haired man of middle height. He prescribed me the usual soporific, ordered a mustard plaster to be put on, very deftly slid a five-ruble note up his sleeve, coughing dryly and looking away as he did so, and then was getting up to go home, but somehow fell into talk and remained. I was exhausted with feverishness; I foresaw a sleepless night, and was glad of a little chat with a pleasant companion. Tea was served. My doctor began to converse freely. He was a sensible fellow, and expressed himself with vigor and some humor. Queer things happen in the world: you may live a long while with some people, and be on friendly terms with them, and never once speak openly with them from your soul; with others you have scarcely time to get acquainted, and all at once you are pouring out to him—or he to you—all your secrets, as though you were at confession. I don't know how I gained the confidence of my new friend—anyway, with nothing to lead up to it, he told me a rather curious incident; and here I will report his tale for the information of the indulgent reader. I will try to tell it in the doctor's own words.

"You don't happen to know," he began in a weak and quavering voice (the common result of the use of unmixed Berezov snuff) "you don't happen to know the judge here, Mylov, Pavel Lukitch? . . . You don't know him? . . . Well, it's all the same." (He cleared his throat and rubbed his eyes.) "Well,

you see, the thing happened, to tell you exactly without mistake, in Lent, at the very time of the thaws. I was sitting at his house—our judge's, you know—playing preference. Our judge is a good fellow, and fond of playing preference. Suddenly" (the doctor made frequent use of this word, suddenly) "they tell me, 'There's a servant asking for you.' I say, 'What does he want?' They say, 'He has brought a note—it must be from a patient.' 'Give me the note,' I say. So it is from a patient—well and good—you understand—it's our bread and butter. . . . But this is how it was: a lady, a widow, writes to me; she says: 'My daughter is dying. Come, for God's sake!' she says; 'and the horses have been sent for you.' . . . Well, that's all right. But she was twenty miles from the town, and it was midnight out of doors, and the roads in such a state, my word! And as she was poor herself, one could not expect more than two silver rubles, and even that problematic; and perhaps it might only be a matter of a roll of linen and a sack of oatmeal in payment. However, duty, you know, before everything: a fellow creature may be dying. I hand over my cards at once to Kalliopin, the member of the provincial commission, and return home. I look; a wretched little trap was standing at the steps, with a peasant's horses, fat—too fat—and their coat as shaggy as felt; and the coachman sitting with his cap off out of respect. Well, I think to myself, 'It's clear, my friend, these patients aren't rolling in riches.' . . . You smile; but I tell you, a poor man like me has to take everything into consideration. . . . If the coachman sits like a prince, and doesn't touch his cap, and even sneers at you behind his beard, and flicks his whip—then you may bet on six rubles. But this case, I saw, had a very different air. However, I think there's no help for it; duty before everything. I snatch up the most necessary drugs and set off. Will you believe it? I only just managed to get there at all. The road was infernal: streams, snow, watercourses, and the dike had suddenly burst there; that was the worst of it! However, I arrived at last. It was a little thatched house. There was a light in the windows; that meant they expected me. I was met by an old lady, very venerable, in a cap. 'Save her!' she says; 'she

is dying.' I say, 'Pray don't distress yourself. Where is the invalid?' 'Come this way.' I see a clean little room, a lamp in the corner; on the bed a girl of twenty, unconscious. She was in a burning heat, and breathing heavily—it was fever. There were two other girls, her sisters, scared and in tears. 'Yesterday,' they tell me, 'she was perfectly well and had a good appetite; this morning she complained of her head, and this evening, suddenly, you see, like this.' I say again: 'Pray don't be uneasy.' It's a doctor's duty, you know—and I went up to her and bled her, told them to put on a mustard plaster, and prescribed a mixture. Meantime I looked at her; I looked at her, you know—there, by God! I had never seen such a face! She was a beauty, in a word! I felt quite shaken with pity. Such lovely features; such eyes! . . . But, thank God! she became easier; she fell into a perspiration, seemed to come to her senses, looked round, smiled, and passed her hand over her face. . . . Her sisters bent over her. They ask, 'How are you?' 'All right,' she says, and turns away. I looked at her; she had fallen asleep. 'Well,' I say, 'now the patient should be left alone.' So we all went out on tiptoe; only a maid remained, in case she was wanted. In the parlor there was a samovar standing on the table, and a bottle of rum; in our profession one can't get on without it. They gave me tea; asked me to stop the night. . . . I consented. Where could I go, indeed, at that time of night? The old lady kept groaning. 'What is it?' I say. 'She will live; don't worry yourself. You had better take a little rest yourself; it is about two o'clock.' 'But will you send to wake me if anything happens?' 'Yes, yes.' The old lady went away, and the girls too went to their own room; they made up a bed for me in the parlor. Well, I went to bed—but I could not get to sleep, for a wonder! for in reality I was very tired. I could not get my patient out of my head. At last I could not put up with it any longer; I got up suddenly; I think to myself, 'I will go and see how the patient is getting on.' Her bedroom was next to the parlor. Well, I got up, and gently opened the door. How my heart beat! I looked in: the servant was asleep, her mouth wide open, and even snoring, the wretch! but the patient lay with her face

toward me, and her arms flung wide apart, poor girl! I went up to her . . . when suddenly she opened her eyes and stared at me! 'Who is it? Who is it?' I was in confusion. 'Don't be alarmed, madam,' I say; 'I am the doctor; I have come to see how you feel.' 'You the doctor?' 'Yes, the doctor; your mother sent for me from the town; we have bled you, madam; now pray go to sleep, and in a day or two, please God! we will set you on your feet again.' 'Ah, yes, yes, doctor, don't let me die . . . please, please.' 'Why do you talk like that? God bless you!' She is in a fever again, I think to myself; I felt her pulse; yes, she was feverish. She looked at me, and then took me by the hand. 'I will tell you why I don't want to die; I will tell you. . . . Now we are alone; and only, please don't you . . . not to anyone. . . . Listen. . . .' I bent down; she moved her lips quite to my ear; she touched my cheek with her hair—I confess my head went round—and began to whisper. . . . I could make out nothing of it. . . . Ah, she was delirious! . . . She whispered and whispered, but so quickly, and as if it were not in Russian; at last she finished, and shivering dropped her head on the pillow, and threatened me with her finger. 'Remember, doctor, to no one.' I calmed her somehow, gave her something to drink, waked the servant, and went away."

At this point the doctor again took snuff with exasperated energy, and for a moment seemed stupefied by its effects.

"However," he continued, "the next day, contrary to my expectations, the patient was no better. I thought and thought, and suddenly decided to remain there, even though my other patients were expecting me. . . . And you know one can't afford to disregard that; one's practice suffers if one does. But, in the first place, the patient was really in danger; and secondly, to tell the truth, I felt strongly drawn to her. Besides, I liked the whole family. Though they were really badly off, they were singularly, I may say, cultivated people. . . . Their father had been a learned man, an author; he died, of course, in poverty, but he had managed before he died to give his children an excellent education; he left a lot of books, too. Either because I looked after the invalid very carefully, or for some other rea-

son, anyway I can venture to say all the household loved me as if I were one of the family. . . . Meantime the roads were in a worse state than ever; all communications, so to say, were cut off completely; even medicine could with difficulty be got from the town. . . . The sick girl was not getting better. . . . Day after day, and day after day . . . but . . . here. . . ." (the doctor made a brief pause.) "I declare I don't know how to tell you." (He again took snuff, coughed, and swallowed a little tea.) "I will tell you without beating about the bush. My patient . . . how should I say? . . . Well she had fallen in love with me . . . or, no, it was not that she was in love . . . however . . . really, how should one say?" (The doctor looked down and grew red.) "No," he went on quickly, "in love, indeed! A man should not over-estimate himself. She was an educated girl, clever and well read, and I had even forgotten my Latin, one may say, completely. As to appearance" (the doctor looked himself over with a smile), "I am nothing to boast of there, either. But God Almighty did not make me a fool; I don't take black for white; I know a thing or two; I could see very clearly, for instance, that Alexandra Andreevna—that was her name—did not feel love for me, but had a friendly, so to say, inclination—a respect or something for me. Though she herself perhaps mistook this sentiment, anyway this was her attitude; you may form your own judgment of it. But," added the doctor, who had brought out all these disconnected sentences without taking breath, and with obvious embarrassment, "I seem to be wandering rather—you won't understand anything like this. . . . There, with your leave, I will relate it all in order."

He drank off a glass of tea, and began in a calmer voice:

"Well, then. My patient kept getting worse and worse. You are not a doctor, my good sir; you cannot understand what passes in a poor fellow's heart, especially at first, when he begins to suspect that the disease is getting the upper hand of him. What becomes of his belief in himself? You suddenly grow so timid; it's indescribable. You fancy then that you have forgotten everything you knew, and that the patient has no faith in you, and that other people begin to notice how distracted you

are, and tell you the symptoms with reluctance; that they are looking at you suspiciously, whispering. . . . Ah! it's horrid! There must be a remedy, you think, for this disease, if one could find it. Isn't this it? You try—no, that's not it! You don't allow the medicine the necessary time to do good. . . . You clutch at one thing, then at another. Sometimes you take up a book of medical prescriptions—here it is, you think! Sometimes, by Jove! you pick one out by chance, thinking to leave it to fate. . . . But meantime a fellow creature's dying, and another doctor would have saved him. 'We must have a consultation,' you say; 'I will not take the responsibility on myself.' And what a fool you look at such times! Well, in time you learn to bear it; it's nothing to you. A man has died—but it's not your fault; you treated him by the rules. But what's still more torture to you is to see blind faith in you, and to feel yourself that you are not able to be of use. Well, it was just this blind faith that the whole of Alexandra Andreevna's family had in me; they had forgotten to think that their daughter was in danger. I, too, on my side assure them that it's nothing, but meantime my heart sinks into my boots. To add to our troubles, the roads were in such a state that the coachman was gone for whole days together to get medicine. And I never left the patient's room; I could not tear myself away; I tell her amusing stories, you know, and play cards with her. I watch by her side at night. The old mother thanks me with tears in her eyes; but I think to myself, 'I don't deserve your gratitude.' I frankly confess to you—there is no object in concealing it now—I was in love with my patient. And Alexandra Andreevna had grown fond of me; she would not sometimes let anyone be in her room but me. She began to talk to me, to ask me questions; where I had studied, how I lived, who are my people, whom I go to see. I feel that she ought not to talk; but to forbid her to—to forbid her resolutely, you know—I could not. Sometimes I held my head in my hands, and asked myself, 'What are you doing, villain?' . . . And she would take my hand and hold it, give me a long, long look, and turn away, sigh, and say, 'How good you are!' Her hands were so feverish, her eyes so large and

languid. . . . 'Yes,' she says, 'you are a good, kind man; you are not like our neighbors. . . . No, you are not like that. . . . Why did I not know you till now!' 'Alexandra Andreevna, calm yourself,' I say. . . . 'I feel, believe me, I don't know how I have gained . . . but there, calm yourself. . . . All will be right; you will be well again.' And meanwhile I must tell you," continued the doctor, bending forward and raising his eyebrows, "that they associated very little with the neighbors, because the smaller people were not on their level, and pride hindered them from being friendly with the rich. I tell you they were an exceptionally cultivated family; so you know it was gratifying for me. She would only take her medicine from my hands . . . she would lift herself up, poor girl, with my aid, take it, and gaze at me. . . . My heart felt as if it were bursting. And meanwhile she was growing worse and worse, worse and worse, all the time; she will die, I think to myself! she must die. Believe me, I would sooner have gone to the grave myself; and here were her mother and sisters watching me, looking into my eyes . . . and their faith in me was wearing away. 'Well? how is she?' 'Oh, all right, all right!' All right, indeed! My mind was failing me. Well, I was sitting one night alone again by my patient. The maid was sitting there too, and snoring away in full swing; I can't find fault with the poor girl, though; she was worn out too. Alexandra Andreevna had felt very unwell all the evening; she was very feverish. Until midnight she kept tossing about; at last she seemed to fall asleep; at least, she lay still without stirring. The lamp was burning in the corner before the holy image. I sat there, you know, with my head bent; I even dozed a little. Suddenly it seemed as though someone touched me in the side; I turned round. . . . Good God! Alexandra Andreevna was gazing with intent eyes at me . . . her lips parted, her cheeks seemed burning. 'What is it?' 'Doctor, shall I die?' 'Merciful Heavens!' 'No, doctor, no; please don't tell me I shall live . . . don't say so. . . . If you knew . . . . Listen! For God's sake don't conceal my real position,' and her breath came so fast. 'If I know for certain that I must die . . . then I will tell you all—all!' 'Alexandra Andreevna, I

beg!' 'Listen! I have not been asleep at all . . . I have been looking at you a long while. . . . For God's sake! . . . I believe in you; you are a good man, an honest man; I entreat you by all that is sacred in the world—tell me the truth! If you knew how important it is for me. . . . Doctor, for God's sake tell me. . . . Am I in danger?' 'What can I tell you, Alexandra Andreevna, pray?' 'For God's sake, I beseech you!' 'I can't disguise from you,' I say, 'Alexandra Andreevna; you are certainly in danger; but God is merciful.' 'I shall die, I shall die.' And it seemed as though she were pleased; her face grew so bright; I was alarmed. 'Don't be afraid, don't be afraid! I am not frightened of death at all.' She suddenly sat up and leaned on her elbow. 'Now . . . yes, now I can tell you that I thank you with my whole heart . . . that you are kind and good—that I love you!' I stare at her, like one possessed; it was terrible for me, you know. 'Do you hear, I love you!' 'Alexandra Andreevna, how have I deserved——' 'No, no, you don't—you don't understand me.' . . . And suddenly she stretched out her arms, and taking my head in her hands, she kissed it. . . . Believe me, I almost screamed aloud. . . . I threw myself on my knees, and buried my head in the pillow. She did not speak; her fingers trembled in my hair; I listen; she is weeping. I began to soothe her, to assure her . . . I really don't know what I did say to her. 'You will wake up the girl,' I say to her. 'Alexandra Andreevna, I thank you . . . believe me. . . . Calm yourself.' 'Enough, enough!' she persisted. 'Never mind all of them; let them wake, then; let them come in—it does not matter; I am dying, you see. . . . And what do you fear? why are you afraid? Lift up your head. . . . Or, perhaps, you don't love me; perhaps I am wrong. . . . In that case, forgive me.' 'Alexandra Andreevna, what are you saying! . . . I love you, Alexandra Andreevna.' She looked straight into my eyes, and opened her arms wide. 'Then take me in your arms.' I tell you frankly, I don't know how it was I did not go mad that night. I feel that my patient is killing herself; I see that she is not fully herself; I understand, too, that if she did not consider herself on the point of death, she would never have thought of me;

and, indeed, say what you will, it's hard to die at twenty without having known love; this was what was torturing her; this was why, in despair, she caught at me—do you understand now? But she held me in her arms, and would not let me go. 'Have pity on me, Alexandra Andreevna, and have pity on yourself,' I say. 'Why,' she says, 'what is there to think of? You know I must die.' . . . This she repeated incessantly. . . . 'If I knew that I should return to life, and be a proper young lady again, I should be ashamed . . . of course, ashamed . . . but why now?' 'But who has said you will die?' 'Oh no, leave off! you will not deceive me; you don't know how to lie—look at your face.' . . . 'You shall live, Alexandra Andreevna; I will cure you; we will ask your mother's blessing . . . we will be united—we will be happy.' 'No, no, I have your word; I must die . . . you have promised me . . . you have told me.' . . . It was cruel for me—cruel for many reasons. And see what trifling things can do sometimes; it seems nothing at all, but it's painful. It occurred to her to ask me, what is my name; not my surname, but my first name. I must needs be so unlucky as to be called Trifon. Yes, indeed; Trifon Ivanitch. Every one in the house called me doctor. However, there's no help for it. I say, 'Trifon, madam.' She frowned, shook her head, and muttered something in French—ah, something unpleasant, of course!—and then she laughed—disagreeably too. Well, I spent the whole night with her in this way. Before morning I went away, feeling as though I were mad. When I went again into her room it was daytime, after morning tea. Good God! I could scarcely recognize her; people are laid in their grave looking better than that. I swear to you, on my honor, I don't understand—I absolutely don't understand—now, how I lived through that experience. Three days and nights my patient still lingered on. And what nights! What things she said to me! And on the last night—only imagine to yourself—I was sitting near her, and kept praying to God for one thing only: 'Take her,' I said, 'quickly, and me with her.' Suddenly the old mother comes unexpectedly into the room. I had already the evening before told her—the mother—there was little hope, and it would

be well to send for a priest. When the sick girl saw her mother she said: 'It's very well you have come; look at us, we love one another—we have given each other our word.' 'What does she say, doctor? what does she say?' I turned livid. 'She is wandering,' I say; 'the fever.' But she: 'Hush, hush; you told me something quite different just now, and have taken my ring. Why do you pretend? My mother is good—she will forgive—she will understand—and I am dying. . . . I have no need to tell lies; give me your hand.' I jumped up and ran out of the room. The old lady, of course, guessed how it was.

"I will not, however, weary you any longer, and to me too, of course, it's painful to recall all this. My patient passed away the next day. God rest her soul!" the doctor added, speaking quickly and with a sigh. "Before her death she asked her family to go out and leave me alone with her.

" 'Forgive me,' she said; 'I am perhaps to blame toward you . . . my illness . . . but believe me, I have loved no one more than you . . . do not forget me . . . keep my ring.' "

The doctor turned away; I took his hand.

"Ah!" he said, "let us talk of something else, or would you care to play preference for a small stake? It is not for people like me to give way to exalted emotions. There's only one thing for me to think of: how to keep the children from crying and the wife from scolding. Since then, you know, I have had time to enter into lawful wedlock, as they say. . . . Oh . . . I took a merchant's daughter—seven thousand for her dowry. Her name's Akulina; it goes well with Trifon. She is an ill-tempered woman, I must tell you, but luckily she's asleep all day. . . . Well, shall it be preference?"

We sat down to preference for halfpenny points. Trifon Ivanitch won two rubles and a half from me, and went home late, well pleased with his success.

AWAY WITH FALSE COMFORT

Author unknown, from the BOOK OF JOB, *chapters 12 to 14, inclusive, authorized version of the Bible as arranged in* Moulton's MODERN READERS' BIBLE. *Copyright* (1917) *by* THE MACMILLAN COMPANY. *Reprinted by permission.*

THE BOOK OF JOB

The Book of Job, as it now appears in the Old Testament, seems to be a prose story written about five hundred years before Christ, partly reinterpreted much later by a poet. No matter how it may have come to be what it is, the Book of Job is for many a reader of our day one of the truest and greatest books of all. The patient Job was not a passive, meek accepter of miseries. His patience is of a more stalwart sort. He made two heroic refusals. He refused to try to make himself believe that he deserved his sufferings, and that ours is the best of possible worlds. And yet he also refused to conclude that the universe is completely meaningless. He patiently adhered to his faith in a better God than the god of things as they are.

UNKNOWN

AWAY WITH FALSE COMFORT

XII

No doubt but ye are the people,
And wisdom shall die with you.

But I have understanding as well as you;
I am not inferior to you:
Yea, who knoweth not such things as these?

I am as one that is a laughing-stock to his neighbour,
A man that called upon God, and he answered him,
The just, the perfect man is a laughing-stock.

In the thought of him that is at ease there is contempt for misfortune,
It is ready for them whose foot slippeth.

The tents of robbers prosper,
And they that provoke God are secure,
That bring their god in their hand.

But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee;
And the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee;

Or, speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee;
And the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee:

Who knoweth not in all these that "the hand of the LORD hath wrought this?"
In whose hand is the soul of every living thing,
And the breath of all mankind.

XIII

"Doth not the ear try words
"Even as the palate tasteth its meat?
"With aged men is wisdom,
"And in length of days understanding."

With HIM is wisdom and might:
He hath counsel and understanding.
Behold, he breaketh down,
And it cannot be built again;
He shutteth up a man,
And there can be no opening.
Behold, he withholdeth the waters,
And they dry up.
Again he sendeth them out,
And they overturn the earth.

With HIM is strength and sound wisdom;
The deceived and the deceiver are His.
He leadeth counsellors away spoiled,
And judges maketh he fools.
He looseth the bond of kings,
And bindeth their loins with a girdle.
He leadeth priests away spoiled,
And overthroweth the mighty.
He removeth the speech of the trusty,
And taketh away the understanding of the elders.
He poureth contempt upon princes,
And looseth the belt of the strong.
He discovereth deep things out of darkness,

And bringeth out to light the shadow of death.
He increaseth the nations,
And destroyeth them;

He spreadeth the nations abroad,
And bringeth them in.
He taketh away the heart of the chiefs of the people of the earth,
And causeth them to wander in a wilderness where there is no way.
They grope in the dark without light,
And he maketh them to stagger like a drunken man.

XIV

Lo, mine eye hath seen all this,
Mine ear hath heard and understood it.
What ye know, the same do I know also:
I am not inferior unto you.
Surely I would speak to the Almighty,
And I desire to reason with God.
But ye are forgers of lies,
Ye are all physicians of no value.
Oh that ye would altogether hold your peace!
And it should be your wisdom.
Hear now my reasoning,
And hearken to the pleadings of my lips.
Will ye speak unrighteously for God,
And talk deceitfully for him?
Will ye respect his person?
Will ye contend for God?
Is it good that he should search you out?
Or as one deceiveth a man, will ye deceive him?
He will surely reprove you,
If ye do secretly respect persons.
Shall not his excellency make you afraid,
And his dread fall upon you?

Your memorable sayings are proverbs of ashes,
Your defences are defences of clay.

Hold your peace, let me alone, that I may speak,
And let come on me what will.
At all adventures I will take my flesh in my teeth,
And put my life in mine hand.
Though he slay me, yet will I wait for him:
Nevertheless I will maintain my ways before him.
He also shall be my salvation;
For a godless man shall not come before him.
Hear diligently my speech,
And let my declaration be in your ears.
Behold now, I have ordered my cause;
I know that I shall be justified.
Who is he that will contend with me?
For now if I hold my peace I shall give up the ghost.
Only do not two things unto me,
Then will I not hide myself from thy face:
Withdraw thine hand far from me;
And let not thy terror make me afraid:
Then call thou, and I will answer;
Or let me speak, and answer thou me.
How many are mine iniquities and sins?
Make me to know my transgression and my sin.
Wherefore hidest thou thy face,
And holdest me for thine enemy?
Wilt thou harass a driven leaf?
And wilt thou pursue the dry stubble?
For thou writest bitter things against me,
And makest me to inherit the iniquities of my youth:
Thou puttest my feet also in the stocks,
And markest all my paths;
Thou drawest thee a line about the soles of my feet:
Though I am like a rotten thing that consumeth,
Like a garment that is moth-eaten.

XV

Man that is born of a woman
Is of a few days, and full of trouble;
He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down,
He fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not.

And dost thou open thine eyes upon such an one,
And bringest me into judgement with thee?

Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?
Not one!
Seeing his days are determined,
The number of his months is with thee,
And thou has appointed his bounds that he cannot pass;

Look away from him, that he may rest,
Till he shall accomplish, as an hireling, his day.

For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down,
That it will sprout again,
And that the tender branch thereof will not cease;

Though the root thereof wax old in the earth,
And the stock thereof die in the ground,
Yet through the scent of water it will bud,
And put forth boughs like a plant.
But man dieth, and wasteth away:
Yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?
As the waters fail from the sea,
And the river decayeth and drieth up,

So man lieth down and riseth not;
Till the heavens be no more they shall not awake,
Nor be roused out of their sleep.

Oh that thou wouldest hide me in Sheol,
That thou wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath be past,
That thou wouldest appoint me a set time and remember me!
———If a man die, shall he live again?———
All the days of my warfare would I wait, till my release should
come;
Thou shouldest call, and I would answer thee:
Thou wouldest have a desire to the work of thine hands.

But now thou numberest my steps:
Dost thou not watch over my sin?
My transgression is sealed up in a bag,
And thou fastenest up mine iniquity.

And surely the mountain falling cometh to nought,
And the rock is removed out of its place,
The waters wear the stones,
The overflowings thereof wash away the dust of the earth:

And thou destroyeth the hope of man:
Thou prevailest for ever against him, and he passeth;
Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away;
His sons come to honour, and he knoweth it not;
And they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them;
Only for himself his flesh hath pain,
And for himself his soul mourneth.

THE SCULPTOR'S FUNERAL

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WILLA CATHER

Miss Willa Cather is one of the living Americans who brace up our pride whenever reading the newspapers makes us half ashamed of being Americans. Her *My Antonia* (1918), *Lost Lady* (1923), and *The Professor's House* (1925), by their content and by their tone and by their firm, competent grip on life and by the author's equally adequate command over her own imaginings, fill readers with calm joy at belonging to a country where abide such resources and such power to control them. We feel the pride that energizes, in our land and our subduers of the land, and in our courageous, potent, serene artist.

Miss Cather was born in Virginia in 1876, lived in Nebraska long enough to have the minerals of Western soil enter the structure of her marrow cells, and graduated from the University

of Nebraska in 1895. For years she was associate editor of *McClure's Magazine*. In 1903 she published *April Twilights*, a volume of poems with the sagebrush flavor and a tinge of wormwood. Her first great novel, *The Song of the Lark*, was published in 1915. In depicting the growth to full power as a grand-opera singer, of an American Scandinavian minister's daughter, Miss Cather, who is an intelligent lover of music, shows better than it has often been shown what greatness of soul is like, and how heroic is the struggle of even a very fully living person to master himself and to make of himself a master.

WILLA CATHER

THE SCULPTOR'S FUNERAL

A GROUP of the townspeople stood on the station siding of a little Kansas town, awaiting the coming of the night train, which was already twenty minutes overdue. The snow had fallen thick over everything; in the pale starlight the line of bluffs across the wide, white meadows south of the town made soft, smoke-colored curves against the clear sky. The men on the siding stood first on one foot and then on the other, their hands thrust deep into their trousers pockets, their overcoats open, their shoulders screwed up with the cold; and they glanced from time to time toward the southeast, where the railroad track wound along the river shore. They conversed in low tones and moved about restlessly, seeming uncertain as to what was expected of them. There was but one of the company who looked as if he knew exactly why he was there, and he kept conspicuously apart; walking to the far end of the platform, returning to the station door, then pacing up the track again, his chin sunk in the high collar of his overcoat, his burly shoulders drooping forward, his gait heavy and dogged. Presently he was approached by a tall, spare, grizzled man clad in a faded Grand Army suit, who shuffled out from the group and advanced with a certain deference, craning his neck forward until his back made the angle of a jack-knife three-quarters open.

"I reckon she's a-goin' to be pretty late again to-night, Jim," he remarked in a squeaky falsetto. "S'pose it's the snow?"

"I don't know," responded the other man with a shade of annoyance, speaking from out an astonishing cataract of red beard that grew fiercely and thickly in all directions.

The spare man shifted the quill toothpick he was chewing to

the other side of his mouth. "It ain't likely that anybody from the East will come with the corpse, I s'pose," he went on reflectively.

"I don't know," responded the other, more curtly than before.

"It's too bad he didn't belong to some lodge or other. I like an order funeral myself. They seem more appropriate for people of some reputation," the spare man continued, with an ingratiating concession in his shrill voice, as he carefully placed his toothpick in his vest pocket. He always carried the flag at the G. A. R. funerals in the town.

The heavy man turned on his heel, without replying, and walked up the siding. The spare man rejoined the uneasy group.

"Jim's ez full ez a tick, ez ushel," he commented, commiseratingly.

Just then a distant whistle sounded, and there was a shuffling of feet on the platform. A number of lanky boys, of all ages, appeared as suddenly and slimily as eels wakened by the crack of thunder; some came from the waiting room, where they had been warming themselves by the red stove, or half asleep on the slat benches; others uncoiled themselves from baggage trucks or slid out of express wagons. Two clambered down from the driver's seat of a hearse that stood backed up against the siding. They straightened their stooping shoulders and lifted their heads, and a flash of momentary animation kindled their dull eyes at that cold, vibrant scream, the world-wide call for men. It stirred them like the note of a trumpet; just as it had often stirred the man who was coming home to-night, in his boyhood.

The night express shot, red as a rocket, from out the eastward marsh lands and wound along the river shore under the long lines of shivering poplars that sentineled the meadows, the escaping steam hanging in grey masses against the pale sky and blotting out the Milky Way. In a moment the red glare from the headlight streamed up the snow-covered track before the siding and glittered on the wet, black rails. The burly man with the dishevelled red beard walked swiftly up the platform toward the approaching train, uncovering his head as he went. The group of men behind him hesitated, glanced questioningly at

one another, and awkwardly followed his example. The train stopped, and the crowd shuffled up to the express car just as the door was thrown open, the man in the G. A. R. suit thrusting his head forward with curiosity. The express messenger appeared in the doorway, accompanied by a young man in a long ulster and traveling cap.

"Are Mr. Merrick's friends here?" inquired the young man.

The group on the platform swayed uneasily. Philip Phelps, the banker, responded with dignity: "We have come to take charge of the body. Mr. Merrick's father is very feeble and can't be about."

"Send the agent out here," growled the express messenger, "and tell the operator to lend a hand."

The coffin was got out of its rough box and down on the snowy platform. The townspeople drew back enough to make room for it and then formed a close semicircle about it, looking curiously at the palm leaf which lay across the black cover. No one said anything. The baggage man stood by his truck, waiting to get at the trunks. The engine panted heavily, and the fireman dodged in and out among the wheels with his yellow torch and long oil can, snapping the spindle boxes. The young Bostonian, one of the dead sculptor's pupils who had come with the body, looked about him helplessly. He turned to the banker, the only one of that black, uneasy, stoop-shouldered group who seemed enough of an individual to be addressed.

"None of Mr. Merrick's brothers are here?" he asked, uncertainly.

The man with the red beard for the first time stepped up and joined the others. "No, they have not come yet; the family is scattered. The body will be taken directly to the house." He stooped and took hold of one of the handles of the coffin.

"Take the long hill road up, Thompson; it will be easier on the horses," called the liveryman as the undertaker snapped the door of the hearse and prepared to mount to the driver's seat.

Laird, the red-bearded lawyer, turned again to the stranger. "We didn't know whether there would be anyone with him or not," he explained. "It's a long walk, so you'd better go up in

the hack." He pointed to a single battered conveyance, but the young man replied, stiffly: "Thank you, but I think I will go up with the hearse. If you don't object," turning to the undertaker, "I'll ride with you."

They clambered up over the wheels and drove off in the starlight up the long, white hill toward the town. The lamps in the still village were shining from under the low, snow-burdened roofs; and beyond on every side the plains reached out into emptiness, peaceful and wide as the soft sky itself, and wrapped in a tangible, white silence.

When the hearse backed up to a wooden sidewalk before a naked, weather-beaten frame house, the same composite, ill-defined group that had stood upon the station siding was huddled about the gate. The front yard was an icy swamp, and a couple of warped planks, extending from the sidewalk to the door, made a sort of rickety footbridge. The gate hung on one hinge, and was opened wide with difficulty. Steavens, the young stranger, noticed that something black was tied to the knob of the front door.

The grating sound made by the casket, as it was drawn from the hearse, was answered by a scream from the house; the front door was wrenched open, and a tall, corpulent woman rushed out bareheaded into the snow and flung herself upon the coffin, shrieking: "My boy, my boy! And this is how you've come home to me!"

As Steavens turned away and closed his eyes with a shudder of unutterable repulsion, another woman, also tall, but flat and angular, dressed entirely in black, darted out of the house and caught Mrs. Merrick by the shoulders, crying, sharply: "Come, come, mother; you mustn't go on like this!" Her tone changed to one of obsequious solemnity as she turned to the banker. "The parlor is ready, Mr. Phelps."

The bearers carried the coffin along the narrow boards, while the undertaker ran ahead with the coffin-rests. They bore it into a large, unheated room that smelled of dampness and disuse and furniture polish, and set it down under a hanging lamp ornamented with jingling glass prisms and before a "Rogers

group" of John Alden and Priscilla, wreathed with smilax. Henry Steavens stared about him with the sickening conviction that there had been a mistake and that he had somehow arrived at the wrong destination. He looked at the clover-green Brussels, the fat plush upholstery, among the hand-painted china placques and panels and vases, for some mark of identification—for something that might once conceivably have belonged to Harvey Merrick. It was not until he recognized his friend in the crayon portrait of a little boy in kilts and curls, hanging above the piano, that he felt willing to let any of these people approach the coffin.

"Take the lid off, Mr. Thompson. Let me see my boy's face," wailed the elder woman between her sobs. This time Steavens looked fearfully, almost beseechingly into her face, red and swollen under its masses of strong, black, shiny hair. He flushed, dropped his eyes, and then, almost incredulously, looked again. There was a kind of power about her face—a kind of brutal handsomeness, even; but it was scarred and furrowed by violence, and so colored and coarsened by fiercer passions that grief seemed never to have laid a gentle finger there. The long nose was distended and knobbed at the end, and there were deep lines on either side of it; her heavy, black brows almost met across her forehead, her teeth were large and square and set far apart—teeth that could tear. She filled the room; the men were obliterated, seemed tossed about like twigs in an angry water, and even Steavens felt himself being drawn into the whirlpool.

The daughter—the tall, rawboned woman in crêpe, with a mourning comb in her hair which curiously lengthened her long face—sat stiffly upon the sofa, her hands, conspicuous for their large knuckles, folded in her lap, her mouth and eyes drawn down, solemnly awaiting the opening of the coffin. Near the door stood a mulatto woman, evidently a servant in the house, with a timid bearing and an emaciated face pitifully sad and gentle. She was weeping silently, the corner of her calico apron lifted to her eyes, occasionally suppressing a long, quivering sob. Steavens walked over and stood beside her.

Feeble steps were heard on the stairs, and an old man, tall and frail, odorous of pipe smoke, with shaggy, unkempt gray hair and a dingy beard, tobacco stained about the mouth, entered uncertainly. He went slowly up to the coffin and stood rolling a blue cotton handkerchief between his hands, seeming so pained and embarrassed by his wife's orgy of grief that he had no consciousness of anything else.

"There, there, Annie, dear, don't take on so," he quavered, timidly, putting out a shaking hand and awkwardly patting her elbow. She turned and sank upon his shoulder with such violence that he tottered a little. He did not even glance toward the coffin, but continued to look at her with a dull, frightened, appealing expression, as a spaniel looks at the whip. His sunken cheeks slowly reddened and burned with miserable shame. When his wife rushed from the room, her daughter strode after her with set lips. The servant stole up to the coffin, bent over it for a moment, and then slipped away to the kitchen, leaving Steavens, the lawyer, and the father to themselves. The old man stood looking down at his dead son's face. The sculptor's splendid head seemed even more noble in its rigid stillness than in life. The dark hair had crept down upon the wide forehead; the face seemed strangely long, but in it there was not that repose we expect to find in the faces of the dead. The brows were so drawn that there were two deep lines above the beaked nose, and the chin was thrust forward defiantly. It was as though the strain of life had been so sharp and bitter that death could not at once relax the tension and smooth the countenance into perfect peace—as though he were still guarding something precious, which might even yet be wrested from him.

The old man's lips were working under his stained beard. He turned to the lawyer with timid deference: "Phelps and the rest are comin' back to set up with Harve, ain't they?" he asked. "Thank 'ee, Jim, thank 'ee." He brushed the hair back gently from his son's forehead. "He was a good boy, Jim; always a good boy. He was ez gentle ez a child and the kindest of 'em all—only we didn't none of us ever onderstand him." The tears

trickled slowly down his beard and dropped upon the sculptor's coat.

"Martin! Martin! Oh, Martin! come here," his wife wailed from the top of the stairs. The old man started timorously: "Yes, Annie, I'm coming." He turned away, hesitated, stood for a moment in miserable indecision; then reached back and patted the dead man's hair softly, and stumbled from the room.

"Poor old man, I didn't think he had any tears left. Seems as if his eyes would have gone dry long ago. At his age nothing cuts very deep," remarked the lawyer.

Something in his tone made Steavens glance up. While the mother had been in the room, the young man had scarcely seen anyone else; but now, from the moment he first glanced into Jim Laird's florid face and bloodshot eyes, he knew that he had found what he had been heartsick at not finding before—the feeling, the understanding, that must exist in some one, even here.

The man was red as his beard, with features swollen and blurred by dissipation, and a hot, blazing blue eye. His face was strained—that of a man who is controlling himself with difficulty—and he kept plucking at his beard with a sort of fierce resentment. Steavens, sitting by the window, watched him turn down the glaring lamp, still its jangling pendants with an angry gesture, and then stand with his hands locked behind him, staring down into the master's face. He could not help wondering what link there had been between the porcelain vessel and so sooty a lump of potter's clay.

From the kitchen an uproar was sounding; when the dining-room door opened, the import of it was clear. The mother was abusing the maid for having forgotten to make the dressing for the chicken salad which had been prepared for the watchers. Steavens had never heard anything in the least like it; it was injured, emotional, dramatic abuse, unique and masterly in its excruciating cruelty, as violent and unrestrained as had been her grief of twenty minutes before. With a shudder of disgust the lawyer went into the dining room and closed the door into the kitchen.

"Poor Roxy's getting it now," he remarked when he came back. "The Merricks took her out of the poorhouse years ago; and if her loyalty would let her, I guess the poor old thing could tell tales that would curdle your blood. She's the mulatto woman who was standing in here a while ago, with her apron to her eyes. The old woman is a fury; there never was anybody like her. She made Harvey's life a hell for him when he lived at home; he was so sick ashamed of it. I never could see how he kept himself sweet."

"He was wonderful," said Steavens, slowly, "wonderful; but until to-night I have never known how wonderful."

"That is the eternal wonder of it, anyway; that it can come even from such a dung heap as this," the lawyer cried, with a sweeping gesture which seemed to indicate much more than the four walls within which they stood.

"I think I'll see whether I can get a little air. The room is so close I am beginning to feel rather faint," murmured Steavens, struggling with one of the windows. The sash was stuck, however, and would not yield, so he sat down dejectedly and began pulling at his collar. The lawyer came over, loosened the sash with one blow of his red fist and sent the window up a few inches. Steavens thanked him, but the nausea which had been gradually climbing into his throat for the last half hour left him with but one desire—a desperate feeling that he must get away from this place with what was left of Harvey Merrick. Oh, he comprehended well enough now the quiet bitterness of the smile that he had seen so often on his master's lips!

Once when Merrick returned from a visit home, he brought with him a singularly feeling and suggestive bas-relief of a thin, faded old woman, sitting and sewing something pinned to her knee; while a full-lipped, full-blooded little urchin, his trousers held up by a single gallows, stood beside her, impatiently twitching her gown to call her attention to a butterfly he had caught. Steavens, impressed by the tender and delicate modeling of the thin, tired face, had asked him if it were his mother. He remembered the dull flush that had burned up in the sculptor's face.

The lawyer was sitting in a rocking chair beside the coffin, his head thrown back and his eyes closed. Steavens looked at him earnestly, puzzled at the line of the chin, and wondering why a man should conceal a feature of such distinction under that disfiguring shock of beard. Suddenly, as though he felt the young sculptor's keen glance, Jim Laird opened his eyes.

"Was he always a good deal of an oyster?" he asked, abruptly. "He was terribly shy as a boy."

"Yes, he was an oyster, since you put it so," rejoined Steavens. "Although he could be very fond of people, he always gave one the impression of being detached. He disliked violent emotion; he was reflective, and rather distrustful of himself—except, of course, as regarded his work. He was sure enough there. He distrusted men pretty thoroughly, and women even more, yet somehow, without believing ill of them. He was determined, indeed, to believe the best; but he seemed afraid to investigate."

"A burnt dog dreads the fire," said the lawyer, grimly, and closed his eyes.

Steavens went on and on reconstructing that whole miserable boyhood. All this raw, biting ugliness had been the portion of the man whose mind was to become an exhaustless gallery of beautiful impressions—so sensitive that the mere shadow of a poplar leaf flickering against a sunny wall would be etched and held there for ever. Surely, if ever a man had the magic word in his finger tips, it was Merrick. Whatever he touched, he revealed its holiest secret; liberated it from enchantment and restored it to its pristine loveliness. Upon whatever he had come in contact with, he had left a beautiful record of the experience—a sort of ethereal signature; a scent, a sound, a color that was his own.

Steavens understood now the real tragedy of his master's life; neither love nor wine, as many had conjectured, but a blow which had fallen earlier and cut deeper than anything else could have done—a shame not his, and yet so unescapably his, to hide in his heart from his very boyhood. And without—the frontier warfare; the yearning of a boy, cast ashore upon a desert of

newness and ugliness and sordidness, for all that is chastened and old, and noble with traditions.

At eleven o'clock the tall, flat woman in black announced that the watchers were arriving, and asked them to "step into the dining room." As Steavens rose, the lawyer said, dryly: "You go on—it'll be a good experience for you. I'm not equal to that crowd to-night; I've had twenty years of them."

As Steavens closed the door after him he glanced back at the lawyer, sitting by the coffin in the dim light, with his chin resting on his hand.

The same misty group that had stood before the door of the express car shuffled into the dining room. In the light of the kerosene lamp they separated and became individuals. The minister, a pale, feeble-looking man with white hair and blond chin whiskers, took his seat beside a small side table and placed his Bible upon it. The Grand Army man sat down behind the stove and tilted his chair back comfortably against the wall, fishing his quill toothpick from his waistcoat pocket. The two bankers, Phelps and Elder, sat off in a corner behind the dinner table, where they could finish their discussion of the new usury law and its effect on chattel security loans. The real-estate agent, an old man with a smiling, hypocritical face, soon joined them. The coal-and-lumber dealer and the cattle-shipper sat on opposite sides of the hard-coal burner, their feet on the nickel-work. Steavens took a book from his pocket and began to read. The talk around him ranged through various topics of local interest while the house was quieting down. When it was clear that the members of the family were in bed, the Grand Army man hitched his shoulders and, untangling his long legs, caught his heels on the rounds of his chair.

"S'pose there'll be a will, Phelps?" he queried in his weak falsetto.

The banker laughed disagreeably, and began trimming his nails with a pearl-handled pocket knife.

"There'll scarcely be any need for one, will there?" he queried in his turn.

The restless Grand Army man shifted his position again,

getting his knees still nearer his chin. "Why, the ole man says Harve's done right well lately," he chirped.

The other banker spoke up. "I reckon he means by that Harve ain't asked him to mortgage any more farms lately, so as he could go on with his education."

"Seems like my mind don't reach back to a time when Harve wasn't bein' edycated," tittered the Grand Army man.

There was a general chuckle. The minister took out his handkerchief and blew his nose sonorously. Banker Phelps closed his knife with a snap. "It's too bad the old man's sons didn't turn out better," he remarked, with reflective authority. "They never hung together. He spent money enough on Harve to stock a dozen cattle farms, and he might as well have poured it into Sand Creek. If Harve had stayed at home and helped nurse what little they had, and gone into stock on the old man's bottom farm, they might all have been well fixed. But the old man had to trust everything to tenants and was cheated right and left."

"Harve never could have handled stock none," interposed the cattleman. "He hadn't it in him to be sharp. Do you remember when he bought Sander's mules for eight-year-olds, when everybody in town knew that Sander's father-in-law give 'em to his wife for a wedding present eighteen years before, an' they was full-grown mules then?"

The company laughed discreetly, and the Grand Army man rubbed his knees with a spasm of childish delight.

"Harve never was much account for anything practical, and he shore was never fond of work," began the coal-and-lumber dealer. "I mind the last time he was home; the day he left, when the old man was out to the barn helpin' his hand hitch up to take Harve to the train, and Cal Moots was patchin' up the fence; Harve he come out on the step and sings out, in his lady-like voice; 'Cal Moots! Cal Moots! please come cord my trunk.' "

"That's Harve for you," approved the Grand Army man. "I kin hear him howlin' yet, when he was a big feller in long pants and his mother used to whale him with a rawhide in the barn for

lettin' the cows get foundered in the cornfield when he was drivin' 'em home from pasture. He killed a cow of mine that-a-way onct—a pure Jersey and the best milker I had, an' the old man had to put up for her. Harve he was watchin' the sun set acrost the marshes when the anamile got away."

"Where the old man made his mistake was in sending the boy East to school," said Phelps, stroking his goatee and speaking in a deliberate, judicial tone. "There was where he got his head full of nonsense. What Harve needed, of all people, was a course in some first-class Kansas City business college."

The letters were swimming before Steaven's eyes. Was it possible that these men did not understand, that the palm on the coffin meant nothing to them? The very name of their town would have remained forever buried in the postal guide had it not been now and again mentioned in the world in connection with Harvey Merrick's. He remembered what his master had said to him on the day of his death, after the congestion of both lungs had shut off any probability of recovery, and the sculptor had asked his pupil to send his body home. "It's not a pleasant place to be lying while the world is moving and doing and bettering," he had said with a feeble smile, "but it rather seems as though we ought to go back to the place we came from, in the end. The townspeople will come in for a look at me; and after they have had their say, I shan't have much to fear from the judgment of God!"

The cattleman took up the comment. "Forty's young for a Merrick to cash in; they usually hang on pretty well. Probably he helped it along with whisky."

"His mother's people were not long lived, and Harvey never had a robust constitution," said the minister, mildly. He would have liked to say more. He had been the boy's Sunday-school teacher and had been fond of him; but he felt that he was not in a position to speak. His own sons had turned out badly, and it was not a year since one of them had made his last trip home in the express car, shot in a gambling-house in the Black Hills.

"Nevertheless, there is no disputin' that Harve frequently

looked upon the wine when it was red, also variegated, and it shore made an oncommon fool of him," moralized the cattleman.

Just then the door leading into the parlor rattled loudly and every one started involuntarily, looking relieved when only Jim Laird came out. The Grand Army man ducked his head when he saw the spark in his blue, bloodshot eye. They were all afraid of Jim; he was a drunkard, but he could twist the law to suit his client's needs as no other man in all western Kansas could do, and there were many who tried. The lawyer closed the door behind him, leaned back against it, and folded his arms, cocking his head a little to one side. When he assumed this attitude in the court-room, ears were always pricked up, as it usually foretold a flood of withering sarcasm.

"I've been with you gentlemen before," he began in a dry, even tone, "when you've sat by the coffins of boys born and raised in this town; and, if I remember rightly, you were never any too well satisfied when you checked them up. What's the matter, anyhow? Why is it that reputable young men are as scarce as millionaires in Sand City? It might almost seem to a stranger that there was, some way, something the matter with your progressive town. Why did Ruben Sayer, the brightest young lawyer you ever turned out, after he had come home from the university as straight as a die, take to drinking and forge a check and shoot himself? Why did Bill Merrit's son die of the shakes in a saloon in Omaha? Why was Mr. Thomas's son, here, shot in a gambling-house? Why did young Adams burn his mill to beat the insurance companies and go to the pen?"

The lawyer paused and unfolded his arms, laying one clenched fist quietly on the table. "I'll tell you why. Because you drummed nothing but money and knavery into their ears from the time they wore knickerbockers; because you carped away at them as you've been carping here to-night, holding our friends Phelps and Elder up to them for their models, as our grandfathers held up George Washington and John Adams. But the boys were young, and raw at the business you put them to, and how could they match coppers with such artists as Phelps and Elder? You wanted them to be successful rascals; they were

only unsuccessful ones—that's all the difference. There was only one boy ever raised in this borderland between ruffianism and civilization who didn't come to grief, and you hated Harvey Merrick more for winning out than you hated all the other boys who got under the wheels. Lord! Lord, how you did hate him! Phelps, here, is fond of saying that he could buy and sell us all out any time he's a mind to; but he knew Harve wouldn't have given a tinker's dam for his bank and all his cattle farms put together; and a lack of appreciation, that way, goes hard with Phelps.

"Old Nimrod thinks Harve drank too much; and this from such as Nimrod and me!

"Brother Elder says Harve was too free with the old man's money—fell short in filial consideration, maybe. Well, we can all remember the very tone in which brother Elder swore his own father was a liar, in the county court; and we all know that the old man came out of that partnership with his son as bare as a sheared lamb. But maybe I'm getting personal, and I'd better be driving ahead at what I want to say."

The lawyer paused a moment, squared his heavy shoulders, and went on: "Harvey Merrick and I went to school together, back East. We were dead in earnest, and we wanted you all to be proud of us some day. We meant to be great men. Even I, and I haven't lost my sense of humor, gentlemen, I meant to be a great man. I came back here to practice, and I found you didn't in the least want me to be a great man. You wanted me to be a shrewd lawyer—oh yes! Our veteran here wanted me to get him an increase of pension, because he had dyspepsia; Phelps wanted a new county survey that would put the widow Wilson's little bottom farm inside his south line; Elder wanted to lend money at five per cent a month, and get it collected; and Stark here wanted to wheedle old women up in Vermont into investing their annuities in real-estate mortgages that are not worth the paper they are written on. Oh, you needed me hard enough, and you'll go on needing me!

"Well, I came back here and became the damned shyster you wanted me to be. You pretend to have some sort of respect

for me; and yet you'll stand up and throw mud at Harvey Merrick, whose soul you couldn't dirty and whose hands you couldn't tie. Oh, you're a discriminating lot of Christians! There have been times when the sight of Harvey's name in some Eastern paper has made me hang my head like a whipped dog; and, again, times when I liked to think of him off there in the world, away from all this hog-wallow, climbing the big, clean up-grade he'd set for himself.

"And we? Now that we've fought and lied and sweated and stolen, and hated as only the disappointed strugglers in a bitter, dead little Western town know how to do, what have we got to show for it? Harvey Merrick wouldn't have given one sunset over your marshes for all you've got put together, and you know it. It's not for me to say why, in the inscrutable wisdom of God, a genius should ever have been called from this place of hatred and bitter waters; but I want this Boston man to know that the drivel he's been hearing here to-night is the only tribute any truly great man could have from such a lot of sick, side-tracked, burnt-dog, land-poor sharks as the here-present financiers of Sand City—upon which town may God have mercy!"

The lawyer thrust out his hand to Steavens as he passed him, caught up his overcoat in the hall, and had left the house before the Grand Army man had had time to lift his ducked head and crane his long neck about at his fellows.

Next day Jim Laird was drunk and unable to attend the funeral services. Steavens called twice at his office, but was compelled to start East without seeing him. He had a presentiment that he would hear from him again, and left his address on the lawyer's table; but if Laird found it, he never acknowledged it. The thing in him that Harvey Merrick had loved must have gone underground with Harvey Merrick's coffin; for it never spoke again, and Jim got the cold he died of driving across the Colorado mountains to defend one of Phelps' sons who had got into trouble out there by cutting government timber.

LETTERS ON LITERARY ART

From THE GEORGE SAND-GUSTAVE FLAUBERT LETTERS, *translated by Aimee L. McKenzie, by permission of* BONI & LIVERIGHT, *publishers.*

GEORGE SAND

George Sand (Baroness Aurora Dudevant), who was born in 1804 and died in 1876, was in her life and in her writings an interesting exponent of the virtues and the excesses of French Romanticism. She was a remarkably feminine woman—all compact of fancy, sensibility, passion, tenderness, housewifely skill, family devotion, love for children, and a persistent need of affection. And yet she was one of the earliest women to establish a sort of economic independence; for a time she lived a fantastically Bohemian life, going about in the clothes of a man. Indeed, her enthusiastic crusade against the rigid separation of classes, her espousal of freedom for woman, and of socialism, and her demand for intellectual parity with learned men, made her seem, sometimes, quite mannish. Mrs. Browning, who intensely admired her writings, found her coarse and disliked her semimasculine dress and manner when she and her

husband visited the novelist in Paris. Her many novels—not to mention plays, regular letters to journals, and autobiographical works—fall into four groups, in more or less chronological sequence: novels of extravagant protest against the servitude of women in marriage, novels full of socialistic preachment, fanciful novels of rural life idealizing nature and love, and less doctrinaire love romances. Some of the best of her novels are *Mauprat*, *Consuelo*, *The Haunted Pool*, *La Petite Fadette* (one of the idyls), *Jean de la Roche*, and *The Marquis de Villemer*. Her generosity and good sense, knowledge of life and Nature, and vigorous imagination, give some worth to books that are deficient in ironic recognition of the mixedness of things; and warmth of heart, courage, and sanity make her a lovable person, though she must have been in her youth tremendously difficult to love.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

Gustave Flaubert (1821-1880), one of the most renowned of novelists, exemplifies on the grand scale a great virtue and a great misfortune. The great misfortune may have been largely an element of the temperament with which he was born. But it may also have been conditioned by his training. His father was a doctor, and he himself studied law. In the middle of the nineteenth century, when the physical sciences were accomplishing the dispersion of so many mists, when man's faculty for counting and measuring was receiving such encouragement, it was more or less natural for a sensitive and skeptical mind trained in science and logic, to lapse into the assumption that the undemonstrable was also the unreal. Flaubert did, at any rate, in great measure lose grasp of the indefinable faith in the possibilities of life that goes with religion.

However, being subject to that misfortune, it was the more amazing virtue in him to retain, as he did, unflinching fidelity to truthfulness.

He exerted a powerful and enduring influence toward making modern literature, especially the novel, a force for the recognition of the necessities and difficulties of experience as it is. And he has encouraged artists to exact of themselves the last degree of perception, restraint, and fidelity to fact and shading.

It is doubtful if a better novel than *Madame Bovary* (1856) could be written by a man who cherished the illusion that all faith was but illusion, and forced himself to avoid as too relative and personal all reference to what we somewhat extravagantly call ultimate values.

The other works of this man who feared life and felt disgust at man, but remained courageously truthful, were *Salambo*, 1862; *The Sentimental Education*, 1869; *The Temptation of Saint Anthony*, 1874; *Three Tales*, 1877; and *Bouvard and Pecuchet*, which he left unfinished. For all his commitment to science, he preferred, as the shortness of this list makes manifest, quality to quantity. He loved perfection too well to be disposed of as a materialist.

GEORGE SAND AND GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

LETTERS ON LITERARY ART

To Gustave Flaubert, in Paris

Nohant, *18th and 19th December, 1875*

At last I discover my old troubadour who was a subject of chagrin and serious worry to me. Here you are yourself again, trusting in the very natural luck of external events, and discovering in yourself the strength to control them, whatever they may be, by effort. What is it that you call some one in *high finance?* For my part, I don't know; I am in relations with Victor Borie. He will do me a favor if he sees it to his interest. Must I write him?

Then you are going to start grubbing again? So am I; for since *Flamarande* I have done nothing but mark time, while waiting for something better. I was so ill all summer! but my strange and excellent friend Favre has cured me wonderfully, and I am taking a new lease on life.

What's our next move? For you, of course, *desolation,* and, for me, *consolation.* I do not know on what our destinies depend; you see them pass, you criticize them, you abstain from a literary appreciation of them, you limit yourself to depicting them, with deliberate meticulous concealment of your personal feelings. However, one sees them very clearly through your narrative, and you make the people sadder who read you. As for me, I should like to make them less sad. I cannot forget that my personal victory over despair was the work of my will and of a new way of understanding which is entirely opposed to what I had before.

I know that you criticize the intervention of the personal doctrine in literature. Are you right? Isn't it rather a lack of conviction than a principle of esthetics? One cannot have a philosophy in one's soul without its appearing. I have no literary advice to give you, I have no judgment to formulate on the author friends of whom you speak. I, myself, have told the Goncourts all my thought; as for the others, I firmly believe that they have more education and more talent than I have. Only I think that they, and you especially, lack a definite and extended vision of life. Art is not merely painting. True painting, moreover, is full of the soul that wields the brush. Art is not merely criticism and satire; criticism and satire depict only one side of the truth.

I want to see a man as he is; he is not good or bad, he is good and bad. But he is something more . . . nuance. Nuance which is for me the purpose of art, being good and bad, he has an internal force which leads him to be very bad and slightly good—or very good and slightly bad.

I think that your school is not concerned with the substance, and that it dwells too much on the surface. By virtue of seeking the form, it makes the substance too cheap! It addresses itself to the men of letters. But there are no men of letters, properly speaking. Before everything, one is a man. One wants to find man at the basis of every story and every deed. That was the defect of *l'Education sentimentale,* about which I have so often reflected since, asking myself why there was so general a dislike of a work that was so well done and so solid. This defect was the absence of *action* of the characters on themselves. They submitted to the event and never mastered it. Well, I think that the chief interest in a story is what you did not want to do. If I were you, I would try the opposite; you are feeding on Shakespeare just now, and you are doing well! He is the author who puts men at grips with events; observe that by them, whether for good or for ill, the event is always conquered. In his works, it is crushed underfoot.

Politics is a comedy just now. We have had tragedy, shall we end with the opera or with the operetta? I read my paper

conscientiously every morning; but aside from that moment, it is impossible for me to think of it or to be interested in it. All of it is absolutely void of any ideal whatsoever, and therefore I cannot get up any interest in any of the persons concerned in that scullery. All of them are slaves of fact because they have been born slaves of themselves.

My dear little girls are well. Aurore is a well-set-up girl, a beautiful upright soul in a strong body. The other one is grace and sweetness. I am always an assiduous and a patient teacher, and very little time is left to me to write *professionally*, seeing that I cannot keep awake after midnight and that I want to spend all my evening with my family; but this lack of time stimulates me and makes me find a true pleasure in digging away; it is like a forbidden fruit that I taste in secret.

All my dear world embraces you and rejoices to hear that you are better. Did I send you *Flamarande* and the pictures of my little girls? If not, send me a line, and I send you both.

Your old troubadour who loves you,

G. Sand.

Embrace your charming niece for me. What a good and lovely letter she wrote me! Tell her that I beg her to take care of herself and to please get well quickly.

What do you mean! Littré a senator? It is impossible to believe it when one knows what the Chamber is. All the same it must be congratulated for this attempt at self-respect.

To George Sand

December, 1875

Your good letter of the 18th, so maternally tender, has made me reflect a great deal. I have reread it ten times, and I shall confess to you that I am not sure that I understand it. Briefly, what do you want me to do? Make your instructions exact.

I am constantly doing all that I can to enlarge my brain, and I work in the sincerity of my heart. The rest does not depend on me.

I do not enjoy making "desolation," believe me, but I cannot change my eyes! As for my "lack of convictions," alas! I choke with convictions. I am bursting with anger and restrained indignation. But according to the ideal of art that I have, I think that the artist should not manifest anything of his own feelings, and that the artist should not appear any more in his work than God in nature. The man is nothing, the work is everything! This method, perhaps mistakenly conceived, is not easy to follow. And for me, at least, it is a sort of permanent sacrifice that I am making to good taste. It would be agreeable to me to say what I think and to relieve Mister Gustave Flaubert by words, but of what importance is the said gentleman?

I think as you do, dear master, that art is not merely criticism and satire; moreover, I have never tried to do intentionally the one nor the other. I have always tried to go into the soul of things and to stick to the greatest generalities, and I have purposely turned aside from the accidental and the dramatic. No monsters and no heroes!

You say to me: "I have no literary advice to give you; I have no judgments to formulate on the authors, your friends, etc." Well? Indeed! but I implore advice, and I am waiting for your judgments. Who, pray, should give them, and who, pray, should formulate them, if not you?

Speaking of my friends, you add "my school." But I am ruining my temperament in trying not to have a school! *A priori,* I spurn them, every one. The people whom I see often and whom you designate cultivate all that I scorn and are indifferently disturbed about what torments me. I regard as very secondary, technical detail, local exactness, in short the historical and precise side of things. I am seeking above all for beauty, which my companions pursue but languidly. I see them insensible when I am ravaged with admiration or horror. Phrases make me swoon with pleasure which seem very ordinary to them. Goncourt is very happy when he has seized upon a word in the street that he can stick in a book, and I am well satisfied when I have written a page without assonances or repetitions. I would give all the legends of Gavarni for certain expressions

and master strokes, such as "the shade was *nuptial,* august and solemn!" from Victor Hugo, or this from Montesquieu: "the vices of Alexander were extreme like his virtues. He was terrible in his wrath. It made him cruel."

In short, I try to think well, *in order to* write well. But writing well is my air, I do not deny it.

"I lack a well-defined and extended vision of life." You are right a thousand times over, but by what means could it be otherwise? I ask you that. You do not enlighten my darkness with metaphysics, neither mine nor that of others. The words religion or Catholicism on the one hand; progress, fraternity, democracy on the other, do not correspond to the spiritual needs of the moment. The entirely new dogma of equality which radicalism praises is experimentally denied by physiology and history. I do not see the means of establishing to-day a new principle, any more than of respecting the old ones. Therefore I am hunting, without finding it, that idea on which all the rest should depend.

Meanwhile I repeat to myself what Littré said to me one day: "Ah! my friend, man is an unstable compound, and the earth an inferior planet."

Nothing sustains me better than the hope of leaving it soon, and of not going to another which might be worse. "I would rather not die," as Marat said. Ah! no! enough, enough weariness!

I am writing now a little silly story, which a mother can permit her child to read. The whole will be about thirty pages. I shall have two months more at it. Such is my energy; I shall send it to you as soon as it appears (not my energy, but the little story).

To Gustave Flaubert, in Paris

Nohant, *12th January, 1876*

My Cherished Cruchard,

I want to write to you every day; time is lacking absolutely. At last here is a free moment; we are buried under the snow;

it is the sort of weather that I adore; this whiteness is like general purification, and the amusements of the house seem more intimate and sweeter. Can anyone hate the winter in the country? The snow is one of the most beautiful sights of the year!

It appears that I am not clear in my sermons; I have that much in common with the orthodox, but I am not of them; neither in my idea of equality, nor of authority, have I any fixed plan. You seem to think that I want to convert you to a doctrine. Not at all, I don't think of such a thing. Everyone sets off from a point of view, the free choice of which I respect. In a few words, I can give a résumé of mine: not to place oneself behind an opaque glass through which one can see only the reflection of one's own nose. To see as far as possible the good, the bad, about, around, yonder, everywhere; to perceive the continual gravitation of all tangible and intangible things toward the necessity of the decent, the good, the true, the beautiful.

I don't say that humanity is on the way to the heights. I believe it in spite of everything; but I do not argue about it, it is useless because each one judges according to his own personal vision, and the general aspect is for the moment poor and ugly. Besides, I do not need to be sure of the safety of the planet and its inhabitants in order to believe in the necessity of the good and the beautiful; if the planet departs from that law it will perish; if the inhabitants discard it they will be destroyed. Other stars, other souls will pass over their bodies, so much the worse! But, as for me, I want to gravitate up to my last breath, not with the certitude nor the need of finding elsewhere a *good place,* but because my sole joy is in keeping myself with my family on an upward road.

In other words, I am fleeing the sewer, and I am seeking the dry and the clean, certain that it is the law of my existence. Being a man amounts to little; we are still near the monkey from which they say we proceed. Very well! a further reason for separating ourselves still more from it and for being at least at the height of the relative truth that our race has been admitted to comprehend; a very poor truth, very limited, very humble!

well, let us possess it as much as we can and not permit anyone to take it from us.

We are, I think, quite agreed; but I practice this simple religion and you do not practice it, since you let yourself become discouraged; your heart has not been penetrated with it, since you curse life and desire death like a Catholic who yearns for compensation, were it only the rest eternal. You are no surer than another of this compensation. Life is perhaps eternal, and therefore work is eternal. If this is so, let us do our day's work bravely. If it is otherwise, if the MOI perishes entirely, let us have the honor of having done our stated task, it is our duty; for we have evident duties only toward ourselves and our equals. What we destroy in ourselves, we destroy in them. Our abasement lowers them, our falls drag them down; we owe it to them to remain erect so that they shall not fall. The desire for an early death, as that for a long life, is therefore a weakness, and I do not want you to admit any longer that it is a right. I thought that I had it once; I believed, however, what I believe to-day; but I lacked strength, and like you I said: "I cannot help it." I lied to myself. One can help everything. One has the strength that one thinks one has not, when one desires ardently to *gravitate,* to mount a step each day, to say to oneself: "The Flaubert of to-morrow must be superior to the one of yesterday, and the one of day after to-morrow more steady and more lucid still."

When you feel you are on the ladder, you will mount very quickly. You are about to enter gradually upon the happiest and most favorable time of life: old age. It is then that art reveals itself in its sweetness; as long as one is young, it manifests itself with anguish. You prefer a well-turned phrase to all metaphysics. I also, I love to see condensed into a few words what elsewhere fills volumes; but these volumes, one must have understood them completely (either to admit them or to reject them) in order to find the sublime résumé which becomes literary art in its fullest expression; that is why one should not scorn the efforts of the human mind to arrive at the truth.

I tell you that, because you have excessive prejudices *as to*

words. In truth, you read, you dig, you work much more than I and a crowd of others do. You have acquired learning that I shall never attain. Therefore you are a hundred times richer than all of us; you are a rich man, and you complain like a poor man. Be charitable to a beggar, who has his mattress full of gold, but who wants to be nourished only on well-turned phrases and choice words. But brute, ransack your own mattress and eat your gold. Nourish yourself with the ideas and feelings accumulated in your head and your heart; the words and the phrases, *the form* to which you attach so much importance, will issue by itself from your digestion. You consider it as an end, it is only an effect. Happy manifestations proceed only from an emotion, and an emotion proceeds only from a conviction. One is not moved at all by the things that one does not believe with all one's heart.

I do not say that you do not believe: on the contrary, all your life of affection, of protection, and of charming and simple goodness, proves that you are the most convinced individual in the world. But, as soon as you handle literature, you want, I don't know why, to be another man, one who should disappear, one who destroys himself, who does not exist! What an absurd mania! what a false rule of *good taste!* Our work is worth only what we are worth.

Who is talking about putting yourself on the Stage? That, in truth, is of no use, unless it is done frankly by way of a chronicle. But to withdraw one's soul from what one does, what is that unhealthy fancy? To hide one's own opinion about the characters that one puts on the stage, to leave the reader, therefore, uncertain about the opinion that he should have of them, that is to desire not to be understood, and from that moment the reader leaves you; for if he wants to understand the story that you are telling him, it is on the condition that you should show him plainly that this one is a strong character and that one weak.

L'Education sentimentale has been a misunderstood book, as I have told you repeatedly, but you have not listened to me. There should have been a short preface, or, at a good opportu-

nity, an expression of blame, even if only a happy epithet to condemn the evil, to characterize the defect, to signalize the effort. All the characters in that book are feeble and come to nothing, except those with bad instincts; that is what you are reproached with, because people did not understand that you wanted precisely to depict a deplorable state of society that encourages these bad instincts and ruins noble efforts; when people do not understand us it is always our fault. What the reader wants, first of all, is to penetrate into our thought, and that is what you deny him, arrogantly. He thinks that you scorn him and that you want to ridicule him. For my part, I understood you, for I knew you. If anyone had brought me your book without its being signed, I should have thought it beautiful, but strange, and I should have asked myself if you were immoral, skeptical, indifferent or heart-broken. You say that it ought to be like that, and that M. Flaubert will violate the rules of good taste if he shows his thought and the aim of his literary enterprise. It is false in the highest degree. When M. Flaubert writes well and seriously, one attaches oneself to his personality. One wants to sink or swim with him. If he leaves you in doubt, you lose interest in his work, you neglect it, or you give it up.

I have already combated your favorite heresy, which is that one writes for twenty intelligent people and does not care a fig for the rest. It is not true, since the lack of success irritates you and troubles you. Besides, there have not been twenty critics favorable to this book which was so well written and so important. So one must not write for twenty persons any more than for three, or for a hundred thousand.

One must write for all those who have a thirst to read and who can profit by good reading. Then one must go straight to the most elevated morality within oneself, and not make a mystery of the moral and profitable meaning of one's book. People found that with *Madame Bovary*. If one part of the public cried scandal, the healthiest and the broadest part saw in it a severe and striking lesson given to a woman without conscience and without faith, to vanity, to ambition, to irrationality. They pitied her; art required that, but the lesson was clear, and

it would have been more so, it would have been so for *everybody*, if you had wished it, if you had shown more clearly the opinion that you had, and that the public ought to have had, about the heroine, her husband, and her lovers.

That desire to depict things as they are, the adventures of life as they present themselves to the eye, is not well thought out, in my opinion. Depict inert things as a realist, as a poet, it's all the same to me, but, when one touches on the emotions of the human heart, it is another thing. You cannot abstract yourself from this contemplation; for man, that is yourself, and men, that is the reader. Whatever you do, your tale is a conversation between you and the reader. If you show him the evil coldly, without ever showing him the good, he is angry. He wonders if it is he that is bad, or if it is you. You work, however, to rouse him and to interest him; you will never succeed if you are not roused yourself, or if you hide it so well that he thinks you indifferent. He is right: supreme impartiality is an anti-human thing, and a novel ought to be human above everything. If it is not, the public is not pleased in its being well written, well composed and conscientious in every detail. The essential quality is not there: interest. The reader breaks away likewise from a book where all the characters are good without distinctions and without weaknesses; he sees clearly that that is not human, either. I believe that art, this special art of narration, is only worth while through the opposition of characters; but, in their struggle, I prefer to see the right prevail. Let events overwhelm the honest man, I agree to that, but let him not be soiled or belittled by them, and let him go to the stake feeling that he is happier than his executioners.

15th January, 1876

It is three days since I wrote this letter, and every day I have been on the point of throwing it into the fire; for it is long and diffuse and probably useless. Natures opposed on certain points understand each other with difficulty, and I am afraid that you will not understand me any better to-day than formerly.

However, I am sending you this scrawl so that you can see that I am occupied with you almost as much as with myself.

You must have success after that bad luck which has troubled you deeply. I tell you wherein lie the certain conditions for your success. Keep your cult for form; but pay more attention to the substance. Do not take true virtue for a commonplace in literature. Give it its representative, make honest and strong men pass among the fools and the imbeciles that you love to ridicule. Show what is solid at the bottom of these intellectual abortions; in short, abandon the convention of the realist and return to the true reality, which is a mingling of the beautiful and the ugly, the dull and the brilliant, but in which the desire of good finds its place and its occupation all the same.

I embrace you for all of us.

G. Sand.

PREACHING TO BUTTERFLIES

By permission of MR. LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH
and THE DIAL.

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

Logan Pearsall Smith is a scholar, a philologist even. But this lover of words is not only tender of words: he cherishes them so ardently that fewer of them escape him for each realization he communicates than most competent writers would let out with half as much to say. His knowledge of their pasts and the company they have kept perhaps accounts for his austere control of them. At any rate, his erudition certainly makes for no display, nor yet for any crabbedness.

Americans who regret that Mr. Smith has been since 1886 a resident of England make the most of the facts that he was born in New Jersey (1865), that he spent his boyhood in Philadelphia and Germantown, that he attended Haverford College and Harvard University, and that American publishers provide his volumes of *Trivia*, as well as his books on language, to numbers of American admirers.

Those admirers are full of gratitude to him

for contriving so to write that we seem to have a rapturous part in discovering the various and subtle and comic implications of the apparently trivial thing he writes about. We scarcely recognize that it is only through the eyes of his imagination that we have perceived significance where none was seen before.

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

PREACHING TO BUTTERFLIES

EVER since I took a peep, not many months ago, into the world of fishers for great fish, a taste for this kind of discovery has been growing on me. I have begun—too late, I fear—to wonder whether I may not have missed my true vocation; whether I was not meant, perhaps, to be one of the great explorers of this age. And yet, is it after all too late? Though I am ambitious no longer of climbing mountain ranges, or of hewing my way through jungles in the tropics, are there not strange worlds at home—worlds within worlds—that still await investigation; exotic races, whose customs and whose costumes no one has ever yet described? This thought, this hope of home adventure, was suggested to me, the other day, by the sight, above a book-stall, of a row of fashion papers. My eye was caught by the fair, unearthly figures displayed upon their open pages; why not explore, I asked myself, the world inhabited by these extraordinary beings? The gleam of that gold medal which is the explorer's reward began to shine before my eyes. I hurriedly bought a bundle of those papers and took them home; and then, following up the clues they gave me, I started boldly out to explore the streets of fashionable shops. I gazed in at hairdressers' windows; I stood in wonder before those groups of elegant wax figures which pose behind the plate-glass walls of Oxford Street, and of the crowded thoroughfare of Kensington.

My first impression of the realm of these lovely queens was altogether charming. A bright Utopia it seemed, a kind of El Dorado, a Garden of Eden for the display of feminine limbs and underwear—innocent as in Paradise before the fall. A world, too, of elegant *coiffures,* incredible hats, and fairylands of

footwear, of jewels and furs and splendid tissues and unlimited expense.

Grim Feminists deplore most bitterly, I believe, the rage of their sex for personal adornment, and acrid economists have denounced the waste it all involves. I, however, for my part, could not but rejoice that the poor earth had anything to show so fair; that life could blossom into so rainbow-hued a flower; that sylph-like forms like these should float in the air about us, forever gay and in the fashion, untroubled forever by fear and want and care.

That was my first impression.

The soft Anglo-French idiom of the fashion papers is full of euphemisms and veiled allusions; I did not understand at first the meaning of "transformation," "tinting," "color restoration"; but the ever-recurring phrase, "superfluous tissue," began to make me uneasy. It was my first intimation that all was not perhaps as it should be in this Paradise; that there might be a canker, so to speak, within the rose, an ache beneath the smile—that some evil (though I do not like to name the thing I guessed at) might be lurking there. The well-known American female prophet, Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, tells us that obesity (There! the word is out, but she must bear the blame)—"Obesity," she says, "is an adipose belief in oneself as a substance"; and it is only too dreadfully clear that, diaphanous as they seem, these floating forms are horribly haunted by this adipose belief. From the advertisements in these papers, it pursues them, I gather, like a specter day and night. The advertisers, however, are prompt to reassure their readers; there are simple "slenderizing" treatments, there are means and mechanisms, electric chairs, ankle-corsets, by which that monster of swollen limbs, great hips, and re-duplicated chins, can be exorcised and promptly put to flight. But is that loathly worm the only serpent in this Paradise? Did I not catch a glimpse there of a wrinkled, time-worn shadow, with lack-luster eyes and hollow cheeks?

Philosophers have noted, in the general scheme of things, a persistent tendency toward evanescence, decay, and dissolution. Empires fall, institutions perish, ambitious schemes of thought

crumble away, they tell us, with mountains and pyramids of granite—it seems a universal law. How then with this rage, as the poet has pertinently asked, can Beauty hold and plea? But here, again, our advertisers give a most reassuring answer. Modern science, they tell us, has rushed like Perseus, to the rescue of Beauty threatened by the jaws of Time. The scythe of the old Enemy has been blunted; his hour-glass rendered of no avail. There are Chemists' Laboratories, Research Societies, Beauty Parlours, *Jeunesse Salons,* where staffs of cosmeticians, recoloration experts, eye-brow specialists, and other men of science, can promptly repair the injuries of age. Modern beauty, for the preservation of her loveliness, need fall back no longer on the poor makeshift of eternal sonnets; and even Grandmother, they confidently assure us, can regain her former graces, reassert her sway over her old adorers, and fill her life, for uncounted years, with "happy, girlish fun."

With these specters banished of obesity and decay, with these two serpents crushed beneath the high-heeled shoe of Eve, was all well with her in her pretty Paradise? There, as in a horrid dream, I seemed to see another, and more modern, reptile, unknown to Eden, raise its crest and coil its coils about a recent tree of much more dreadful knowledge; at the word it hissed, a word which sounded to my ears like "dowdy!", Eve was un-Adamed and unparadised at once; poor Grandmother took up her cross again, fled along a rocky path from her admirers, with no manly hand to comfort her and guide her tottering steps.

What I believe to be the true, though anti-Freudian, interpretation of that dream is this. Superficial male thinkers have supposed, in their fatuity, that the enchantment of the male sex is the aim of feminine adornment; that all its rites are performed in the service of the God of Love. My studies, however, had convinced me that the part men play in this matter is almost negligible. Those devotees are banded together, I believe, in the worship of a sterner deity than Venus, a goddess as cruel and unvoluptuous as the Taurian Artemis, as frigid, and inconstant, as the moon. Any hoyden, in her milkmaid's frock, can inspire the tenderest longing; but the subtle, cold distinction of high

fashion eludes the apprehension of the grosser sex: it can be judged and discriminated by female eyes alone. Look at the wax figures in the windows of the modish shops; they fill the streets and block the traffic with crowds of feminine gazers; but do they retard the footsteps or stir the senses of male passers-by? Do not men turn, rather, and flee from their fixed, fashionable smiles? Ah, no! Gentle are the ways of Love, and all his paths are pleasant, compared with the service of this savage goddess, this female Moloch, whose delight is in the maceration, the deformation, the derangement of the internal organs of her victims; and who, in her scorn of the most amiable of passions, has recently decreed from her throne in Paris that her devotees, boldly, almost suicidally, discarding the characteristics of their sex, must transform themselves into short-haired, sexless striplings, or lithe Amazons with long legs. Alas, poor Grandmother! What avail her now her recaptured graces? Those rounded contours, those rich tresses, that opulent bust and cushioned back which were her glory in the age of bustles, have become to her now a source of acute self-consciousness. Where is the fig leaf adequate to hide her shame? She must change her silhouette; she must confine her form within the rigid outlines of a factory chimney, or a stylographic pen. And to achieve the indispensable flat back of present fashion, she must reduce all of what is elegantly called "localized tissue" on that region. She must, in fact, utterly do away with what she has sat on, throned among her adorers, for so many years. Now, for the elimination of this feature (though my traveler's tales may seem incredible, they are, believe me, absolutely true) Grandmother must, like the other Queens of Fashion, roll for hours on her bedroom floor—best for her, though more excruciating, if she can procure a corrugated surface upon which to perform this daily ritual. How far, indeed, has civilization progressed from the broad ideal of Africa, the Callipygian Venus, and those *derrières de bénédiction* so applauded in the *Arabian Nights!*

And when she has accomplished this fundamental change; when she has encased her macerated but now boyish figure in one of those tube-like casings she has longed for in the windows

of the shops, it is only then that the last great wave of her calamity rushes over her. She knows—her taste of the bitter fruit of knowledge tells her—that what she has been feeding on is but the shadow and false image of French *chic;* that up-to-dateness is out of date before it reaches the shores of England; that its patterns are not laid up in an abiding heaven, but are shifting gleams from the kaleidoscope of Paris, as beautiful, as evanescent, as uncapturable as a summer's cloud. And there we must leave the doomed old lady, as she is borne away along Oxford Street, forever out of fashion, and lost in bottomless despair amid the throng.

Whether on account of the mutable nature of Fashion's ideal, or because its object is not beauty but exclusiveness, and is discarded as soon as others can attain it; or because it aims at adorning the body, rather than the soul (which some hold the better part); for these reasons, or perhaps because they cut so poor a figure in it, our moral essayists are vociferous in their reprobation of Vanity Fair. They have no words strong enough to condemn its goings on. Hazlitt has devoted one of his most indignant essays to the subject. "Fashion," he declaims, "is the abortive issue of vain ostentation and exclusive egotism: it is haughty, trifling, servile, despotic, mean——" Oh, come, Mr. Hazlitt, what a way is this of talking to these Fairies? St. Francis preached to the birds, but he did not, I believe, trouble the butterflies with his sermons. If there be need for their enlightenment, much more do I praise the amenity of a group of our modern and most fastidious writers, who, in missionary zeal and commiseration for the benighted state of fashion's victims, have condescended to shed the luster of their minds upon its journals, nor deem it beneath the dignity of letters to insert, between articles on cosmetics, and advertisements of exclusive underwear, little, exclusive snippets and butterfly dishes of Art and Culture. And their fluttering beneficiaries, thus enabled to echo in their tiny voices the latest cries of the most superior circles, have, in gratitude to their instructors, erected an exquisite Temple of Fame for them in their fairy kingdom. To this the chosen ones send in their photographs, with modest and

manly statements of their claims to immortality; and these are printed in the fashion papers, and thus given the widest publicity. Nothing could be more dignified, more in accordance with the high traditions of our literature; and, while those of us who are excluded may gnash our teeth in fury (as I indeed am now gnashing my remaining molars), still, we must not, or we should not, disparage, carp at, or try to trouble this felicitous *entente*.

And yet I wonder. Though meant in kindness (and it is impossible to imagine any more interested motive), is it really a kindness to perplex these butterflies with the obstinate questionings and strange dilemmas of the mind? For they, too, have their troubles; their world, like ours, is not exempt from sorrow, and the fear of change; and that awful heartache which is all their own, that undying dread of falling out of fashion, adds to their lives a deep undercurrent of new-found sadness which Sophocles never heard, long ago, on the shores of the Ægean. There seems, indeed, to be a kind of fairy curse upon this world of Fairies. It is not safe, perhaps, for our sex to know too much about it. For what, after all, was Dandyism but the same pursuit of the variable and exclusive glory of fashionable appearance —a pursuit, to the shame of man be it spoken, never ennobled by the fastings, tortures, macerations of its feminine martyrs? Are there now no portents of the return of the day of dandies? Stands England's manhood where it stood? Strange rumors from the Universities have lately reached me of a new generation of young men with powdered noses. . . . And I myself? Have I returned from my perilous expedition to the high thinking of my Chelsea garret quite unscathed? Since "Truth" and "Courage" were the watchwords which I inscribed upon my banner when I started out; since the Royal Geographical Society's gold medal can never be pinned on a coward's breast, I must now in honesty admit that I have of late, on more than one occasion, caught myself out in unseasonable, in quite detestable, little fantasies of eyelash creams and tinted locks, of skipping with slenderized ankles after Grandmother in the race of appearances, and joining with her, between those corrugated rollings, in her heartless, fashionable fun.

A CONVERSATION NOT IMAGINARY

From MARIUS THE EPICUREAN *by* Walter Pater. *Copyright (1920) by* THE MACMILLAN COMPANY. *Reprinted by permission.*

WALTER PATER

Walter Pater, lover of blue china, and of the exquisite in sensation and thought, had a degree of stoic rigor in his make-up that marks him off from some of the æsthetes like Oscar Wilde who christened him their godfather. In his cloistered fellowship at Oxford he squeezed pertinaciously to extract the essence from scholarly and artistic fruitage of the Renaissance, and his power of shaping complex, subtle recognitions into exact and articulated sentences involves blacksmith muscle as well as goldsmith deftness. The hard and gemlike flame with which he burned was no flicker in the wind and vapor of ennui. The wave which he sought to keep upon the crest of was not produced by shaking a sheet of scented manuscript. It was the outward manifestation of the rhythm of life. For even a bachelor scholar will feel that pulsation in and under him if he is honest. The flexibility of mind and

spirit that he practiced was in part at least made possible by unusual courage in giving his intellect free play. And though his influence is undeniably relaxing, I hold it good to read *The Renaissance*, *Appreciations* and *Marius the Epicurean*. He lived from 1839 to 1894.

WALTER PATER

A CONVERSATION NOT IMAGINARY

In cheerfulness is the success of our studies, says Pliny—*studia hilaritate proveniunt.* It was still the habit of Marius, encouraged by his experience that sleep is not only a sedative, but the best of stimulants, to seize the morning hours for creation, making profit when he might of the wholesome serenity which followed a dreamless night. "The morning for creation," he would say; "the afternoon for the perfecting labor of the file; the evening for reception—the reception of matter from without one, of other men's words and thoughts—matter for our own dreams, or the merely mechanic exercise of the brain, brooding thereon silently, in its dark chambers." To leave home early in the day was therefore a rare thing for him. He was induced so to do on the occasion of a visit to Rome of the famous writer Lucian, whom he had been bidden to meet. The breakfast over, he walked away with the learned guest, having offered to be his guide to the lecture room of a well-known Greek rhetorician and expositor of the Stoic philosophy, a teacher then much in fashion among the studious youth of Rome. On reaching the place, however, they found the doors closed, with a slip of writing attached, which proclaimed "a holiday"; and the morning being a fine one, they walked further, along the Appian Way. Mortality, with which the *Queen of Ways*—in reality the favorite cemetery of Rome—was so closely crowded, in every imaginable form of sepulcher, from the tiniest baby-house, to the massive monument out of which the Middle Age would adapt a fortress-tower, might seem, on a morning like this, to be "smiling through tears." The flower-stalls just beyond the city gates presented to view an array of posies and garlands,

fresh enough for a wedding. At one and another of them groups of persons, gravely clad, were making their bargains before starting for some perhaps distant spot on the highway, to keep a *dies rosationis,* this being the time of *roses,* at the grave of a deceased relation. Here and there, a funeral procession was slowly on its way, in weird contrast to the gaiety of the hour.

The two companions, of course, read the epitaphs as they strolled along. In one, reminding them of the poet's—*Si lacrimae prosunt, visis te ostende videri!*—a woman prayed that her lost husband might visit her dreams. Their characteristic note, indeed, was an imploring cry, still to be sought after by the living. "While I live," such was the promise of a lover to his dead mistress, "you will receive this homage: after my death,—who can tell?"—*post mortem nescio.* "If ghosts, my sons, do feel anything after death, my sorrow will be lessened by your frequent coming to me here!"—"This is a *privileged* tomb; to my family and descendants has been conceded the right of visiting this place as often as they please."—"This is an eternal habitation; here lie I; here I shall lie forever."—"Reader! if you doubt that the soul survives, make your oblation and a prayer for me; and you shall understand!"

The elder of the two readers, certainly, was little affected by those pathetic suggestions. It was long ago that after visiting the banks of the Padus, where he had sought in vain for the poplars (sisters of Phaethon erewhile) whose tears became amber, he had once for all arranged for himself a view of the world exclusive of all reference to what might lie beyond its "flaming barriers." And at the age of sixty he had no misgivings. His elegant and self-complacent but far from unamiable skepticism, long since brought to perfection, never failed him. It surrounded him, as some are surrounded by a magic ring of fine aristocratic manners, with "a rampart," through which he himself never broke, nor permitted any thing or person to break upon him. Gay, animated, content with his old age as it was, the aged student still took a lively interest in studious youth.—Could Marius inform him of any such, now known to him in Rome? What did the young men learn, just then? and how?

In answer, Marius became fluent concerning the promise of one young student, the son, as it presently appeared, of parents of whom Lucian himself knew something: and soon afterward the lad was seen coming along briskly—a lad with gait and figure well enough expressive of the sane mind in the healthy body, though a little slim and worn of feature, and with a pair of eyes expressly designed, it might seem, for fine glancings at the stars. At the sight of Marius he paused suddenly, and with a modest blush on recognizing his companion, who straightway took with the youth, so prettily enthusiastic, the freedom of an old friend.

In a few moments the three were seated together, immediately above the fragrant borders of a rose-farm, on the marble bench of one of the *exhedræ* for the use of foot passengers at the road-side, from which they could overlook the grand, earnest prospect of the *Campagna,* and enjoy the air. Fancying that the lad's plainly written enthusiasm had induced in the elder speaker somewhat more fervor than was usual with him, Marius listened to the conversation which follows:

"Ah! Hermotimus! Hurrying to lecture!—if I may judge by your pace, and that volume in your hand. You were thinking hard as you came along, moving your lips and waving your arms. Some fine speech you were pondering, some knotty question, some viewy doctrine—not to be idle for a moment, to be making progress in philosophy, even on your way to the schools. To-day, however, you need go no further. We read a notice at the schools that there would be no lecture. Stay therefore, and talk awhile with us.

—With pleasure, Lucian.—Yes! I was ruminating yesterday's conference. One must not lose a moment. *Life is short and art is long!* And it was of the art of medicine, that was first said—a thing so much easier than divine philosophy, to which one can hardly attain in a lifetime, unless one be ever wakeful, ever on the watch. And here the hazard is no little one:—By the attainment of a true philosophy to attain happiness; or, having missed both, to perish, as one of the vulgar herd.

—The prize is a great one, Hermotimus! and you must needs

be near it, after these months of toil, and with that scholarly pallor of yours. Unless, indeed, you have already laid hold upon it, and kept us in the dark.

—How could that be, Lucian? Happiness, as Hesiod says, abides very far hence; and the way to it is long and steep and rough. I see myself still at the beginning of my journey; still but at the mountain's foot. I am trying with all my might to get forward. What I need is a hand, stretched out to help me.

—And is not the master sufficient for that? Could he not, like Zeus in Homer, let down to you, from that high place, a golden cord, to draw you up thither, to himself and to that Happiness, to which he ascended so long ago?

—The very point, Lucian! Had it depended on him I should long ago have been caught up. 'Tis I, am wanting.

—Well! keep your eye fixed on the journey's end, and that Happiness there above, with confidence in his good will.

—Ah! there are many who start cheerfully on the journey and proceed a certain distance, but lose heart when they light on the obstacles of the way. Only those who endure to the end do come to the mountain's top, and thereafter live in Happiness: —live a wonderful manner of life, seeing all other people from that great height no bigger than tiny ants.

—What little fellows you make of us—less than the pygmies —down in the dust here. Well! we, "the vulgar herd," as we creep along, will not forget you in our prayers, when you are seated up there above the clouds, whither you have been so long hastening. But tell me, Hermotimus!—when do you expect to arrive there?

—Ah! that I know not. In twenty years, perhaps, I shall be really on the summit.—A great while! you think. But then, again, the prize I contend for is a great one.

—Perhaps! But as to those twenty years—that you will live so long. Has the master assured you of that? Is he a prophet as well as a philosopher? For I suppose you would not endure all this, upon a mere chance—toiling day and night, though it might happen that just ere the last step, Destiny seized you

by the foot and plucked you thence, with your hope still unfulfilled.

—Hence, with these ill-omened words, Lucian! Were I to survive but for a day, I should be happy, having once attained wisdom.

—How?—Satisfied with a single day, after all those labors?

—Yes! one blessed moment were enough!

—But again, as you have never been, how know you that happiness is to be had up there, at all—the happiness that is to make all this worth while?

—I believe what the master tells me. Of a certainty he knows, being now far above all others.

—And what was it he told you about it? Is it riches, or glory, or some indescribable pleasure?

—Hush! my friend! All those are nothing in comparison of the life there.

—What, then, shall those who come to the end of this discipline —what excellent thing shall they receive, if not these?

—Wisdom, the absolute goodness and the absolute beauty, with the sure and certain knowledge of all things—how they are. Riches and glory and pleasure—whatsoever belongs to the body—they have cast from them: stripped bare of all that, they mount up, even as Hercules, consumed in the fire, became a god. He too cast aside all that he had of his earthly mother, and bearing with him the divine element, pure and undefiled, winged his way to heaven from the discerning flame. Even so do they, detached from all that others prize, by the burning fire of a true philosophy, ascend to the highest degree of happiness.

—Strange! And do they never come down again from the heights to help those whom they left below? Must they, when they be once come thither, there remain forever, laughing, as you say, at what other men prize?

—More than that! They whose initiation is entire are subject no longer to anger, fear, desire, regret. Nay! They scarcely feel at all.

—Well! as you have leisure to-day, why not tell an old friend in what way you first started on your philosophic journey? For,

if I might, I should like to join company with you from this very day.

—If you be really willing, Lucian! you will learn in no long time your advantage over all other people. They will seem but as children, so far above them will be your thoughts.

—Well! Be you my guide! It is but fair. But tell me—Do you allow learners to contradict, if anything is said which they don't think right?

—No, indeed! Still, if you wish, oppose your questions. In that way you will learn more easily.

—Let me know, then—Is there one only way which leads to a true philosophy—your own way—the way of the Stoics: or is it true, as I have heard, that there are many ways of approaching it?

—Yes! Many ways! There are the Stoics, and the Peripatetics, and those who call themselves after Plato: there are the enthusiasts for Diogenes, and Antisthenes, and the followers of Pythagoras, besides others.

—It was true, then. But again, is what they say the same or different?

—Very different.

—Yet the truth, I conceive, would be one and the same, from all of them. Answer me then—In what, or in whom, did you confide when you first betook yourself to philosophy, and seeing so many doors open to you, passed them all by and went in to the Stoics, as if there alone lay the way of truth? What token had you? Forget, please, all you are to-day—halfway, or more, on the philosophic journey: answer me as you would have done then, a mere outsider as I am now.

—Willingly! It was there the great majority went! 'Twas by that I judged it to be the better way.

—A majority how much greater than the Epicureans, the Platonists, the Peripatetics? You, doubtless, counted them respectively, as with the votes in a scrutiny.

—No! But this was not my only motive. I heard it said by everyone that the Epicureans were soft and voluptuous, the Peripatetics avaricious and quarrelsome, and Plato's followers

puffed up with pride. But of the Stoics, not a few pronounced that they were true men, that they knew everything, that theirs was the royal road, the one road, to wealth, to wisdom, to all that can be desired.

—Of course those who said this were not themselves Stoics: you would not have believed them—still less their opponents. They were the vulgar, therefore.

—True! But you must know that I did not trust to others exclusively. I trusted also to myself—to what I saw. I saw the Stoics going through the world after a seemly manner, neatly clad, never in excess, always collected, ever faithful to the mean which all pronounce "golden."

—You are trying an experiment on me. You would fain see how far you can mislead me as to your real ground. The kind of probation you describe is applicable, indeed, to works of art, which are rightly judged by their appearance to the eye. There is something in the comely form, the graceful drapery, which tells surely of the hand of Pheidias or Alcamenes. But if philosophy is to be judged by outward appearances, what would become of the blind man, for instance, unable to observe the attire and gait of your friends the Stoics?

—It was not of the blind I was thinking.

—Yet there must needs be some common criterion in a matter so important to all. Put the blind, if you will, beyond the privileges of philosophy; though they perhaps need that inward vision more than all others. But can those who are not blind, be they as keen-sighted as you will, collect a single fact of mind from a man's attire, from anything outward?—Understand me! You attached yourself to these men—did you not?—because of a certain love you had for the mind in them, the thoughts they possessed, desiring the mind in you to be improved thereby?

—Assuredly!

—How, then, did you find it possible, by the sort of signs you just now spoke of, to distinguish the true philosopher from the false? Matters of that kind are not wont so to reveal themselves. They are but hidden mysteries, hardly to be guessed at through the words and acts which may in some sort be con-

formable to them. You, however, it would seem, can look straight into the heart in men's bosoms, and acquaint yourself with what really passes there.

—You are making sport of me, Lucian! In truth, it was with God's help I made my choice, and I don't repent it.

—And still you refuse to tell me, to save me from perishing in that "vulgar herd."

—Because nothing I can tell you would satisfy you.

—You are mistaken, my friend! But since you deliberately conceal the thing, grudging me, as I suppose, that true philosophy which would make me equal to you, I will try, if it may be, to find out for myself the exact criterion in these matters —how to make a perfectly safe choice. And, do you listen.

—I will; there may be something worth knowing in what you will say.

—Well!—only don't laugh if I seem a little fumbling in my efforts. The fault is yours, in refusing to share your lights with me. Let Philosophy, then, be like a city—a city whose citizens within it are a happy people, as your master would tell you, having lately come thence, as we suppose. All the virtues are theirs, and they are little less than gods. Those acts of violence which happen among us are not to be seen in their streets. They live together in one mind, very seemly; the things which beyond everything else cause men to contend against each other, having no place among them. Gold and silver, pleasure, vainglory, they have long since banished, as being unprofitable to the commonwealth; and their life is an unbroken calm, in liberty, equality, an equal happiness.

—And is it not reasonable that all men should desire to be of a city such as that, and take no account of the length and difficulty of the way thither, so only they may one day become its freemen?

—It might well be the business of life:—leaving all else, forgetting one's native country here, unmoved by the tears, the restraining hands, of parents or children, if one had them—only bidding them follow the same road; and if they would not or could not, shaking them off, leaving one's very garment in their

hands if they took hold on us, to start off straightway for that happy place! For there is no fear, I suppose, of being shut out if one came thither naked. I remember, indeed, long ago an aged man related to me how things passed there, offering himself to be my leader, and enroll me on my arrival in the number of the citizens. I was but fifteen—certainly very foolish: and it may be that I was then actually within the suburbs, or at the very gates, of the city. Well, this aged man told me, among other things, that all the citizens were wayfarers from afar. Among them were barbarians and slaves, poor men—aye! and cripples—all indeed who truly desired that citizenship. For the only legal conditions of enrollment were—not wealth, nor bodily beauty, nor noble ancestry—things not named among them—but intelligence, and the desire for moral beauty, and earnest labor. The last comer, thus qualified, was made equal to the rest; master and slave, patrician, plebeian, were words they had not—in that blissful place. And believe me, if that blissful, that beautiful place, were set on a hill visible to all the world, I should long ago have journeyed thither. But, as you say, it is far off: and one must needs find out for oneself the road to it, and the best possible guide. And I find a multitude of guides, who press on me their services, and protest, all alike, that they have themselves come thence. Only, the roads they propose are many, and toward adverse quarters. And one of them is steep and stony, and through the beating sun; and the other is through green meadows, and under grateful shade, and by many a fountain of water. But howsoever the road may be, at each one of them stands a credible guide; he puts out his hand and would have you come his way. All other ways are wrong, all other guides false. Hence my difficulty!—The number and variety of the ways! For you know, *There is but one road that leads to Corinth.*

—Well! If you go the whole round, you will find no better guides than those. If you wish to get to Corinth, you will follow the traces of Zeno and Chrysippus. It is impossible otherwise.

—Yes! The old, familiar language! Were one of Plato's fellow pilgrims here, or a follower of Epicurus—or fifty others—

each would tell me that I should never get to Corinth except in his company. One must therefore credit all alike, which would be absurd; or, what is far safer, distrust all alike, until one has discovered the truth. Suppose now, that, being as I am, ignorant which of all philosophers is really in possession of truth, I choose your sect, relying on yourself—my friend, indeed, yet still acquainted only with the way of the Stoics; and that then some divine power brought Plato, and Aristotle, and Pythagoras, and the others, back to life again. Well! They would come round about me, and put me on my trial for my presumption, and say: —"In whom was it you confided when you preferred Zeno and Chrysippus to me?—and me?—masters of far more venerable age than those who are but of yesterday; and though you have never held any discussion with us, nor made trial of our doctrine? It is not thus that the law would have judges do—listen to one party and refuse to let the other speak for himself. If judges act thus, there may be an appeal to another tribunal." What should I answer? Would it be enough to say:—"I trusted my friend Hermotimus?"—"We know not Hermotimus, nor he us," they would tell me; adding, with a smile, "your friend thinks he may believe all our adversaries say of us whether in ignorance or in malice. Yet if he were umpire in the games, and if he happened to see one of our wrestlers, by way of a preliminary exercise, knock to pieces an antagonist of mere empty air, he would not thereupon pronounce him a victor. Well! don't let your friend Hermotimus suppose, in like manner, that his teachers have really prevailed over us in those battles of theirs, fought with our mere shadows. That, again, were to be like children, lightly overthrowing their own card castles; or like boy archers, who cry out when they hit the target of straw. The Persian and Scythian bowmen, as they speed along, can pierce a bird on the wing."

—Let us leave Plato and the others at rest. It is not for me to contend against them. Let us rather search out together if the truth of Philosophy be as I say. Why summon the athletes, and archers from Persia?

—Yes! let them go, if you think them in the way. And now

do you speak! You really look as if you had something wonderful to deliver.

—Well then, Lucian! to me it seems quite possible for one who has learned the doctrines of the Stoics only, to attain from those a knowledge of the truth, without proceeding to inquire into all the various tenets of the others. Look at the question in this way. If one told you that twice two make four, would it be necessary for you to go the whole round of the arithmeticians, to see whether any one of them will say that twice two make five, or seven? Would you not see at once that the man tells the truth?

—At once.

—Why then do you find it impossible that one who has fallen in with the Stoics only, in their enunciation of what is true, should adhere to them, and seek after no others; assured that four could never be five, even if fifty Platos, fifty Aristotles said so?

—You are beside the point, Hermotimus! You are likening open questions to principles universally received. Have you ever met anyone who said that twice two make five, or seven?

—No! only a madman would say that.

—And have you ever met, on the other hand, a Stoic and an Epicurean who were agreed upon the beginning and the end, the principle and the final cause, of things? Never! Then your parallel is false. We are inquiring to which of the sects philosophic truth belongs, and you seize on it by anticipation, and assign it to the Stoics, alleging, what is by no means clear, that it is they for whom twice two make four. But the Epicureans, or the Platonists, might say that it is they, in truth, who make two and two equal four, while you make them five or seven. Is it not so, when you think *virtue* the only good, and the Epicureans *pleasure;* when you hold all things to be *material,* while the Platonists admit something *immaterial?* As I said, you resolve offhand, in favor of the Stoics, the very point which needs a critical decision. If it is clear beforehand that the Stoics alone make two and two equal four, then the others must hold their peace. But so long as that is the very point of debate, we must

listen to all sects alike, or be well-assured that we shall seem but partial in our judgment.

—I think, Lucian! that you do not altogether understand my meaning. To make it clear, then, let us suppose that two men had entered a temple, of Æsculapius,—say! or Bacchus: and that afterward one of the sacred vessels is found to be missing. And the two men must be searched to see which of them has hidden it under his garment. For it is certainly in the possession of one or the other of them. Well! if it be found on the first there will be no need to search the second; if it is not found on the first, then the other must have it; and again, there will be no need to search him.

—Yes! So let it be.

—And we too, Lucian! if we have found the holy vessel in possession of the Stoics, shall no longer have need to search other philosophers, having attained that we were seeking. Why trouble ourselves further?

—No need, if something had indeed been found, and you knew it to be that lost thing: if, at the least, you could recognize the sacred object when you saw it. But truly, as the matter now stands, not two persons only have entered the temple, one or the other of whom must needs have taken the golden cup, but a whole crowd of persons. And then, it is not clear what the lost object really is—cup, or flagon, or diadem; for one of the priests avers this, another that; they are not even in agreement as to its material: some will have it to be of brass, others of silver, or gold. It thus becomes necessary to search the garments of all persons who have entered the temple, if the lost vessel is to be recovered. And if you find a golden cup on the first of them, it will still be necessary to proceed in searching the garments of the others; for it is not certain that this cup really belonged to the temple. Might there not be many such golden vessels?—No! we must go on to every one of them, placing all that we find in the midst together, and then make our guess which of all those things may fairly be supposed to be the property of the god. For, again, this circumstance adds greatly to our difficulty, that without exception every one searched is found

to have something upon him—cup, or flagon, or diadem, of brass, of silver, of gold: and still, all the while, it is not ascertained which of all these is the sacred thing. And you must still hesitate to pronounce any one of them guilty of the sacrilege—those objects may be their own lawful property: one cause of all this obscurity being, as I think, that there was no inscription on the lost cup, if cup it was. Had the name of the god, or even that of the donor, been upon it, at least we should have had less trouble, and having detected the inscription, should have ceased to trouble anyone else by our search.

—I have nothing to reply to that.

—Hardly anything plausible. So that if we wish to find who it is has the sacred vessel, or who will be our best guide to Corinth, we must needs proceed to every one and examine him with the utmost care, stripping off his garment and considering him closely. Scarcely, even so, shall we come at the truth. And if we are to have a credible adviser regarding this question of philosophy—which of all philosophies one ought to follow—he alone who is acquainted with the *dicta* of every one of them can be such a guide: all others must be inadequate. I would give no credence to them if they lacked information as to one only. If somebody introduced a fair person and told us he was the fairest of all men, we should not believe that, unless we knew that he had seen all the people in the world. Fair he might be; but, fairest of all—none could know unless he had seen all. And we too desire, not a fair one, but the fairest of all. Unless we find him, we shall think we have failed. It is no casual beauty that will content us; what we are seeking after is that supreme beauty which must of necessity be unique.

—What then is one to do, if the matter be really thus? Perhaps you know better than I. All I see is that very few of us would have time to examine all the various sects of philosophy in turn, even if we began in early life. I know not how it is; but though you seem to me to speak reasonably, yet (I must confess it) you have distressed me not a little by this exact exposition of yours. I was unlucky in coming out to-day, and in my falling in with you, who have thrown me into utter perplexity

by your proof that the discovery of truth is impossible, just as I seemed to be on the point of attaining my hope.

—Blame your parents, my child, not me! Or rather, blame mother Nature herself, for giving us but seventy or eighty years instead of making us as long-lived as Tithonus. For my part, I have but led you from premise to conclusion.

—Nay! you are a mocker! I know not wherefore, but you have a grudge against philosophy; and it is your entertainment to make a jest of her lovers.

—Ah! Hermotimus! what the Truth may be, you philosophers may be able to tell better than I. But so much at least I know of her, that she is one by no means pleasant to those who hear her speak: in the matter of pleasantness, she is far surpassed by Falsehood: and Falsehood has the pleasanter countenance. She, nevertheless, being conscious of no alloy within, discourses with boldness to all men, who therefore have little love for her. See how angry you are now because I have stated the truth about certain things of which we are both alike enamoured—that they are hard to come by. It is as if you had fallen in love with a statue and hoped to win its favor, thinking it a human creature; and I, understanding it to be but an image of brass or stone, had shown you, as a friend, that your love was impossible, and thereupon you had conceived that I bore you some ill will.

—But still, does it not follow from what you said, that we must renounce philosophy and pass our days in idleness?

—When did you hear me say that? I did but assert that if we are to seek after philosophy, whereas there are many ways professing to lead thereto, we must with much exactness distinguish them.

—Well, Lucian! that we must go to all the schools in turn, and test what they say, if we are to choose the right one, is perhaps reasonable; but surely ridiculous, unless we are to live as many years as the Phœnix, to be so lengthy in the trial of each; as if it were not possible to learn the whole by the part! They say that Pheidias, when he was shown one of the talons of a lion, computed the stature and age of the animal it belonged to, modeling a complete lion upon the standard of a single part of

it. You too would recognize a human hand were the rest of the body concealed. Even so with the schools of philosophy:—the leading doctrines of each might be learned in an afternoon. That over-exactness of yours, which required so long a time, is by no means necessary for making the better choice.

—You are forcible, Hermotimus! with this theory of *The Whole by the Part.* Yet, methinks, I heard you but now propound the contrary. But tell me; would Pheidias when he saw the lion's talon have known that it was a lion's, if he had never seen the animal? Surely, the cause of his recognizing the part was his knowledge of the whole. There is a way of choosing one's philosophy even less troublesome than yours. Put the names of all the philosophers into an urn. Then call a little child, and let him draw the name of the philosopher you shall follow all the rest of your days.

—Nay! be serious with me. Tell me; did you ever buy wine?

—Surely.

—And did you first go the whole round of the wine-merchants, tasting and comparing their wines?

—By no means.

—No! You were contented to order the first good wine you found at your price. By tasting a little you were ascertained of the quality of the whole cask. How if you had gone to each of the merchants in turn, and said, "I wish to buy a *cotylé* of wine. Let me drink out the whole cask. Then I shall be able to tell which is best, and where I ought to buy." Yet this is what you would do with the philosophies. Why drain the cask when you might taste, and see?

—How slippery you are; how you escape from one's fingers! Still, you have given me an advantage, and are in your own trap.

—How so?

—Thus! You take a common object known to every one, and make *wine* the figure of a thing which presents the greatest variety in itself, and about which all men are at variance, because it is an unseen and difficult thing. I hardly know wherein philosophy and wine are alike unless it be in this, that the phi-

losophers exchange their ware for money, like the wine-merchants; some of them with a mixture of water or worse, or giving short measure. However, let us consider your parallel. The wine in the cask, you say, is of one kind throughout. But have the philosophers—has your own master even—but one and the same thing only to tell you, every day and all days, on a subject so manifold? Otherwise, how can you know the whole by the tasting of one part? The whole is not the same—Ah! and it may be that God has hidden the good wine of philosophy at the bottom of the cask. You must drain it to the end if you are to find those drops of divine sweetness you seem so much to thirst for! Yourself, after drinking so deeply, are still but at the beginning, as you said. But is not philosophy rather like this? Keep the figure of the merchant and the cask: but let it be filled, not with wine, but with every sort of grain. You come to buy. The merchant hands you a little of the wheat which lies at the top. Could you tell by looking at that, whether the chick-peas were clean, the lentils tender, the beans full? And then, whereas in selecting our wine we risk only our money; in selecting our philosophy we risk ourselves, as you told me—might ourselves sink into the dregs of "the vulgar herd." Moreover, while you may drain the whole cask of wine by way of tasting, Wisdom grows no less by the depth of your drinking. Nay! if you take of her, she is increased thereby.

And then I have another similitude to propose, as regards this tasting of philosophy. Don't think I blaspheme her if I say that it may be with her as with some deadly poison, hemlock or aconite. These too, though they cause death, yet kill not if one tastes but a minute portion. You would suppose that the tiniest particle must be sufficient.

—Be it as you will, Lucian! One must live a hundred years: one must sustain all this labor; otherwise philosophy is unattainable.

—Not so! Though there were nothing strange in that, if it be true, as you said at first, that *Life is short and art is long.* But now you take it hard that we are not to see you this very

day, before the sun goes down, a Chrysippus, a Pythagoras, a Plato.

—You overtake me, Lucian! and drive me into a corner; in jealousy of heart, I believe, because I have made some progress in doctrine whereas you have neglected yourself.

—Well! Don't attend to me! Treat me as a Corybant, a fanatic: and do you go forward on this road of yours. Finish the journey in accordance with the view you had of these matters at the beginning of it. Only, be assured that my judgment on it will remain unchanged. Reason still says, that without criticism, without a clear, exact, unbiased intelligence to try them, all those theories—all things—will have been seen but in vain. "To that end," she tells us, "much time is necessary, many delays of judgment, a cautious gait; repeated inspection." And we are not to regard the outward appearance, or the reputation of wisdom, in any of the speakers; but like the judges of Areopagus, who try their causes in the darkness of the night, look only to what they *say*.

—Philosophy, then, is impossible, or possible only in another life!

—Hermotimus! I grieve to tell you that all this even, may be in truth insufficient. After all, we may deceive ourselves in the belief that we have found something:—like the fishermen! Again and again they let down the net. At last they feel something heavy, and with vast labor draw up, not a load of fish, but only a pot full of sand, or a great stone.

—I don't understand what you mean by the net. It is plain that you have caught me in it.

—Try to get out! You can swim as well as another. We may go to all philosophers in turn and make trial of them. Still, I, for my part, hold it by no means certain that any one of them really possesses what we seek. The truth may be a thing that not one of them has yet found. You have twenty beans in your hand, and you bid ten persons guess how many: one says five, another fifteen; it is possible that one of them may tell the true number; but it is not impossible that all may be wrong. So it is with the philosophers. All alike are in search of Happiness—

what kind of thing it is. One says one thing, one another; it is pleasure; it is virtue;—what not? And Happiness may indeed be one of those things. But it is possible also that it may be still something else, different and distinct from them all.

—What is this?—There is something, I know not how, very sad and disheartening in what you say. We seem to have come round in a circle to the spot whence we started, and to our first incertitude. Ah! Lucian, what have you done to me? You have proved my priceless pearl to be but ashes, and all my past labor to have been in vain.

—Reflect, my friend, that you are not the first person who has thus failed of the good thing he hoped for. All philosophers, so to speak, are but fighting about the "ass's shadow." To me you seem like one who should weep, and reproach fortune because he is not able to climb up into heaven, or go down into the sea by Sicily and come up at Cyprus, or sail on wings in one day from Greece to India. And the true cause of his trouble is that he has based his hope on what he has seen in a dream, or in his own fancy has put together; without previous thought whether what he desires is in itself attainable and within the compass of human nature. Even so, methinks, has it happened with you. As you dreamed, so largely, of those wonderful things, came Reason, and woke you up from sleep, a little roughly: and then you are angry with Reason, your eyes being still but half open, and find it hard to shake off sleep for the pleasure of what you saw therein. Only, don't be angry with me, because, as a friend, I would not suffer you to pass your life in a dream, pleasant perhaps, but still only a dream—because I wake you up and demand that you should busy yourself with the proper business of life, and send you to it possessed of common sense. What your soul was full of just now is not very different from those Gorgons and Chimæras and the like, which the poets and the painters construct for us, fancy-free:—things which never were, and never will be, though many believe in them, and all like to see and hear of them, just because they are so strange and odd.

And you too, methinks, having heard from some such maker

of marvels of a certain woman of a fairness beyond nature—beyond the Graces, beyond Venus Urania herself—asked not if he spoke truth, and whether this woman be really alive in the world, but straightway fell in love with her; as they say that Medea was enamoured of Jason in a dream. And what more than anything else seduced you, and others like you, into that passion, for a vain idol of the fancy, is, that he who told you about that fair woman, from the very moment when you first believed that what he said was true, brought forward all the rest in consequent order. Upon her alone your eyes were fixed; by her he led you along, when once you had given him a hold upon you—led you along the straight road, as he said, to the beloved one. All was easy after that. None of you asked again whether it was the true way; following one after another, like sheep led by the green bough in the hand of the shepherd. He moved you hither and thither with his finger, as easily as water spilled on a table!

My friend! Be not so lengthy in preparing the banquet, lest you die of hunger! I saw one who poured water into a mortar, and ground it with all his might with a pestle of iron, fancying he did a thing useful and necessary; but it remained water only, none the less."

Just there the conversation broke off suddenly, and the disputants parted. The horses were come for Lucian. The boy went on his way, and Marius onward, to visit a friend whose abode lay further. As he returned to Rome toward evening the melancholy aspect, natural to a city of the dead, had triumphed over the superficial gaudiness of the early day. He could almost have fancied Canidia there, picking her way among the rickety lamps, to rifle some neglected or ruined tomb; for these tombs were not all equally well cared for (*Post mortem nescio!*) and it had been one of the pieties of Aurelius to frame a severe law to prevent the defacing of such monuments. To Marius there seemed to be some new meaning in that terror of isolation, of being left alone in these places, of which the sepulchral inscriptions were so full. A blood-red sunset was dying angrily, and its wild glare upon the shadowy objects around helped to com-

bine the associations of this famous way, its deeply graven marks of immemorial travel, together with the earnest questions of the morning as to the true way of that other sort of traveling, around an image, almost ghastly in the traces of its great sorrows—bearing along forever, on bleeding feet, the instrument of its punishment—which was all Marius could recall distinctly of a certain Christian legend he had heard. The legend told of an encounter at this very spot, of two wayfarers on the Appian Way, as also upon some very dimly discerned mental journey, altogether different from himself and his late companions—an encounter between Love, literally fainting by the road, and Love "traveling in the greatness of his strength," Love itself, suddenly appearing to sustain that other. A strange contrast to anything actually presented in that morning's conversation, it seemed nevertheless to echo its very words—"Do they never come down again," he heard once more the well-modulated voice: "Do they never come down again from the heights, to help those whom they left here below?"—"And we too desire, not a fair one, but the fairest of all. Unless we find him, we shall think we have failed."

THE METAPHYSICAL MOUSE

From IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS, Second series, *by* Havelock Ellis, *by permission of and special arrangement with* HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, *authorized publishers.*

HAVELOCK ELLIS

[For biographical sketch see p. 161]

HAVELOCK ELLIS

THE METAPHYSICAL MOUSE

February 26.—For several mornings in succession I have been awakened just before dawn by a mouse gnawing on the farther side of the wainscot. In the deep silence the crunching of his incisors fills the air, and mighty jaws seem to be tearing away what sound like huge splinters. As I lie in a half-dreaming state listening to his tormenting activities, imagination involuntarily suggests to me gratifying pictures of the tortures which ought to be inflicted upon him.

Yet I sometimes wonder what may be the psychic state of my mouse who seeks so persistently and so fruitlessly to penetrate the mystery of his universe at that particular point. Surely his fellows must shake their heads and seek to persuade him, at all events by their own sagacious practical example, that probably nothing is there but Infinite Wood. And all the time there lurks in my mouse's mind the germ of the intuition that things are not what they seem; that Something lies behind phenomena.

So I grow reconciled with my tormenting mouse, for I reflect that he is inaugurating that metaphysical attitude of mind which after long æons becomes consciously and deliberately embodied in the philosophy of a Kant.

THE WOMAN AT SEVEN BROTHERS

From LAND'S END AND OTHER STORIES, *by* Wilbur Daniel Steele, *by permission of* HARPER & BROTHERS, *publishers.*

WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Wilbur Daniel Steele (1886) may be known to be one of America's best living short-story writers by better evidence than the information that he received, in 1921, the O. Henry Committee award for maintaining the highest level of merit for three years among American short-story writers. By reading stories of his you discover that he can reveal the mysteries of a person's consciousness, almost objectively, by the tones and overtones of his talk. When your sympathy is caught you find yourself reading the talk aloud just as New Englanders speak. To accomplish that inflection without the use of dialectic spellings is the mark of a good artist. And when the story as a whole gives you a feeling you express in the thought, "Life is really like that," you know you are reading the work of an artist who has wisdom. Wilbur Daniel Steele graduated from the University of Den-

ver, and has studied in art schools in Boston, New York, and Paris. But he must have spent rich years along the coast of New England, on which he now lives, at Nantucket. Three of his books are *Storm* (1914), *Land's End* (1918), and *Shame Dance* (1923).

WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

THE WOMAN AT SEVEN BROTHERS

I TELL you, sir, I was innocent. I didn't know any more about the world at twenty-two than some do at twelve. My uncle and aunt in Duxbury brought me up strict; I studied hard in high school, I worked hard after hours, and I went to church twice on Sundays, and I can't see it's right to put me in a place like this, with crazy people. Oh yes, I know they're crazy—you can't tell *me*. As for what they said in court about finding her with her husband, that's the Inspector's lie, sir, because he's down on me and wants to make it look like my fault.

No, sir, I can't say as I thought she was handsome—not at first. For one thing, her lips were too thin and white, and her color was bad. I'll tell you a fact, sir; that first day I came off to the Light I was sitting on my cot in the storeroom (that's where the assistant keeper sleeps at the Seven Brothers), as lonesome as I could be, away from home for the first time and the water all around me, and, even though it was a calm day, pounding enough on the ledge to send a kind of a *woom-woom-woom* whining up through all that solid rock of the tower. And when old Fedderson poked his head down from the living room with the sunshine above making a kind of bright frame around his hair and whiskers, to give me a cheery, "Make yourself to home, son!" I remember I said to myself: *"He's* all right. I'll get along with *him*. But his wife's enough to sour milk." That was queer, because she was so much under him in age—'long about twenty-eight or so, and him nearer fifty. But that's what I said, sir.

Of course that feeling wore off, same as any feeling will wear off sooner or later in a place like the Seven Brothers. Cooped

up in a place like that you come to know folks so well that you forget what they *do* look like. There was a long time I never noticed her, any more than you'd notice the cat. We used to sit of an evening around the table, as if you were Fedderson there, and me here, and her somewhere back there, in the rocker, knitting. Fedderson would be working on his Jacob's-ladder, and I'd be reading. He'd been working on that Jacob's-ladder a year, I guess, and every time the Inspector came off with the tender he was so astonished to see how good that ladder was that the old man would go to work and make it better. That's all he lived for.

If I was reading, as I say, I daren't take my eyes off the book, or Fedderson had me. And then he'd begin—what the Inspector said about him. How surprised the member of the board had been, that time, to see everything so clean about the light. What the Inspector had said about Fedderson's being stuck here in a second-class light—best keeper on the coast. And so on and so on, till either he or I had to go aloft and have a look at the wicks.

He'd been there twenty-three years, all told, and he'd got used to the feeling that he was kept down unfair—so used to it, I guess, that he fed on it, and told himself how folks ashore would talk when he was dead and gone—best keeper on the coast—kept down unfair. Not that he said that to me. No, he was far too loyal and humble and respectful, doing his duty without complaint, as anybody could see.

And all that time, night after night, hardly ever a word out of the woman. As I remember it, she seemed more like a piece of furniture than anything else—not even a very good cook, nor over and above tidy. One day, when he and I were trimming the lamp, he passed the remark that his *first* wife used to dust the lens and take a pride in it. Not that he said a word against Anna, though. He never said a word against any living mortal; he was too upright.

I don't know how it came about; or, rather, I *do* know, but it was so sudden, and so far away from thoughts, that it shocked me, like the world turned over. It was at prayers.

That night I remember Fedderson was uncommon long-winded. We'd had a batch of newspapers out by the tender, and at such times the old man always made a long watch of it, getting the world straightened out. For one thing, the United States minister to Turkey was dead. Well, from him and his soul, Fedderson got on to Turkey and the Presbyterian college there, and from that to heathen in general. He rambled on and on, like the surf on the ledge, *woom-woom-woom,* never coming to an end.

You know how you'll be at prayers sometimes. My mind strayed. I counted the canes in the chair-seat where I was kneeling; I plaited a corner of the table-cloth between my fingers for a spell, and by and by my eyes went wandering up the back of the chair.

The woman, sir, was looking at me. Her chair was back to mine, close, and both our heads were down in the shadow under the edge of the table, with Fedderson clear over on the other side by the stove. And there were her two eyes hunting mine between the spindles in the shadow. You won't believe me, sir, but I tell you I felt like jumping to my feet and running out of the room—it was so queer.

I don't know what her husband was praying about after that. His voice didn't mean anything, no more than the seas on the ledge away down there. I went to work to count the canes in the seat again, but all my eyes were in the top of my head. It got so I couldn't stand it. We were at the Lord's prayer, saying it sing-song together, when I had to look up again. And there her two eyes were, between the spindles, hunting mine. Just then all of us were saying, "Forgive us our trespasses—" I thought of it afterward.

When we got up she was turned the other way, but I couldn't help seeing her cheeks were red. It was terrible. I wondered if Fedderson would notice, though I might have known he wouldn't—not him. He was in too much of a hurry to get at his Jacob's-ladder, and then he had to tell me for the tenth time what the Inspector'd said that day about getting him another light—Kingdom Come, maybe, he said.

I made some excuse or other and got away. Once in the storeroom, I sat down on my cot and stayed there a long time, feeling queerer than anything. I read a chapter in the Bible, I don't know why. After I'd got my boots off I sat with them in my hands for as much as an hour, I guess, staring at the oil-tank and its lopsided shadow on the wall. I tell you, sir, I was shocked. I was only twenty-two, remember, and I was shocked and horrified.

And when I did turn in, finally, I didn't sleep at all well. Two or three times I came to, sitting straight up in bed. Once I got up and opened the outer door to have a look. The water was like glass, dim, without a breath of wind, and the moon just going down. Over on the black shore I made out two lights in a village, like a pair of eyes watching. Lonely? My, yes! Lonely and nervous. I had a horror of her, sir. The dinghy boat hung on its davits just there in front of the door, and for a minute I had an awful hankering to climb into it, lower away, and row off, no matter where. It sounds foolish.

Well, it seemed foolish next morning, with the sun shining and everything as usual—Fedderson sucking his pen and wagging his head over his eternal "log," and his wife down in the rocker with her head in the newspaper, and her breakfast work still waiting. I guess that jarred it out of me more than anything else—sight of her slouched down there, with her stringy, yellow hair and her dusty apron and the pale back of her neck, reading the Society Notes. *Society Notes!* Think of it! For the first time since I came to Seven Brothers I wanted to laugh.

I guess I did laugh when I went aloft to clean the lamp and found everything so free and breezy, gulls flying high and little whitecaps making under a westerly. It was like feeling a big load dropped off your shoulders. Fedderson came up with his dust-rag and cocked his head at me.

"What's the matter, Ray?" said he.

"Nothing," said I. And then I couldn't help it. "Seems kind of out of place for society notes," said I, "out here at Seven Brothers."

He was the other side of the lens, and when he looked at me

he had a thousand eyes, all sober. For a minute I thought he was going on dusting, but then he came out and sat down on a sill.

"Sometimes," said he, "I get to thinking it may be a mite dull for her out here. She's pretty young, Ray. Not much more'n a girl, hardly."

"Not much more'n a *girl!*" It gave me a turn, sir, as though I'd seen my aunt in short dresses.

"It's a good home for her, though," he went on slow. "I've seen a lot worse ashore, Ray. Of course if I could get a shore light—"

"Kingdom Come's a shore light."

He looked at me out of his deep-set eyes, and then he turned them around the light-room, where he'd been so long.

"No," said he, wagging his head. "It ain't for such as me."

I never saw so humble a man.

"But look here," he went on, more cheerful. "As I was telling her just now, a month from yesterday's our fourth anniversary, and I'm going to take her ashore for the day and give her a holiday—new hat and everything. A girl wants a mite of excitement now and then, Ray."

There it was again, that "girl." It gave me the fidgets, sir. I had to do something about it. It's close quarters for last names in a light, and I'd taken to calling him Uncle Matt soon after I came. Now, when I was at table that noon, I spoke over to where she was standing by the stove, getting him another help of chowder.

"I guess I'll have some, too, *Aunt* Anna," said I, matter of fact.

She never said a word nor gave a sign—just stood there kind of round-shouldered, dipping the chowder. And that night at prayers I hitched my chair around the table, with its back the other way.

You get awful lazy in a lighthouse, some ways. No matter how much tinkering you've got, there's still a lot of time and there's such a thing as too much reading. The changes in

weather get monotonous, too, by and by; the light burns the same on a thick night as it does on a fair one. Of course there's the ships, north bound, south bound—wind-jammers, freighters, passenger boats full of people. In the watches at night you can see their lights go by, and wonder what they are, how they're laden, where they'll fetch up, and all. I used to do that almost every evening when it was my first watch, sitting out on the walk-around up there with my legs hanging over the edge and my chin propped on the railing—lazy. The Boston boat was the prettiest to see, with her three tiers of portholes lit, like a string of pearls wrapped round and round a woman's neck—well away, too, for the ledge must have made a couple of hundred fathoms off the Light, like a white dog-tooth of a breaker, even on the darkest night.

Well, I was lolling there one night, as I say, watching the Boston boat go by, not thinking of anything special, when I heard the door on the other side of the tower open and footsteps coming around to me.

By and by I nodded toward the boat and passed the remark that she was fetching in uncommon close to-night. No answer. I made nothing of that, for oftentimes Fedderson wouldn't answer, and after I'd watched the lights crawling on through the dark a spell, just to make conversation I said I guessed there'd be a bit of weather before long.

"I've noticed," said I, "where there's weather coming on, and the wind in the northeast, you can hear the orchestra playing aboard of her just over there. I make it out now. Do you?"

"Yes. Oh—yes! *I hear it all right!*"

You can imagine I started. It wasn't him, but *her*. And there was something in the way she said that speech, sir—something—well—unnatural. Like a hungry animal snapping at a person's hand.

I turned and looked at her sidewise. She was standing by the railing, leaning a little outward, the top of her from the waist picked out bright by the lens behind her. I didn't know what in the world to say, and yet I had a feeling I ought not to sit there mum.

"I wonder," said I, "what that captain's thinking of, fetching in so handy to-night. It's no way. I tell you, if 'twasn't for this light, she'd go to work and pile up on the ledge some thick night—"

She turned at that and stared straight into the lens. I didn't like the look of her face. Somehow, with its edges cut hard all around and its two eyes closed down to slits, like a cat's, it made a kind of mask.

"And then," I went on, uneasy enough—"and then where'd all their music be of a sudden, and their goings-on and their singing—"

"And dancing!" She clipped me off so quick it took my breath.

"D-d-dancing?" said I.

"That's dance music," said she. She was looking at the boat again.

"How do you know?" I felt I had to keep on talking.

Well, sir—she laughed. I looked at her. She had on a shawl of some stuff or other that shined in the light; she had it pulled tight around her with her two hands in front at her breast, and I saw her shoulders swaying in tune.

"How do I *know?*" she cried. Then she laughed again, the same kind of a laugh. It was queer, sir, to see her, and to hear her. She turned, as quick as that, and leaned toward me. "Don't you know how to dance, Ray?" said she.

"N-no," I managed, and I was going to say *"Aunt Anna,"* but the thing choked in my throat. I tell you she was looking square at me all the time with her two eyes and moving with the music as if she didn't know it. By heavens, sir, it came over me of a sudden that she wasn't so bad-looking, after all. I guess I must have sounded like a fool.

"You—you see," cried I, "she's cleared the rip there now, and the music's gone. You—you—hear?"

"Yes," said she, turning back slow. "That's where it stops every night—night after night—it stops just there—at the rip."

When she spoke again her voice was different. I never heard

the like of it, thin and taut as a thread. It made me shiver, sir.

"I hate 'em!" That's what she said. "I hate 'em all. I'd like to see 'em dead. I'd love to see 'em torn apart on the rocks, night after night. I could bathe my hands in their blood, night after night."

And do you know, sir, I saw it with my own eyes, her hands moving in each other above the rail. But it was her voice, though. I didn't know what to do, or what to say, so I poked my head through the railing and looked down at the water. I don't think I'm a coward, sir, but it was like a cold—ice-cold—hand, taking hold of my beating heart.

When I looked up finally, she was gone. By and by I went in and had a look at the lamp, hardly knowing what I was about. Then, seeing by my watch it was time for the old man to come on duty, I started to go below. In the Seven Brothers, you understand, the stair goes down in a spiral through a well against the south wall, and first there's the door to the keeper's room, and then you come to another, and that's the living room, and then down to the storeroom. And at night, if you don't carry a lantern, it's as black as the pit.

Well, down I went, sliding my hand along the rail, and as usual I stopped to give a rap on the keeper's door, in case he was taking a nap after supper. Sometimes he did.

I stood there, blind as a bat, with my mind still up on the walk-around. There was no answer to my knock. I hadn't expected any. Just from habit, and with my right foot already hanging down for the next step, I reached out to give the door one more tap for luck.

Do you know, sir, my hand didn't fetch up on anything. The door had been there a second before, and now the door wasn't there. My hand just went on going through the dark, on and on, and I didn't seem to have sense or power enough to stop it. There didn't seem any air in the well to breathe, and my ears were drumming to the surf—that's how scared I was. And then my hand touched the flesh of a face, and something in the dark said, "Oh!" no louder than a sigh.

Next thing I knew, sir, I was down in the living room, warm and yellow-lit, with Fedderson cocking his head at me across the table, where he was at that eternal Jacob's-ladder of his.

"What's the matter, Ray?" said he. "Lord's sake, Ray!"

"Nothing," said I. Then I think I told him I was sick. That night I wrote a letter to A. L. Peters, the grain-dealer in Duxbury, asking for a job—even though it wouldn't go ashore for a couple of weeks, just the writing of it made me feel better.

It's hard to tell you how those two weeks went by. I don't know why, but I felt like hiding in a corner all the time. I had to come to meals. But I didn't look at her, though, not once, unless it was by accident. Fedderson thought I was still ailing and nagged me to death with advice and so on. One thing I took care not to do, I can tell you, and that was to knock on his door till I'd made certain he wasn't below in the living room—though I was tempted to.

Yes, sir; that's a queer thing, and I wouldn't tell you if I hadn't set out to give you the truth. Night after night, stopping there on the landing in that black pit, the air gone out of my lungs and the surf drumming in my ears and sweat standing cold on my neck—and one hand lifting up in the air—God forgive me, sir! Maybe I did wrong not to look at her more, drooping about her work in her gingham apron, with her hair stringing.

When the Inspector came off with the tender, that time, I told him I was through. That's when he took the dislike to me, I guess, for he looked at me kind of sneering and said, soft as I was, I'd have to put up with it till next relief. And then, said he, there'd be a whole house-cleaning at Seven Brothers, because he'd gotten Fedderson the berth at Kingdom Come. And with that he slapped the old man on the back.

I wish you could have seen Fedderson, sir. He sat down on my cot as if his knees had given 'way. Happy? You'd think he'd be happy, with all his dreams come true. Yes, he was happy, beaming all over—for a minute. Then, sir, he began to shrivel up. It was like seeing a man cut down in his prime before your eyes. He began to wag his head.

"No," said he. "No, no; it's not for such as me. I'm good enough for Seven Brothers, and that's all, Mr. Bayliss. That's all."

And for all the Inspector could say, that's what he stuck to. He'd figured himself a martyr so many years, nursed that injustice like a mother with her first-born, sir; and now in his old age, so to speak, they weren't to rob him of it. Fedderson was going to wear out his life in a second-class light, and folks would talk—that was his idea. I heard him hailing down as the tender was casting off:

"See you to-morrow, Mr. Bayliss. Yep. Coming ashore with the wife for a spree. Anniversary. Yep."

But he didn't sound much like a spree. They *had* robbed him, partly, after all. I wondered what *she* thought about it. I didn't know till night. She didn't show up to supper, which Fedderson and I got ourselves—had a headache, he said. It was my early watch. I went and lit up and came back to read a spell. He was finishing off the Jacob's-ladder, and thoughtful, like a man that's lost a treasure. Once or twice I caught him looking about the room on the sly. It was pathetic, sir.

Going up the second time, I stepped out on the walk-around to have a look at things. She was there on the seaward side, wrapped in that silky thing. A fair sea was running across the ledge and it was coming on a little thick—not too thick. Off to the right the Boston boat was blowing, *whroom-whroom!* Creeping up on us, quarter-speed. There was another fellow behind her, and a fisherman's conch farther offshore.

I don't know why, but I stopped beside her and leaned on the rail. She didn't appear to notice me, one way or another. We stood and we stood, listening to the whistles, and the longer we stood the more it got on my nerves, her not noticing me. I suppose she'd been too much on my mind lately. I began to be put out. I scraped my feet. I coughed. By and by I said out loud:

"Look here, I guess I better get out the foghorn and give those fellows a toot."

"Why?" said she, without moving her head—calm as that.

"*Why?*" It gave me a turn, sir. For a minute I stared at her. "Why? Because if she don't pick up this light before very many minutes she'll be too close in to wear—tide'll have her on the rocks—that's why!"

I couldn't see her face, but I could see one of her silk shoulders lift a little, like a shrug. And there I kept on staring at her, a dumb one, sure enough. I know what brought me to was hearing the Boston boat's three sharp toots as she picked up the light—mad as anything—and swung her helm aport. I turned away from her, sweat stringing down my face, and walked around to the door. It was just as well, too, for the feed pipe was plugged in the lamp and the wicks were popping. She'd have been out in another five minutes, sir.

When I'd finished, I saw that woman standing in the doorway. Her eyes were bright. I had a horror of her, sir, living horror.

"If only the light had been out," said she, low and sweet.

"God forgive you," said I. "You don't know what you're saying."

She went down the stair into the well, winding out of sight, and as long as I could see her, her eyes were watching mine. When I went, myself, after a few minutes, she was waiting for me on that first landing, standing still in the dark. She took hold of my hand, though I tried to get it away.

"Good-by," she said in my ear.

"Good-by," said I. I didn't understand.

"You heard what he said to-day—about Kingdom Come? Be it so—on his own head. I'll never come back here. Once I set foot ashore—I've got friends in Brightonboro, Ray."

I got away from her and started on down. But I stopped. "Brightonboro?" I whispered back. "Why do you tell *me*?" My throat was raw to the words, like a sore.

"So you'd know," said she.

Well, sir, I saw them off next morning, down that new Jacob's-ladder into the dinghy boat, her in a dress of blue velvet and him in his best cutaway and derby—rowing away, smaller and smaller, the two of them. And then I went back and sat on

my cot, leaving the door open and the ladder still hanging down the wall, along with the boat falls.

I don't know whether it was relief, or what. I suppose I must have been worked up even more than I'd thought those past weeks, for now it was all over I was like a rag. I got down on my knees, sir, and prayed to God for the salvation of my soul, and when I got up and climbed to the living room it was half past twelve by the clock. There was rain on the windows and the sea was running blue-black under the sun. I'd sat there all that time, not knowing there was a squall.

It was funny; the glass stood high, but those black squalls kept coming and going all afternoon, while I was at work up in the light-room. And I worked hard, to keep myself busy. First thing I knew it was five, and no sign of the boat yet. It began to get dim and kind of purplish-gray over the land. The sun was down. I lit up, made everything snug, and got out the night glasses to have another look for that boat. He'd said he intended to get back before five. No sign. And then, standing there, it came over me that of course he wouldn't be coming off—he'd be hunting *her,* poor old fool. It looked like I had to stand two men's watches that night.

Never mind. I felt like myself again, even if I hadn't had any dinner or supper. Pride came to me that night on the walk-around, watching the boats go by—little boats, big boats, the Boston boat with all her pearls and her dance music. They couldn't see me; they didn't know who I was; but to the last of them, they depended on *me.* They say a man must be born again. Well, I was born again. I breathed deep in the wind.

Dawn broke hard and red as a dying coal. I put out the light and started to go below. Born again; yes, sir. I felt so good I whistled in the well, and when I came to that first door on the stair I reached out in the dark to give it a rap for luck. And then, sir, the hair prickled all over my scalp when I found my hand just going on and on through the air, the same as it had gone once before, and all of a sudden I wanted to yell, because I thought I was going to touch flesh. It's funny what their just forgetting to close their door did to me, isn't it?

Well, I reached for the latch and pulled it to with a bang and ran down as if a ghost was after me. I got up some coffee and bread and bacon for breakfast. I drank the coffee. But somehow I couldn't eat, all along of that open door. The light in the room was blood. I got to thinking. I thought how she'd talked about those men, women, and children on the rocks, and how she'd made to bathe her hands over the rail. I almost jumped out of my chair then; it seemed for a wink she was there beside the stove watching me with that queer half-smile—really, I seemed to see her for a flash across the red tablecloth in the red light of dawn.

"Look here!" said I to myself, sharp enough; and then I gave myself a good laugh and went below. There I took a look out of the door, which was still open, with the ladder hanging down. I made sure to see the poor old fool come pulling around the point before very long now.

My boots were hurting a little, and, taking them off, I lay down on the cot to rest, and somehow I went to sleep. I had horrible dreams. I saw her again standing in that blood-red kitchen, and she seemed to be washing her hands, and the surf on the ledge was whining up the tower, louder and louder all the time, and what it whined was, "Night after night—night after night." What woke me was cold water in my face.

The storeroom was in gloom. That scared me at first; I thought night had come, and remembered the light. But then I saw the gloom was of a storm. The floor was shining wet, and the water in my face was spray, flung up through the open door. When I ran to close it it almost made me dizzy to see the gray-and-white breakers marching past. The land was gone; the sky shut down heavy overhead; there was a piece of wreckage on the back of a swell, and the Jacob's-ladder was carried clean away. How that sea had picked up so quick I can't think. I looked at my watch and it wasn't four in the afternoon yet.

When I closed the door, sir, it was almost dark in the storeroom. I'd never been in the Light before in a gale of wind. I wondered why I was shivering so, till I found it was the floor

below me shivering, and the walls and stair. Horrible crunchings and grindings ran away up the tower, and now and then there was a great thud somewhere, like a cannon-shot in a cave. I tell you, sir, I was alone, and I was in a mortal fright for a minute or so. And yet I had to get myself together. There was the light up there not tended to, and an early dark coming on and a heavy night and all, and I had to go. And I had to pass that door.

You'll say it's foolish, sir, and maybe it *was* foolish. Maybe it was because I hadn't eaten. But I began thinking of that door up there the minute I set foot on the stair, and all the way up through that howling dark well I dreaded to pass it. I told myself I wouldn't stop. I didn't stop. I felt the landing underfoot and I went on, four steps, five—and then I couldn't. I turned and went back. I put out my hand and it went on into nothing. That door, sir, was open again.

I let it be; I went up to the light-room and set to work. It was Bedlam there, sir, screeching Bedlam, but I took no notice. I kept my eyes down. I trimmed those seven wicks, sir, as neat as ever they were trimmed; I polished the brass till it shone, and I dusted the lens. It wasn't till that was done that I let myself look back to see who it was standing there, half out of sight in the well. It was her, sir.

"Where'd you come from?" I asked. I remember my voice was sharp.

"Up Jacob's-ladder," said she, and hers was like the syrup of flowers.

I shook my head. I was savage, sir. "The ladder's carried away."

"I cast it off," said she, with a smile.

"Then," said I, "you must have come while I was asleep." Another thought came on me heavy as a ton of lead. "And where's *he?*" said I. "Where's the boat?"

"He's drowned," said she, as easy as that. "And I let the boat go adrift. You wouldn't hear me when I called."

"But look here," said I. "If you came through the storeroom, why didn't you wake me up? Tell me that!" It sounds foolish

enough, me standing like a lawyer in court, trying to prove she couldn't be there.

She didn't answer for a moment. I guess she sighed, though I couldn't hear for the gale, and her eyes grew soft, sir, so soft.

"I couldn't," said she. "You looked so peaceful—dear one."

My cheeks and neck went hot, sir, as if a warm iron was laid on them. I didn't know what to say. I began to stammer, "What do you mean—" but she was going back down the stair, out of sight. My God, sir, and I used not to think she was good-looking!

I started to follow her. I wanted to know what she meant. Then I said to myself, "If I don't go—if I wait here—she'll come back." And I went to the weather side and stood looking out of the window. Not that there was much to see. It was growing dark, and the Seven Brothers looked like the mane of a running horse, a great, vast, white horse running into the wind. The air was awelter with it. I caught one peep of a fisherman, lying down flat trying to weather the ledge, and I said, "God help them all to-night," and then I went hot at sound of that "God."

I was right about her, though. She was back again. I wanted her to speak first, before I turned, but she wouldn't. I didn't hear her go out; I didn't know what she was up to till I saw her coming outside on the walk-around, drenched wet already. I pounded on the glass for her to come in and not be a fool; if she heard she gave no sign of it.

There she stood, and there I stood watching her. Lord, sir—was it just that I'd never had eyes to see? Or are there women who bloom? Her clothes were shining on her, like a carving, and her hair was let down like a golden curtain tossing and streaming in the gale, and there she stood with her lips half open, drinking, and her eyes half closed, gazing straight away over the Seven Brothers, and her shoulders swaying, as if in tune with the wind and water and all the ruin. And when I looked at her hands over the rail, sir, they were moving in each other as if they bathed, and then I remembered, sir.

A cold horror took me. I knew now why she had come back

again. She wasn't a woman—she was a devil. I turned my back on her. I said to myself: "It's time to light up. You've got to light up"—like that, over and over, out loud. My hand was shivering so I could hardly find a match; and when I scratched it, it only flared a second and then went out in the back draught from the open door. She was standing in the doorway, looking at me. It's queer, sir, but I felt like a child caught in mischief.

"I—I—was going to light up," I managed to say, finally.

"Why?" said she. No, I can't say it as she did.

"Why?" said I. *"My God!"*

She came nearer, laughing, as if with pity, low, you know. "Your God? And who is your God? What is God? What is anything on a night like this?"

I drew back from her. All I could say anything about was the light.

"Why not the dark?" said she. "Dark is softer than light—tenderer—dearer than light. From the dark up here, away up here in the wind and storm, we can watch the ships go by, you and I. And you love me so. You've loved me so long, Ray."

"I never have!" I struck out at her. "I don't! I don't!"

Her voice was lower than ever, but there was the same laughing pity in it. "Oh yes, you have." And she was near me again.

"I have?" I yelled. "I'll show you! I'll show you if I have!"

I got another match, sir, and scratched it on the brass. I gave it to the first wick, the little wick that's inside all the others. It bloomed like a yellow flower. "I *have?*" I yelled, and gave it to the next.

Then there was a shadow, and I saw she was leaning beside me, her two elbows on the brass, her two arms stretched out above the wicks, her bare forearms and wrists and hands. I gave a gasp:

"Take care! You'll burn them! For God's sake—"

She didn't move or speak. The match burned my fingers and went out, and all I could do was stare at those arms of hers, helpless. I'd never noticed her arms before. They were rounded

and graceful and covered with a soft down, like a breath of gold. Then I heard her speaking, close to my ear:

"Pretty arms," she said. "Pretty arms!"

I turned. Her eyes were fixed on mine. They seemed heavy, as if with sleep, and yet between their lids they were two wells, deep and deep, and as if they held all the things I'd ever thought or dreamed in them. I looked away from them, at her lips. Her lips were red as poppies, heavy with redness. They moved, and I heard them speaking:

"Poor boy, you love me so, and you want to kiss me—don't you?"

"No," said I. But I couldn't turn around. I looked at her hair. I'd always thought it was stringy hair. Some hair curls naturally with damp, they say, and perhaps that was it, for there were pearls of wet on it, and it was thick and shimmering around her face, making soft shadows by the temples. There was green in it, queer strands of green like braids.

"What is it?" said I.

"Nothing but weed," said she, with that slow, sleepy smile.

Somehow or other I felt calmer than I had any time. "Look here," said I. "I'm going to light this lamp." I took out a match, scratched it, and touched the third wick. The flame ran around, bigger than the other two together. But still her arms hung there. I bit my lip. "By God, I will!" said I to myself, and I lit the fourth.

It was fierce, sir, fierce! And yet those arms never trembled. I had to look around at her. Her eyes were still looking into mine, so deep and deep, and her red lips were still smiling with that queer sleepy droop; the only thing was that tears were raining down her cheeks—big, glowing round, jewel tears. It wasn't human, sir. It was like a dream.

"Pretty arms," she sighed, and then, as if those words had broken something in her heart, there came a great sob bursting from her lips. To hear it drove me mad. I reached to drag her away, but she was too quick, sir; she cringed from me and slipped out from between my hands. It was like she faded away,

sir, and went down in a bundle, nursing her poor arms and mourning over them with those terrible, broken sobs.

The sound of them took the manhood out of me—you'd have been the same, sir. I knelt down beside her on the floor and covered my face.

"Please," I moaned. "Please! Please!" That's all I could say. I wanted her to forgive me. I reached out a hand, blind, for forgiveness, and I couldn't find her anywhere. I had hurt her so, and she was afraid of me, of *me,* sir, who loved her so deep it drove me crazy.

I could see her down the stair, though it was dim and my eyes were filled with tears. I stumbled after her, crying, "Please! Please!" The little wicks I'd lit were blowing in the wind from the door and smoking the glass beside them black. One went out. I pleaded with them, the same as I would plead with a human being. I said I'd be back in a second. I promised. And I went on down the stair, crying like a baby because I'd hurt her, and she was afraid of me—of *me,* sir.

She had gone into her room. The door was closed against me and I could hear her sobbing beyond it, broken-hearted. My heart was broken too. I beat on the door with my palms. I begged her to forgive me. I told her I loved her. And all the answer was that sobbing in the dark.

And then I lifted the latch and went in, groping, pleading. "Dearest—please! Because I love you!"

I heard her speak down near the floor. There wasn't any anger in her voice; nothing but sadness and despair.

"No," said she. "You don't love me, Ray. You never have."

"I do! I have!"

"No, no," said she, as if she was tired out.

"Where are you?" I was groping for her. I thought, and lit a match. She had got to the door and was standing there as if ready to fly. I went toward her, and she made me stop. She took my breath away. "I hurt your arms," said I, in a dream.

"No," said she, hardly moving her lips. She held them out to the match's light for me to look, and there was never a scar on them—not even that soft, golden down was singed, sir. "You

can't hurt my body," said she, sad as anything. "Only my heart, Ray; my poor heart."

I tell you again, she took my breath away. I lit another match. "How can you be so beautiful?" I wondered.

She answered in riddles—but oh, the sadness of her, sir.

"Because," said she, "I've always so wanted to be."

"How come your eyes so heavy?" said I.

"Because I've seen so many things I never dreamed of," said she.

"How come your hair so thick?"

"It's the seaweed makes it thick," said she smiling queer, queer.

"How come seaweed there?"

"Out of the bottom of the sea."

She talked in riddles, but it was like poetry to hear her, or a song.

"How come your lips so red?" said I.

"Because they've wanted so long to be kissed."

Fire was on me, sir. I reached out to catch her, but she was gone, out of the door and down the stair. I followed, stumbling. I must have tripped on the turn, for I remember going through the air and fetching up with a crash, and I didn't know anything for a spell—how long I can't say. When I came to, she was there, somewhere, bending over me, crooning, "My love—my love—" under her breath like a song.

But then when I got up, she was not where my arms went; she was down the stair again, just ahead of me. I followed her. I was tottering and dizzy and full of pain. I tried to catch up with her in the dark of the storeroom, but she was too quick for me, sir, always a little too quick for me. Oh, she was cruel to me, sir. I kept bumping against things, hurting myself still worse, and it was cold and wet and a horrible noise all the while, sir; and then, sir, I found the door was open, and a sea had parted the hinges.

I don't know how it all went, sir. I'd tell you if I could, but it's all so blurred—sometimes it seems more like a dream. I couldn't find her any more; I couldn't hear her; I went all over,

everywhere. Once, I remember, I found myself hanging out of that door between the davits, looking down into those big black seas and crying like a baby. It's all riddles and blur. I can't seem to tell you much, sir. It was all—all—I don't know.

I was talking to somebody else—not her. It was the Inspector. I hardly knew it was the Inspector. His face was as gray as a blanket, and his eyes were bloodshot, and his lips were twisted. His left wrist hung down, awkward. It was broken coming aboard the Light in that sea. Yes, we were in the living-room. Yes, sir, it was daylight—gray daylight. I tell you, sir, the man looked crazy to me. He was waving his good arm toward the weather windows, and what he was saying over and over, was this:

"Look what you done, damn you! Look what you done!"

And what I was saying was this:

"I've lost her!"

I didn't pay any attention to him, nor him to me. By and by he did, though. He stopped his talking all of a sudden, and his eyes looked like the devil's eyes. He put them up close to mine. He grabbed my arm with his good hand, and I cried, I was so weak.

"Johnson," said he, "is that it? By the living God—if you got a woman out here, Johnson!"

"No," said I. "I've lost her."

"What do you mean—lost her?"

"It was dark," said I—and it's funny how my head was clearing up—"and the door was open—the storeroom door—and I was after her—and I guess she stumbled, maybe—and I lost her."

"Johnson," said he, "what do you mean? You sound crazy—downright crazy. Who?"

"Her," said I. "Fedderson's wife."

"Who?"

"Her," said I. And with that he gave my arm another jerk.

"Listen," said he, like a tiger. "Don't try that on me. It won't do any good—that kind of lies—not where *you're* going

to. Fedderson and his wife, too—the both of 'em's drowned deader 'n a door nail."

"I know," said I, nodding my head. I was so calm it made him wild.

"You're crazy! Crazy as a loon, Johnson!" And he was chewing his lip red. "I know, because it was me that found the old man laying on Back Water Flats yesterday morning—*me!* And she'd been with him in the boat, too, because he had a piece of her jacket tore off, tangled in his arm."

"I know," said I, nodding again, like that.

"You know *what,* you *crazy, murdering fool?*" Those were his words to me, sir.

"I know," said I, "what I know."

"And *I* know," said he, "what *I* know."

"And there you are, sir. He's Inspector. I'm—nobody."

THE MACHINE AND METAPHYSICS

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WALDO FRANK

Waldo Frank (1889), author of *Our America*, *Rahab*, *Salvos*, *The Dark Mother*, *Chalk Face*, etc., is known as a most modern "modern"; yet he is neither flippant nor unacquainted with the heritage of human generations. He wants America to develop a great creative religiousness; doubt and denial in him are more than equaled by ardent faith. He starts where he finds himself after a clear-headed, courageous look around, and thinks he is beginning to learn what to make of life. Futility and horror are made vivid in his *Rahab*, for instance; but the novel takes you into the usually avoided depths of moral experience without implying that all desire for great love and unfading beauty is inevitably vain. He makes life seem awfully dangerous and difficult, but not forever hopeless. His prose concentrates on the essences of experiences and relies on implications to a degree that makes his style strange and very interesting. Mr. Frank became a master of arts at Yale in

1911, and since has become one of the foci of dispute in cultural and literary matters, while he has developed as essayist, critic, novelist, and lecturer. One of his lecture topics is "Our America, The World's Challenge to our Country, in Universal Need of a Modern Religion."

WALDO FRANK

THE MACHINE AND METAPHYSICS

At first thought there seems an insoluble difference between the machine and the tool. The tool is passive in the hand of the workman, and by that fact comes to express his will both intimately and directly. The tool is indeed an extension of the hand. The crude laborer has a crude tool and does crude work. The subtle craftsman becomes an artisan, an artist: the tool holds close to his nature and works his will in ways so immediate that the instinctive love attaching limb to mind goes over, consciously, into the brush, the knife, the hammer.

With the machine, this alchemy inspiriting a thing of wood or stone is gone. The machine is set in motion and achieves therewith a somewhat autonomous life. Moreover, the nature of this life does not depend upon the man who works it. Its qualities and its powers are fashioned for it and are inevitably determined, at a source to which the machinist has no access. An inventor, abstracted from his products, designs their future acts. The machines go forth. And the mechanic by a series of rote-behavior sets them going, runs them, stops them without for an instant coming into creative contact with the thing by which he lives. A crude man may work at a delicate machine. A blind or illiterate man may print a book: a man with no sense of texture or design may run a machine which manufactures lace or turns out decorations. And conversely, the delicate man—the creative man—can find no immediate channel for his will in running a machine. Whatever creativeness or delicacy it possesses has been ordained for it and is aloof. He cannot swerve it from its stubborn independence. All he can do is care for it. At-

tendant, doctor, nurse—however you look at it, he is the slave of a creation which in its act and its idea remains beyond him.

Now all this is clear enough and from it philosophers deduce our woes, rightly—and wrongly our despair. If this state of things were final we might foresee man's down-going in sterile servitude to a too exterior, too permanent grandeur. For indeed much of our common misery has sprung from man's loss of a tool which was his own and through which in myriad ways he did express himself. With the tool came beauty, because it was a subtly extended and yet obedient hand bringing between subject and object that harmony which is beauty's norm. With the tool came contentment, because by means of it the humblest worker put his seal on his craft; and came pride and those births of pride—morality and value—since the work of the tool was the man himself and so must be good and so must be regarded. Finally, with the tool came fullness: for that man alone is unified and full who has spent himself in self-expressive labor. And by contrast, the man is empty and disrupted who has been spent in labor which excludes his deep co-operation. So far, then, the pessimists of the machine are right. But here, their rightness ends. Could they look back upon what must have been the experience of man ere he mastered the tool, they might more sanguinely look forward.

The primitive man, wielding an artifact, paddling a dugout, or making an instrument of a horse, had to undergo a profound psychological revolution ere this element in his hands, stone or wood, or flesh, could become an extension of his personal will. He had to grow. How far he had to grow you can see symbolized for yourself by comparing your own hand with the paw of a dog. The step was inscrutably vast, so vast that once man made it, he dared not look back, and soon he forgot—and still he fights to forget. Who shall say what tragic ages went to the transition? to what insanities and despairs men plunged with the strange tool in their bewildered hands, with a wild horse beneath them? Surely, those unmastered weapons must have committed follies; must have broken the measure of men's life; must have inspired the wiseacres of that day to gloomy fore-

casts. We do not know the names of the Rousseaus of these desperate generations in which man's brain had not yet instinctively grasped the tool. But nothing is more certain than that they existed.

Now, with the machine, we are once more primitive. The tool is ours: we have tamed it and made it part of our dominion by a step in consciousness. Before the machine we are still barbarian or savage even like early man before a horse or a stone. Through a failure to make a certain further step in consciousness, before the machine we are still external.

Of course, there are differences. And it is precisely they which point to a new departure in man's life. If the machine were merely a more complex tool, there would not be this new element to our exciting day. The machine is a new part of nature: one which did not, like the stone or the horse, exist before. There is in the machine a marriage of what we call "the old elements" and what we call "the human." The domestic animal, in this sense, was a tool: its elements were outside of human nature. In dominating it, as with another tool, we mastered a part of external nature. And this was comparatively simple, since in our use of the tool we did not come in conflict with any human will. But if we dominate the machine—make it part of ourselves—we shall have won control over a realm of nature which includes mankind; for man's will, other men's wills are constant and determining factors of the machine. We shall have won a victory of consciousness not merely over the nature of the external world—but over our own nature.

The problem was one of consciousness in the days of the stone artifact; and it is again of consciousness to-day. It is a problem profound as human destiny, inscrutably complex. Yet I think the heart of it can be thus simply stated. The animal, so far as we can see, is incapable of the idea of any part of nature becoming part of itself. Man, with the tool, achieved this: fused unto himself the animal and the stone. Call the process what you may, this attitude of his toward portions of the physical world was metaphysical. And no savage could paddle a canoe without this metaphysical inheritance, made instinct.

We flounder before the machine and are features more or less groveling of its external life, because we lack an instinctive metaphysical consciousness to make us master and absorb it—to fuse the machine with all its elements of will and act into our own expression. Such consciousness, of course, must be evolved vastly beyond the childish metaphysics beneath the use of a tool. In the machine are adumbrated the will of the inventor, the will of the owner, the will of many workers, the will, indeed, of an age and of a world. Only when the individual worker experiences that these wills are not alien to him; that these elements of life contained in the machine fuse, in a higher synthesis, together with his own, into a unitary act—alone then will his spirit in participation be able to go out through the machine, so that it and the whole mechanized world may once again, in his joy, in his beauty, in his human pride, express him.

But such a mechanic would possess the consciousness of a Spinoza? No less! No less is needed, in order that the human world may not go down before this new Nature—the free-spawning mechanical invention. The modern machine converges with the wisdom of the ages to force man ahead. From India, from Judea, from Greece, from Germany, has come the single canon: that life is unitary, that experience is One, and that the human consciousness in one form or another must know and be this One. The machine will compel us, at this human crisis, to experience what heretofore great men have merely known. The machine again makes metaphysics man's most practical engagement.